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ELIHU BURRITT;

A Memorial Volume

CONTAINING

A SKETCH OF HIS LIFE AND LABORS,

WITH

SELECTIONS FROM HIS WRITINGS AND LECTURES, AND
EXTRACTS FROM HIS PRIVATE JOURNALS
IN EUROPE AND AMERICA.

EDITED BY

CHAS. NORTHEND, A. M.

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1879.

TO
MOSES PIERCE, Esq.,
OF
NORWICH, CONNECTICUT,
THE LIFE-LONG FRIEND OF ELIHU BURRITT.
THIS VOLUME IS
MOST RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED,
IN ACCORDANCE WITH THE WISHES OF THE
FAMILY FRIENDS OF THE
DECEASED.

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INTRODUCTION.

THE number of men is very limited, in any century, who devote their talents and energies to the promotion and advancement of some special work bearing upon the public weal. Most men become more or less absorbed with business cares and professional engagements, making themselves successful by the faithful discharge of personal duties and obligations in a limited sphere of action. As good citizens, neighbors, and friends they live, and when they pass away their memories will, for a time, be fondly cherished by those among whom they dwelt.

But occasionally appear on the stage of life men who seem to be inspired, or commissioned, for some special work bearing upon the best good of the world. With a remarkable singleness of purpose and unreserved devotion of their time and powers, they consecrate themselves to the dissemination of views and principles that tend to the improvement and elevation of the human race. With but few followers, they enter upon their mission with an earnestness and zeal for which they come to be regarded by some as fanatics, and their views are considered impracticable and utopian. Though at the outset their efforts are met with a degree of indifference, if not of downright opposition, that would dishearten most men, they press on, sustained by that unfaltering faith in the righteousness of their cause which no amount of apathy or opposition can check. With no thought of honor, and

with no desire for public favor or public position, they continue to advocate their principles and press on in their mission. In a certain sense men of this class are manufacturers of public sentiment and opinion. As pioneers in the work of reform and human advancement they usually fail to receive due credit, and too often, as the cause they advocate advances and assumes a place in public favor, others step in and "reap where *they* have sown."

Of the class of men to which we have alluded the late Elihu Burritt may justly be remembered as one of the most prominent, devoted, and consistent. Though of highly respectable parentage, his early educational advantages were only such as were scantily furnished by the humble district school as it was in most New England towns a half century ago. But, mainly by his own unaided efforts, he acquired an almost world-wide reputation for his linguistic attainments as well as for his earnest and eloquent advocacy of the principles of humanity, peace, freedom, and right. With a strong and abiding conviction that war was a terrible calamity and a waste of human lives, as well as of means, he gave the vigor of his life and the powers of his mind, imbued with the spirit of a noble and sympathetic heart, to the promulgation of the principles of peace and to the substitution of arbitration in lieu of the sword in the settlement of national difficulties and misunderstandings. And though wars and "rumors of wars" have not yet ceased in the world, nor "swords been beaten into plowshares," no one will deny that a great gain has been made in the cause of peace, and that arbitration has been successfully tried. Nor can any candid person hesitate to acknowledge that the labors and writings of Mr. Burritt have largely contributed towards bringing about the great and important changes in public

opinion and feeling that have taken place. To him, it is believed, more than to any other individual, belongs special and unquestioned credit for the work accomplished.

This volume, in which a sketch of Mr. Burritt's life is given, mainly in his own words, with an account of his labors both in Europe and America, and copious extracts from his private journals and writings, is published that the people of the future, as well as the present, may have some decided and tangible evidence of what has been achieved by one of the most devoted and unselfish philanthropists of the present century. It is an humble, though just, tribute to the memory of one who has been a true benefactor to mankind, and whose talents and efforts were wholly consecrated to the promotion of Peace, Freedom, and Humanity. By the noble example of Mr. Burritt may others be incited to toil for the right amid discouragements and opposition. ever remembering that

“Ours is the seed-time ; God alone
Beholds the end of what is sown ;
Beyond our vision, weak and dim,
The harvest-time is hid with Him.”

And while at times all may seem dark, and the best intended and best rendered services seem ineffective, let it be a cheering thought that

— “Blessings ever wait on virtuous deeds,
And though a late, a sure reward succeeds.”



Your faithful friend.
Elihu Burritt.

—

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our faithful friend
S. J. [unclear]

ELIHU BURRITT.

CHAPTER I.

HIS PARENTAGE; EARLY ADVANTAGES, EFFORTS, AND OCCUPATIONS; REMARKABLE MEMORY; TEACHING; GROCERY BUSINESS AND FAILURE; WALK TO BOSTON AND THEN TO WORCESTER IN QUEST OF BUSINESS; ATTAINMENTS IN LANGUAGES.

ELIHU BURRITT, the third of that name, was born in New Britain, Connecticut, December 8, 1810, and was the youngest son in a family of ten children, numbering five sons and five daughters. The first of the name, or the remotest traceable ancestor of the American branch of the family, was William Burritt, who came from Glamorganshire, and settled down in Stratford, Connecticut, and died there in 1651. At the beginning of the American Revolution his descendants took different sides. One branch left New England and went to Canada, with other loyalists, and fought for the British crown; the other families threw themselves with equal devotion into the American struggle for independence.

Elihu Burritt, the grandfather, at forty-five, and Elihu, the father of the subject of this notice, at sixteen years of age, shouldered muskets in that long war. For thirty years, and more, after the close of the Revolutionary War the little, hard-soiled

townships of New England were peopled by small farmers, owning from ten to one hundred and fifty acres. The few mechanics among them—the carpenters, blacksmiths, and shoemakers—were also farmers during the summer months. Indeed, in those months every man and boy,—including the minister, who generally owned and tilled the best farm in the parish,—handled plow, hoe, sickle, or shovel.

The father of Elihu Burritt was one of these farmer mechanics, plying the shoemaker's hammer and awl during the winter weeks and rainy days, and the hoe and sickle in summer. His son adopted and followed a wider diversity of occupation, and could say at fifty that no man in America had handled more tools in manual labor than himself. Soon after the death of his father, in 1828, he apprenticed himself to a blacksmith in New Britain, and followed that occupation for several years. Having lost a winter's schooling at sixteen, in consequence of the long illness of his father, he resolved to make up the loss, at twenty-one, by attending for a quarter the boarding-school his elder brother, Elijah Hinsdale Burritt, had established in his native village. As at this time every day he was absent from the anvil cost him a dollar in the loss of wages, his earnest desire for more learning was quickened by the expense of each day's acquisition. He gave himself almost entirely to mathematics, for which he had a natural taste, aspiring only to the ability to become an accurate surveyor.

Before leaving the anvil for this quarter's study,

he was in the habit of practising on problems of mental arithmetic, which he extemporized and solved while blowing the bellows. They were rather quaint in their terms, but quite effective as an exercise. One was, "How many barley-corns, at three to the inch, will it take to go around the earth at the equator?" All these figures he had to carry in his head while heating and hammering an iron. From this he was wont to go on to higher and quainter problems; as, for example, "How many yards of cloth, three feet in width, cut into strips an inch wide, and allowing half an inch at each end for the lap, would it require to reach from the center of the earth, and how much would it all cost at a shilling a yard?" He would not allow himself to make a single figure with chalk or charcoal in working out this problem, and he would carry home to his brother all the multiplications in his head, and give them off to him and his assistant, who took them down on their slates, and verified and proved each separate calculation, and found the final result to be correct.

It was these mental exercises, and the encouragement he received from his brother,* a mathematician and astronomer of much eminence, that induced him to give up three months, at twenty-one, to study. During this term he devoted himself almost entirely to mathematics, giving a few half hours and corner moments to Latin and French.

* Elijah H. Burritt, previously alluded to, was a graduate of Williams College, and author of a valuable and well-known work entitled "Geography of the Heavens,"—a book much used at one time. He was a man of rare talent and worth. He died in Texas in 1837, at the age of 44 years.

At the end of the term he returned to the anvil, and endeavored to perform double labor for six months, in order to make up the time lost, pecuniarily, in study. In this period, however, he found he could pursue the study of languages more conveniently than that of mathematics, as he could carry a small Greek Grammar in his hat, and con-
OVER ΤΥΠΩ, ΤΥΠΕΙΣ, ΤΥΠΤΕΙ, etc., while at work.

In the mean time he gave his evening, noon, and morning hours to Latin and French, and began to conceive a lively interest in the study of languages, partially stimulated by the family relations and resemblances between them. Without any very definite hope or expectation as to the practical advantage of such studies, he resolved to risk another three months in pursuing them. So, at the beginning of the following winter, he went to New Haven merely to reside and study in the atmosphere of Yale College,—thinking that that alone, without teachers, would impart an ability which he could not acquire at home. Besides, being then naturally timid, and also half ashamed to ask instruction in the rudiments of Greek and Hebrew at twenty-two years of age, he determined to work his way without consulting any college professor or tutor. So, the first morning in New Haven he sat down to Homer's Iliad, without note or comment, and with a Greek Lexicon with Latin definitions.

He had not, as yet, read a line in the book, and he resolved if he could make out two, by hard study through the whole day, he would never ask help of any man thereafter in mastering the Greek language.

By the middle of the afternoon he had won a victory which made him feel strong and proud, and which greatly affected his subsequent life and pursuits. He mastered the first fifteen lines of the book, and committed the originals to memory, and walked out among the classic trees of the Elm City, and looked up at the colleges, which once had half awed him, with a kind of defiant feeling. He now divided the hours of each day between Greek and other languages, including Latin, French, Spanish, Italian, German, and Hebrew, giving to Homer about half the time.

Having given the winter to these studies, he returned to New Britain with a quickened relish for such pursuits and a desire to turn them to practical account. In this he succeeded so far as to obtain the preceptorship of an academy in a neighboring town, in which he taught for a year the languages and other branches he had acquired. This change from a life of manual labor, with close application to study, seriously affected his health; so, at the end of the year's teaching, he accepted the occupation of a commercial traveler for a manufacturer in New Britain, and followed it for a considerable time. He now, at the wish of his relatives, concluded to settle down to a permanent residence and business in his native village.

In the wide choice and change of occupation for which New England men are inclined and accustomed, he set up a grocery and provision store, unfortunately, just before the great commercial crash of 1837, which swept over the whole country, and

paralyzed business, and even property of all kinds. He was involved in the general break-down, and experienced a misfortune which, for the time, was grievous to him, but without which he would have left no history worth writing or reading. Having lost his little all of property by this misfortune, he resolved to start again in life from a new standpoint, or scene of labor. He consequently started on foot and walked all the way to Boston, hoping not only to find employment at his old occupation, but also increased facilities for pursuing those studies which his recent and unfortunate business enterprise had interrupted.

Not finding what he sought in Boston, he turned his steps to Worcester, where he realized his wishes to a very satisfactory extent. He not only obtained ready employment at the anvil, but also access to the large and rare library of the Antiquarian Society, containing a great variety of books in different languages. He now divided the hours of the day very systematically between labor and study, recording in a daily journal the occupation of each. When the work at his trade became slack, or when, by extra labor at piece-work, he could spend more hours at the library, he was able to give more time to his study of the languages. Here he found translated all the Icelandic Sagas relating to the discovery of North America; also the epistles written by the Samaritans of Nablous to savants of Oxford. Among other books to which he had free access were a Celto-Breton Dictionary and Grammar, to which he applied himself with great interest.

Without knowing where in the dictionary to look for the words he needed, he addressed himself to the work of writing a letter, in that unique language, to the Royal Antiquarian Society of France, thanking them for the means of becoming acquainted with the original tongue of Brittany. In the course of a few months, a large volume, bearing the seal of that society, was delivered to him at the anvil, containing his letter in Celto-Breton, with an introduction by M. Audren de Kerdrel, testifying to its correctness of composition. The original letter is deposited in the Museum of Rennes, in Brittany, and is the first and only one written in America in the Celto-Breton language. It bears the date of August 12, 1838.

Having made himself more or less acquainted with all the languages of Europe, and several of Asia, including Hebrew, Chaldaic, Samaritan, and Ethiopic, he felt desirous of turning these studies to some practical account. He accordingly addressed a letter* to William Lincoln, Esq., Worcester, who had been very friendly to him, alluding to his tastes and pursuits, and asking him if there was not some German work which he might translate, for which he might derive some compensation. A few days afterwards he was astonished, and almost overwhelmed with confusion, on seeing his letter to Mr. Lincoln published in full in a Boston newspaper. Mr. Lincoln had sent it to Governor Everett, who had read it in the course of a speech he had made before a Teachers' Institute; and the author felt as if smitten with a great shame by the sudden notoriety which this unexpected publicity put upon him.

* See Appendix.

His first idea was, not to go back to his lodgings to take a garment, but to change his name, and abscond to some back town in the country, and hide himself from the kind of fame he apprehended. But after a few days he found himself less embarrassed than he anticipated by this premature publicity, and he received many kind expressions of friendly interest from different and distant quarters. Governor Everett invited him to dine with him in Boston, and offered him, on the part of several wealthy and generous citizens, all the advantages which Harvard University could afford. These, however, he declined, with grateful appreciation of the offer, preferring, both for his health, and other considerations, to continue his studies in connection with manual labor.

CHAPTER II.

SPENDS WINTER OF 1841 IN LECTURING AS "THE LEARNED BLACKSMITH"—SUBJECT, APPLICATION AND GENIUS; REV. DR. CUYLER'S IMPRESSION; LECTURES ON PEACE IN BOSTON; EDITS "CHRISTIAN CITIZEN"; OLIVE LEAF MISSION.

At about this time Mr. Burritt was familiarly spoken of as "the Learned Blacksmith," and in the winter of 1841 he was often invited to appear before the public as a lecturer, perhaps mostly from a curiosity to see and hear the man to whom this appellation was applied. He accordingly prepared a lecture* on "Application and Genius," in which he argued that there was no such thing as native genius, but that all attainments were the result of persistent will and application. He drew this argument from his own experience, as certainly his taste for languages had come from no inborn predilection, ten-

* In a letter to the editor, under date of August 5, 1879, the Rev. Dr. Cuyler, of Brooklyn, writes concerning this lecture and Mr. Burritt, as follows: "When I was a student I first saw and heard Mr. Burritt in Philadelphia. He made a profound impression on me; and his racy, vigorous writings were my constant delight and inspiration in those days. I spent an evening with him in Philadelphia, where he was received as a "lion" in cultivated society. The Earl of Carlisle was there at the same time, but the Yankee blacksmith excited more attention even than the British lord. I occasionally met Mr. Burritt in later years, and always read every thing that came from his warm, Christian heart and prolific pen. His 'Walk from London to Land's End' is one of the most picturesque and perfect volumes yet written upon rural England."

dency, or ability, but had been purely and simply a contracted or acquired inclination.

In this lecture he employed, as an illustration of intellectual achievements under pressure of strong motives, the story of the boy climbing the Natural Bridge in Virginia, a description which has been widely read, and which deeply impressed the audiences he addressed in New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Richmond, and other cities and towns north and south. In the course of one season he delivered this lecture about sixty times, and he had reason to believe it was useful to many young men starting in life in circumstances similar to his own. At the end of the lecture season he returned to the anvil in Worcester, and prosecuted his studies and manual labors in the old way, managing to write a new lecture, in the interval, for the following winter.

Before he appeared in public as a lecturer he had tried his hand for a year at editing a little monthly magazine, which he called "The Literary Geminæ," half of which was made up of selections in French, and the other half was filled with articles and translations from his own pen. Its circulation was too limited to sustain its expense, so that it was discontinued at the end of the year. But new subjects of interest now presented themselves to change the whole course of his thoughts, life, and labor. The anti-slavery movement had assumed an aspect and an impulse that began to agitate the public mind and political parties. The subject of this notice began to feel that there was an earnest, honest, living speech to be uttered for human right, justice, and

freedom, as well as dead languages to be studied mostly for literary recreation.

About the same time his mind became suddenly and deeply interested in a new field of philanthropic thought and effort. Indeed, apparently a slight incident shaped the course which led to all his labors in Europe. He had sat down to write a kind of scientific lecture on the anatomy of the Earth, trying to show the analogies between it and the anatomy of the human body; how near akin in functions to our veins, muscles, blood, and bones, were the rivers, seas, mountains, and arable soils of the globe we inhabit. Before he had written three pages he became deeply impressed by the arrangements of nature for producing such different climates, soils, and articles of sustenance and luxury in countries lying precisely under the same sun, and within the same parallels of latitude around the globe. He was especially struck at the remarkable difference between Great Britain and Labrador, lying within the same belt, and washed by the same sea. It seemed the clearest and strongest proof that this arrangement of nature was designed to bind nation to nation, lying even in the same latitudes, by the difference and the necessity of each other's productions; that it contained a natural bond of peace and good neighborhood between them.

He was so much impressed by this evident provision of nature, that he gave up the treatment of the subject which he had planned, and made a real, radical peace lecture of it.

The place and occasion of its first delivery were

interesting and unique. A Baptist society, or church, had just bought at auction the celebrated Tremont Theater in Boston, and they decided to have a course of lectures delivered "on the boards" before the building was altered for a place of worship. "The Learned Blacksmith" was invited to deliver one of this course, and he made his first appearance on the stage of a theater with his new lecture on peace. He had never read a page of the writings of Worcester or Ladd on the subject, nor had he had any conversation or acquaintance with any of the advocates of the cause. But several of these were present in the large audience, and, at the end of the lecture, came forward and expressed much satisfaction at the views presented, and at the acquisition to their ranks of a new and unexpected co-worker, who, for the next thirty years, gave himself to the advocacy of the cause so dear to them.

On returning to Worcester Mr. Burritt decided to forego and suspend studies which had been to him more the luxuries than the necessities of a useful life. He accordingly started a weekly paper, called "The Christian Citizen," devoted to the anti-slavery cause, peace, temperance, self-cultivation, &c. The circulation was not large, but scattered through all the northern states, and it acquired a pretty large circle of sympathetic readers. It was the first newspaper in America that devoted any considerable portion of its space to the advocacy of the cause of peace; and it awakened an interest in the minds of hundreds who had not before given thought to the subject. Mr. Burritt's mind became more and more

deeply engaged in the cause, and, to bring it before the public more widely, he set on foot a little agency, which he called "The Olive Leaf Mission." He wrote a short article, of about the length of a third of a column of a common newspaper, and printed it on a small slip of paper, surmounted by a dove with an olive leaf in its bill. He sent out, at first, a dozen copies of this olive leaf to as many papers, on trial, and was delighted to see it inserted in nearly half of them. He was thus encouraged to increase the number from month to month, until he at last sent out a thousand to as many papers all over the Union, two hundred of which gave them insertion. While he was carrying on this operation through the press the "Oregon Question" came up, and assumed a very serious aspect, threatening an actual rupture between the United States and England. A few earnest men in Manchester, alarmed at the tendency and animus of the controversy, endeavored to arrest it both by a special and unprecedented effort. They resolved that the newspapers and political speakers in the two countries should not hold the issues of peace and war entirely in their own hands. One of their number, Joseph Crosfield, a meek, earnest, clear-minded Quaker, of Manchester, originated the expedient adopted. It afterwards took the name of "Friendly International Addresses," or manuscript letters from English towns, signed by its leading inhabitants, and addressed to the citizens of American towns, expressing an earnest desire for an amicable settlement of the controversy, and entreating their co-operation in bringing it about.

These friendly addresses from England were forwarded to Mr. Burritt, and by him to their respective destinations. He also had copies of them made into Olive Leaves, and sent to all the newspapers in the United States. Two of them he took in person to Philadelphia and Washington. The latter address was from Edinburgh, and bore the names of Dr. Chalmers, Professor Wilson, and other distinguished men of that city. This he showed to Mr. Calhoun, who read it, and looked at the signatures with much interest. He cordially approved of the expression of such sentiments in direct communications between the people of one country and the citizens of another, on questions of such vital importance to both, and he promised to do what he could to effect an amicable arrangement of the existing difficulty.

CHAPTER III.

VISITS EUROPE; LEAGUE OF UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD; FIRST LECTURE IN LONDON; INTERNATIONAL PENNY POSTAGE; SIR ROWLAND HILL.

IN consequence of his co-operation in the cause of peace, and of his correspondence with the English friends who originated it, Mr. Burritt sailed for England in May, 1846, on the steamer that carried out the news of the settlement of the Oregon Question. He proposed to be absent only three months, with the intention of making a foot-tour through the kingdom. But the openings for labor in the peace cause, that presented themselves on his arrival, induced him to prolong his sojourn in England three years; during which, with the help of a devoted associate in Worcester, he still carried on "The Christian Citizen" in that town. A few weeks after he first met his English friends in Manchester and Birmingham, with their entire sympathy and support he developed the basis of an international association, called "The League of Universal Brotherhood," designed not only to work for the abolition of war, but also for the promotion of friendly and fraternal feelings and relations between different countries. The signing of the following pledge constituted any man or woman a member of the association:—

"Believing all war to be inconsistent with the spirit of

Christianity, and destructive of the best interests of mankind, I do hereby pledge myself never to enlist or enter into any army or navy, or to yield any voluntary support or sanction to any war, by whomsoever or for whatsoever proposed, declared, or waged. And I do hereby associate myself with all persons, of whatever country, color, or condition, who have signed, or shall hereafter sign, this pledge, in a League of Universal Brotherhood, whose object shall be, to employ all legitimate and moral means for the abolition of all war, and all the spirit and manifestations of war throughout the world; for the abolition of all restrictions upon international correspondence and friendly intercourse, and of whatever else tends to make enemies of nations, or prevents their fusion into one peaceful brotherhood; for the abolition of all institutions and customs which do not recognize and respect the image of God and a human brother in every man, of whatever clime, color, or condition of humanity."

This basis of association presented a broad foundation for philanthropic labor, embracing objects and operations far beyond those contemplated by Peace societies proper. It had been a cherished plan of Mr. Burritt to make the tour of Europe on foot, that he might gain a better knowledge of agricultural affairs, and get a clearer insight into the condition of the laboring classes than could be obtained in any other way. But that he might be instrumental in promoting a cause so dear to him, he postponed his proposed and favorite walk, and went up and down the country addressing public meetings and social circles on the important subjects contemplated by the "League of Universal Brotherhood."

"I had for some time been busy in adding to my lecture,* when Mr. Jefferson called to accompany me to the Hall of Commerce. On arriving, we found the room crowded to suffocation, and it was with great difficulty that we could make our way to the platform, or stand. As soon as I reached it the house came down with a most hearty demonstration of welcome.

"The room was a vast, unsightly apartment, in which 'merchants most do congregate,' with no adaptation for speaking or hearing. When, therefore, I arose to address the audience, it was impossible to make them hear, in the extreme wings of the room, owing to their distance from me, and, more especially, to the excessively crowded, and consequently noisy, state of the assembly. A tumult immediately ensued. The multitude became agitated; some hissed, others clapped, and many cried out for adjournment to Finsbury Chapel. I attempted several times to go on, but in vain. My voice was lost like a whisper in the thunder of Niagara.

"There I stood, for the first time, before a London audience, whose demonstration of discomfort took the character of theatrical manifestations. John Bull has an immense heart, of great warmth and capacity of benevolence, but then he must have a comfortable place at the table, and the beef must be roasted and served to his taste.

"Again I concentrated all my physical force in a volume of voice without success. Several gentlemen interposed,

* In his diary Mr. Burritt gives this account of his first appearance before a London audience, Nov. 24, 1846. It may be said that a man of less earnestness would have for ever retired from the lecture field after experiencing the annoyance at this meeting. But a deep sense of the righteousness of his cause stimulated Mr. Burritt to almost superhuman efforts, that he might reach the public ear and touch the public heart.—*Ed.*

and tried to quiet the multitude into silence. . I began to feel it a personal matter to myself that I should be obliged to waste my life-drops upon such a tempest, and I arose again, and declared that I deemed my life of too much value to peril it in such a hopeless effort to be heard in the uproar that prevailed.

"At last, when all hope of an adjournment to a larger building was removed, the noise subsided, and I at last obtained the ear of a majority of the audience. I summoned all my physical power to the effort, and spoke for two hours as I had never before done in my life. Every face before me looked parboiled from perspiration, and my own clothes were wet through from the same cause.

"When I came to read the Pledge, I received a manifestation of sentiment that I did not anticipate. Successive bursts of applause interrupted me. Four times I essayed to read the last clause of the constitution, viz.: 'For the abolition of all institutions and customs which do not recognize and respect the image of God and a human brother in every man, of whatever clime, color, or condition of humanity.' When, especially, I came to the word 'color,' the whole house echoed and resounded with the most enthusiastic acclamation of applause. Men swung their hats, and ladies waved their handkerchiefs, in token of their approbation of the principles advanced. I sat down amidst such a tempest of cheers as never before greeted an effort of mine on any public occasion. . . . I remained on the platform for some time in order to let the multitude diminish before I ventured into its gulf-stream. A long and tiresome campaign of hand-shaking closed the exercises. Men, women, and children pressed forward to grasp my hand,—some insinuating a whisper for my *autograph*,—a ruling passion in England, especially with the female part of the community.

"I finally reached the door, and entering a cab under a parting salute of cheers I was soon left at the hospitable home of my friend Gilpin, and in a few minutes there. after I was in my pleasant room, with a cheerful blazing fire. For a time I felt confused, befogged, and exhausted by what I had just passed through. Thus commenced and ended my first appearance before a London audience. The moment was favorable to the reminiscences of the past, and they crossed my mind in quick succession. In imagination I threaded my way back to the days of my bashful boyhood. Through all the way the Lord hath led me, to my present position in the world. 'Not unto me but unto THY name be all the praise, was the sentiment which filled my heart at the issue of this review of my life.'"

Through the most generous aid of the late Joseph Sturge, of Birmingham, a most excellent and philanthropic man, ready with heart and purse for any good work, Mr. Burritt commenced the publication of "The Bond of Brotherhood" as an exponent of the spirit, principles, and objects of the new association. These commended themselves to a great number of influential persons in all parts of Great Britain. In less than a year several thousand in the United Kingdom had signed the pledge, and an equal number in the United States. The association was formally organized in London, in May, 1847, and took its place among the benevolent societies of the day, and began to work outward to the circumference of its basis of action.

One of the first operations it set on foot was that for the abolition of all restrictions upon international

correspondence and friendly intercourse. International postage was then almost a crushing restriction upon such intercourse, especially between the hundreds of thousands of Irish and English immigrants in America, and their poorer relatives and friends in the mother country. In September, 1847, Mr. Burritt first developed the proposition of a universal Ocean Penny Postage; that is, that the single service of transporting a letter across the sea in any direction, or to any distance, should be performed for one penny, or two cents, this charge to be added to the inland rate on each side. Thus the whole charge proposed on a single letter between any town in Great Britain and any town in the United States was to be three pence, or six cents. A very lively and general interest was manifested in this proposition among all classes. In the course of two winters, Mr. Burritt addressed one hundred and fifty public meetings on the subject, from Penzance to Aberdeen, and from Cork to Belfast. Hundreds of petitions were presented to Parliament in behalf of the reform, and the movement in its favor was recognized as a popular agitation.* Mr. Burritt prosecuted his

* Mr. Burritt lived to see and rejoice in the virtual accomplishment of this object. How great a blessing "cheap postage" is to the world can best be conceived by those who lived when it cost 12½, 18½, or 25 cents to send a letter to different parts of our own country. To no man, more than to Mr. Burritt, is credit due for earnest, persevering, and effective pioneer work, in removing an onerous tax from the humbler classes, by securing the international transmission of letters at reasonable rates of postage. As early as 1837, the late Sir Rowland Hill had become greatly interested in the subject of postal reform in England, and, largely through his efforts and influence, a bill was passed in the session of 1839-40, providing for a uniform

efforts with great energy and efficiency, inspired by the consciousness that he was laboring for an object whose attainment would prove a great blessing to the world by promoting a more general interchange of views and thoughts.

and cheap rate of postage in that country. The people manifested their gratitude for the benefit secured by Mr. Hill's earnest and persistent efforts, in raising, by subscription, £13,000, as a present to him. Mr. Burritt's efforts were directed to an extension of this benefit, by securing cheap ocean, or international postage.

The late Amasa Walker and Mr. Burritt were wont to relate the following circumstance as influencing Mr. Hill to advocate reform. He was once at the post-office in London when a poor woman inquired for a letter. One was passed to her by the clerk, and on being informed that there was two or three shillings due for postage, she returned it, saying she had not the money. As she turned to leave the office Mr. Hill asked her from whom she expected the letter. She said, "from my son in Australia." "I will give you the money to pay the postage," said Mr. Hill. "I thank you, sir," said the woman, "it is not necessary. It was the understanding between me and my son that he should write once a month, and if a letter comes into the office I know he is well without being obliged to pay the postage." This led Mr. Hill to consider how great an obstruction the then existing rates of postage were upon all social, moral, and business interests, as well as a temptation to dishonesty, and forthwith his influence and efforts were enlisted for securing a much needed reform.

CHAPTER IV.

THE FAMINE IN IRELAND.

VISITS IRELAND; GOES FROM HOVEL TO HOVEL; SCENES OF WRETCHEDNESS,—IN DUBLIN,—KILKENNY,—CORK,—BANDON,—SKIBBEREEN; RETURN TO ENGLAND.

IN 1846-47 a failure of the potato crop, on which most of the peasantry were dependent for sustenance, occasioned a terrible famine in Ireland. Thousands perished from starvation. At different times Parliament appropriated £10,000,000 for the relief of the sufferers, and large sums were received from abroad for the same purpose. After visiting the afflicted territory, Mr. Burritt caused a statement of the condition and wants of Ireland to be printed and freely circulated in Boston and other parts of Massachusetts, with an appeal for aid. The heart of the people was touched and their sympathies awakened, and it was at once decided to send a ship-load of provisions to the distressed country. R. B. Forbes, Esq., an honored merchant of Boston, formerly a sea captain, volunteered his services as commander, and we believe other positions on the ship were filled by volunteers. The ship *James-town*, then in Boston, was quickly loaded with clothing and provisions, and dispatched to Ireland. She reached her destination about the middle of April, 1847, and Capt. Forbes met with a grand reception. The citizens of Cork were overflowing with enthu-

siastic gratitude to the American people for the expression of their sympathy, so substantially and acceptably manifested. In token of respect to Mr. Burritt for his timely appeal to the citizens of his native State for aid, the Boston Relief Committee authorized Capt. Forbes to tender him a free passage to America on the return of the *Jamestown*—a compliment he highly appreciated, though not able to avail himself of the proffered kindness.

Mr. Burritt spent a fortnight in different parts of the famine district, and went from hovel to hovel, witnessing scenes of distress and suffering seldom seen by man. That some idea of the extent and results of the famine may be formed, we give selections from his diary as written by him on the spot at the close of each day's observations. Probably no other person spent a like amount of time in visiting the scenes of distress, or made a similar record, and therefore, at the risk of a degree of sameness, we shall venture to give most of a record of two weeks among the starving people of Ireland in the great famine of 1846-47. In no other way can so clear an idea be given of the nature and extent of that great calamity.

DUBLIN, Feb. 13, 1847. At noon I went to the soup kitchen, and there first came in contact with the famine-stricken people. A crowd of haggard, unwashed, and ragged people crowded the narrow passage to this pool of Bethesda, as if the angel of salvation were there to heal and give them eternal life. Children, with old rusty tin cups, basins, and boilers, were almost trampled upon in the struggle for food. Old women, shivering in their

rags, with trembling hands pressed their way to the windows, mingling in this dubious "Battle of Life." Still their proximity to food mitigated their sense of wretchedness, and the broad Irish humor that prevailed, and that queer genius for repartee and sallies of wit, done in the richest Hibernian, diffused a sunshine over the scene, rendering it almost picturesque, and we may add it did much to sustain the sufferers, often doing them good "like a medicine."

KILKENNY, Feb. 16, 1847. At 9 o'clock A. M. I commenced my campaign through scenes of wretchedness. Before I arose from breakfast, a poor woman, with a child in her arms, came to the window to beg a few pence to buy bread for herself and her starving children. On going to the office of the committee for aid, I was followed by a score of these poor, ragged creatures, all barefooted and half naked. They pressed around the door of the office, and set up a piteous wail for something to buy them sustenance. On my leaving the office, they followed me half a mile to a shop which I entered to buy an article. I divided a few pennies among them, when a new swarm burst into the door,—some on crutches,—haggard, sickly, old and young, who were willing to pray my soul into heaven if I would give them a "ha'penny."

I finally got into the coach, and was soon out of sight of this place of wretchedness. As we rode along the conversation turned on the condition of the people and the cause of so much misery. The country was beautiful, and nature seemed to have done all that she could for the happiness of humanity. But the poor people, the laborers, appeared to be worse housed and fed than the beasts. Their cabins looked like mud wasps' nests stuck upon the barren places of the land with clay. At every stopping place the coach was surrounded by scores of

these starving beings, who implored for alms as if asking for salvation. At one of these places, remote from any village, a blind beggar, the most-wretched piece of humanity I ever saw, lifted his hat to the coach window. He looked as if he had lain in the grave for a week trying to die, but life clung to him with painful desperation, and he had come forth to let his fellow-beings see how miserable one of their kind might be, and live. I gave him a shilling, which he consented to share with three or four associates in famine.

CORK, Feb. 17, 1847. After breakfast I went out, followed by a troupe of emaciated beggars praying for soup tickets. I went with a friend to visit the soup shops, or kitchens. There I saw poverty in its sickliest, most humiliating aspects. The poorest human creatures thronged the passage and door-ways, and little blue-lipped, bare-footed children set up a sickly, whining wail for "*a ha'penny, and may God bless your honor,—one ha'penny to buy a little soup for a poor craythur.*" If wishes could have been transmuted into ha'penny loaves, how gladly would I have rained them down among these starving fellow beings!

It was a very rainy day, and the portion we visited was a part of a shed, or potato market, boarded up to afford a shelter to the soup dispensers and receivers. No pen can describe the phases of degraded humanity presented by the group crouched along the walls of this dispensary. If they had been buried alive until their clothes had nearly decayed, and then been exhumed with returning animation, they could not have exhibited a sadder spectacle. They devoured their soup like ravening wolves, with eyes that ate the subtle substance before they raised it to their mouths. Every street swarmed with these poor

creatures, imploring "a ha'penny, for God's sake, to buy bread with."

Seeing a group of wretched creatures collected by a wall, I stepped up to them and found they were contemplating, in silent sympathy, the condition of one of their number. A mother was sitting on the pavement with one infant fastened to her back, papoose fashion; another child was sitting by her side in the last stage of starvation. There is nothing in the common phases of mortal dissolution like the appearance of this little victim of starvation. It seemed to have lived through an age during its brief span of want. Old age with all its consumptive wrinkles was ridged in the girl's thin, blue skin. The mother tried to cover the dying thing with a corner of the tattered garment which had fastened the baby to her back, as with a look of despair she gazed at the still group of beggars, as one of them put a penny roll into her hand. That piece of bread would have saved her once, but now it was too late. She put it to her mouth but could not eat it, and she stretched out her little naked, skeleton arm, with the roll in her hand, toward the little barefooted beggar children standing by, as if she would ask them to eat it for her.

Turning away from this scene, others of nearly equal misery met my view. The country people are pouring in from all directions, and it is estimated that 30,000 are now living on charity in Cork. The work-house is filled to overflowing, and about 5,000 are around its premises. The most appalling mortality prevails among these poor creatures, the weekly number of deaths being from 100 to 170! Indeed, it may be said that when the devouring famine has eaten their heart-strings through they creep to the poor-house for a coffin, and die almost as soon as they reach it.

Feb. 18, 1847. I this morning took a coach, as it was called, for Bandon, about twenty miles southwest of Cork. The road was lined with apparitions of human misery, strangely contrasting with the green fields which indicated the fertility of the soil. It was enough to make one's heart bleed to see what wretched hovels were the abodes of those who reaped down the harvests of this beautiful region. Nature has done her utmost for the enrichment of this country, and man has done his worst to make it a land of beggars. The curse of slavery is upon it, for labor is degraded to its lowest level. It was both sad and strange to see the shoeless women and children looking out, like spectres, from their mud hovels, which the wild beasts of the forests would spurn for lairs. As we approached a stopping-place, a little creature, a girl about six years of age, came out to meet us. It was a pitiable sight. There was no blood in her cold, blue face, nor enough in her bare feet and arms to redden them with cold. She ran, as for life, beside the coach wheels, turning up her black, sickly eyes toward the passengers, and crying faintly, because so weak,—“a ha'penny, a ha'penny,—buy a piece of bread; a ha'penny for the love of God!”

We arrived at Bandon at about 3 o'clock P. M. The town is well situated on a river of the same name, and surrounded by fertile hills which have been, this very year of famine, crowned with a bountiful harvest of wheat. Though somewhat late, in company of a gentleman to whom I brought a letter of introduction, I took a turn through a quarter near his house. We entered several mud-walled hovels where we found human beings crouching in dark corners, looking like famished beasts with their young, trying to hide their misery in darkness. This was the first time I had entered one of

these damp, dark burrows, where beings made in the image of God live and die in the lowest condition of brute life. Men, to whose labor the beauty and wealth of the country are in debt, here cradle their children on the ground and live like brutes.

BANDON, Feb. 19. This morning we renewed our work of visiting the abodes of distress and destitution. In almost every hovel we entered some one was lying prostrate with fever. What couches for the sick! There they lay upon the most filthy straw, some partly covered with rags borrowed from those of the family who could still keep their feet. In some of these cabins we found a group of little, half-clad children, huddled together around a handful of burning straw. There they stood as still as death, of which they were the living types. They could neither cry nor smile. Their eyes were very large, and were staring agonizingly at vacuity. Nothing like common disease was in their looks. They seemed as cold and bloodless as marble. In one of these wretched man-burrows we found six of these little things with their naked limbs half bedded in the filthy mire. On asking the oldest where their parents were, we heard a faint moaning from a corner of the hovel, behind some boards set up for a partition. And there, upon a bed of fetid straw, lay the father and mother in the last stages of the consuming fever of famine. Leaving this dark habitation of wretchedness and disease, we entered one of death. "He has gone away," said a woman, "he has gone and left me, and the poor children, without a piece of bread." And there, upon a heap of straw, lay the body of the father, half covered with rags.

In another of these superterranean holes we found a young woman entirely blind, sitting upright upon the ground, in that stiff, statue-like posture which the sight-

less assume. She arose as we entered and "dropped a curtesy," and resumed her position. She said she was a poor blind girl who had never seen the light. She asked for nothing, but her large, white-scaled eye-balls dilated with the earnestness with which she fixed them upon us in the sentiment, but not the sense, of light. A poor woman sitting upon the ground beside her began to tell the poor girl's story with some strong expressions of sympathy for her misfortune, when the latter interrupted her with,—“And if it be the will of the Almighty, why will ye be after saying that? Why should I complain? It is the hand of the Lord that is upon me; and sure it is enough.”

I left this low lane of life as heavily laden with the sight of human misery as my heart could sustain. Poor, patient sufferers! If suffering could purchase salvation, you would have already earned the best provided mansions of Heaven. . . . Took coach for Skibbereen, some twenty miles, arriving at 10 P. M.

SKIBBEREEN, Feb. 20. This morning the Rev. Mr. Fitzpatrick, with several gentlemen of the town, called, and I accompanied them in my first walk through this Potter's Field of destitution and death. As soon as we left the house a crowd of haggard creatures pressed upon us, and, with agonizing prayers for bread, followed us to the soup house. One poor woman, whose entreaties became irresistibly importunate, had watched all night in the graveyard lest the body of her husband should be stolen from its last resting-place, to which it had been consigned yesterday. She had left in her hovel five children, sick with the famine fever, and she raised an exceedingly bitter cry for help. A man with swollen feet pressed closely upon us, and begged for bread most pit-eously. He had pawned his shoes for the last morsel of

food he had eaten. The soup-house was surrounded by a cloud of these famine-spectres, half naked, and standing or sitting in the mud beneath a cold, drizzling rain. The narrow defile to the dispensary bar was choked with young and old, of both sexes, some of them half famished, struggling forward with their rusty tin and iron vessels for soup. There was a cheap bread dispensary opened in one end of the building, and the principal pressure was at the door of this. Among the attenuated apparitions of humanity that thronged this gate of stunted charity, one poor man presented himself under circumstances that even distinguished his case from the rest. He lived several miles from the center of the town, in one of the rural districts, where he found himself on the eve of perishing, with his family of seven small children. Life was worth the last struggle of nature, and the miserable skeleton of a father had fastened his youngest child to his back, and with four more by his side he staggered, from weakness, up to the door just as we entered the bread department of the establishment. His cheeks were fallen in, and his jaws so distended that he could scarcely articulate a word. His four little children were sitting upon the ground at his feet, nestling together and trying to hide their naked limbs under their dripping rags. How these poor things could stand upon their feet and walk five miles, as they had done, I could not conceive. Their appearance, though common to thousands in this region, was indescribable. Their paleness was not that of common sickness. There was no sallow tinge in it. They did not look as if they had risen from the grave and to life before the blood had begun to fill their veins anew, but as if they had just been thawed out of the ice in which they had been imbedded until their blood had turned to water.

Leaving this scene I accompanied the Rev. Mr. Fitzpatrick into one of the hovel lanes of the town. We saw, in every tenement we entered, enough to sicken the stoutest heart. In one we found a shoemaker, who was at work before a hole in the mud wall of his hut about as large as a small pane of glass. There were five in his family, and he said when he could get any work he could earn about three shillings a week. In another cabin we found a poor nailer, working by the dim light through a small opening, in a space not three feet square. He, too, had a large family, half of whom were down with the fever, and he could earn but two shillings a week.

About the middle of this filthy lane we came to the ruins of a hovel, which had fallen down during the night and killed a man who, with his wife and child, had taken shelter in it. He had come in from the country, and, ready to perish from cold and hunger, had entered this fallen house of clay. He was warned of his danger, but answered that he must die unless he found a shelter before morning. He had kindled a small fire with some straw and bits of turf, and was crouching over it, when the whole roof of earth and stones came down upon him and crushed him to death in the slow turf fire. The child had been pulled out alive and carried to the work-house, but the father was still lying on the ground, slightly covered with a piece of canvas. On lifting this a humiliating spectacle presented itself. What rags the poor man had upon him when buried beneath the falling roof were mostly torn from his body in the last faint struggle for life. His neck, and shoulder, and right arm were burnt to a cinder. There he lay in the rain, like the carcass of a brute beast. As we continued our walk along this miserable lane, half-naked women and children would come out of their cabins, apparently in the last

stages of famine fever, to beg "a ha'penny, for the honor of God." As they stood upon the wet ground, one could almost see it smoke beneath their bare feet, burning with the fever.

We entered the graveyard, in the midst of which was a small watch-house. This miserable shed had served as a grave where the dying could bury themselves. It was seven feet in length and six in width, and was already walled around on the outside with an embankment of graves, half way to the eaves. The aperture of this horrible den of death would scarcely admit of the entrance of a common-sized person. And into this noisome sepulchre living men, women, and children went down to die—to pillow upon the rotten straw—the grave clothes vacated by preceding victims surrounding them. Here they lay as closely to each other as if crowded, side by side, on the bottom of one grave. Six persons had been found in this fetid sepulchre at one time, and with only one able to crawl to the door to ask for water. Removing a board from the entrance of this black hole of pestilence, we found it crammed with wan victims of famine, ready and anxious to perish. A quiet, listless despair broods over the population, and death reaps a full harvest.

SKIBBEREEN, Feb. 21, 1879. At 2 o'clock P. M. Dr. Donovan called to accompany me to visit a lane of hovels on the opposite side of the village. The wretchedness of this little mud-city of the dead and dying was of a deeper stamp than the one visited yesterday. Here human beings and their clayey habitations seemed to be sinking together into the earth. I can find no language nor illustration sufficiently impressive to portray the spectacle. A cold rain was deepening the pools of black filth into which it fell, like ink-drops from the clouds. The agonizing entreaty for "water! water! help! help!"

has been conveyed to our minds with painful distinctness. I can liken the scene we witnessed, in this low lane of famine and pestilence, to nothing of greater family resemblance than that of the battle-field, after the hostile armies have retired leaving one-third of their number bleeding upon the ground. As soon as Dr. Donovan appeared at the head of the lane, it was filled with miserable beings,—haggard, famine-stricken men, women, and children, some far gone in the consumption of the famine fever, and all imploring him, "For the honor of God to go in and see 'my mother,' 'my father,' 'my wife,' 'my boy,' who is very bad, your honor." And then interspersed with these earnest entreaties others louder still would be raised for bread.

In every hovel we entered we found the dying or the dead. In one of these straw-roofed burrows eight persons had died in the last fortnight, and five more were lying upon the pestiferous straw upon which their predecessors to the grave had been consumed by the wasting fever of famine. In scarcely a single one of these most inhuman habitations was there the slightest indication of food of any kind to be found, nor fuel, nor anything resembling a bed, unless it were a thin layer of filthy straw in one corner, upon which a sick person lay, partly covered with some ragged garment. There being no window or aperture except the door to admit the light or air into these wretched cabins, we often found ourselves in almost total darkness. But a faint glimmering of light from a handful of burning straw in one end would soon reveal to us the indistinct images of wan-faced children grouped together, with their large, plaintive, still eyes looking out at us like the sick young of wild beasts in their dens. Then the groans, and the choked, incoherent entreaties for help of some man or woman wasting away with the

sickness in some corner of the cabin, would apprise us of the number and condition of the family. The wife, mother, or child would frequently light a wisp of straw and hold over the face of the sick person, discovering to us the sooty features of some emaciated creature in the last stage of the fever.

In one of these places we found an old woman stretched upon a pallet of straw, with her head within a foot of a handful of fire, upon which something was steaming in a small iron vessel. The doctor removed the cover, and we found it was filled with a kind of slimy sea-weed, such as is often found on the sea-shore. This was all the nourishment that the daughter could serve to her sick mother.

But the last cabin we visited in this painful walk presented to our eyes a lower deep of misery. It was the residence of two families, both of which had been thinned down to half their original number by famine and death. The first sight that met my eyes, on entering, was the body of a dead woman, on one side of the fire-place. On the opposite side an old man was lying, on some straw, so far gone as to be unable to articulate distinctly. He might have been ninety, or fifty years of age—it was impossible to tell, for this wasting consumption of want brings out the extremest indices of old age in the features of even the young.

But there was another apparition which sickened all the flesh and blood in my nature. It has haunted me during the past night like Banquo's ghost. I have lain awake for hours, struggling mentally for some graphic and truthful similes, or new elements of description, by which I might convey to the distant reader's mind some tangible image of this object. A dropsical affection among the young and old is very common to all sufferers

by famine. I had seen men at work on the public roads with their limbs swollen almost to twice their usual size. But when the woman of this cabin lifted from the straw a boy about twelve years of age, and held him up on his feet before us, the most horrifying spectacle met our eyes. The cold, watery-faced child was almost naked, and his body was swollen to nearly three times its usual size. The woman of the other family, who was sitting at her end of the hovel, brought forward her little child, a thin-faced boy of two years, with clear, sharp eyes, that did not wink, but stared, stock still, at vacancy, as if the glimpse of another existence had eclipsed its vision. Its cold, naked arms were not much larger than pipe-stems, while its body was swollen nearly to the size of a full grown person.

Let the reader group these apparitions of death and disease into the spectacle of ten feet square, and then multiply it into three-fourths of the hovels in this region of Ireland, and he will arrive at a fair estimate of the extent and degree of its misery. Were it not for giving them pain, I should have been glad if the well-dressed children of competence could have entered these hovels with us, and looked upon the young creatures wasting away, uncomplainingly, by slow, consuming destitution. I am sure they would have been touched to the liveliest compassion at the spectacle, and have been ready to divide their food and wardrobe with the sufferers.

CASTLE HAVEN, NEAR SKIBBEREEN, Feb. 22, 1847.
At noon Dr. Hadden called to take me into the Castle Haven parish, which comes within his circuit. This district borders upon the sea, whose rocky, indented shores are covered with cabins of a worse description than those in Skibbereen. On our way, we passed several companies of men, women, and children at work, all enfeebled and

emaciated by destitution. Women with their red, swollen feet partially swathed in old rags, some in men's coats, with their arms or skirts torn off, were sitting by the road-side breaking stone. It was painful to see human labor and life struggling among the lowest interests of society. Men, once athletic laborers, were trying to eke out a few miserable days to their existence by toiling upon these works. Poor creatures! Many of them are already famine-stricken. They have reached a point from which they cannot be recovered. Physicians inform me that they can tell, at a glance, whether a person has reached this point, and I am assured, by some experienced observers, that there are thousands of men who rise in the morning and go forth to labor with their picks and shovels who are irrecoverably doomed to death. No human aid can save them. The plague-spot of famine is on their foreheads; the worm of want has eaten in two their heart strings. Still they go forth, uncomplaining, to their labor, and toil upon the roads, cold, famished, and half-naked, and at night divide their eight or ten pence worth of food among a family of six or eight persons. Some are kept at home, and prevented from earning this miserly pittance, by the fear that some of their family will die before their return. The first habitation we entered in the Castle Haven district was literally a hole in the wall, occupied by what might be called in America a squatter, or a man who had burrowed a place for himself and family in the acute angle of two dilapidated walls by the road-side, where he lived rent-free. We entered this stunted den by an aperture about three feet high, and found one or two children asleep on the straw, with eyes wide open. Such at least was the appearance, for they scarcely winked while we were before them. The father came in and told his pitiful story of want, saying that

they had not tasted a morsel of food in twenty-four hours. He lighted a wisp of straw and showed us two more children lying in another nook of the cave. Their mother had died, and he was obliged to leave them alone during most of the day, in order to glean something for their subsistence.

We were soon among the most wretched habitations that I had yet seen, far worse than those in Skibbereen. Many of them were flat-roofed hovels, half buried in the earth or built up against the rocks, and covered with rotten straw, sea-weed, or turf. In one, which was scarcely seven feet square, we found five persons prostrate with the fever, and apparently near their end. A girl about sixteen years of age, the very picture of despair, was the only one left who could administer any relief, and all she could do was to bring water in a broken pitcher to moisten their parched lips and mouths. As we proceeded up a rocky hill, overlooking the sea, we encountered new sights of wretchedness. Seeing a cabin standing somewhat by itself, in a hollow, and surrounded by a moat of green filth, we entered it with some difficulty, and found a single child, about three years old, lying upon a kind of shelf, with its little face resting upon the edge of the board, and looking steadfastly at the door as if for its mother. It never moved its eyes as we entered, but kept them fixed towards the entrance. It is doubtful whether the poor thing had a mother or father left to care for it; but it is more doubtful still whether those eyes could have relaxed their vacant gaze if both of them had entered at once with everything that could tempt the palate in their hands. No words can describe this peculiar appearance of famished children. Never have I seen such bright, blue, clear eyes looking so steadfastly at vacuity. I could almost fancy that the angels of God

had been sent to unseal the vision of these little, patient, perishing creatures to behold the beatitudes of another world, and that they were listening to the whispers of unseen spirits bidding them "to wait a little longer."

As we passed along we were met by a young woman in an agony of despair because no one would give her a coffin in which to bury her father. She pointed to a cart at some distance, upon which his body lay, and she was about to follow it to the grave, and he had been such a good father she could not bear to lay him, like a beast, in the ground, and she begged a coffin "for the honor of God." While she was wailing and weeping for this boon I cast my eye towards the cabin we had just left, and a sight met my view which made me shudder with horror. The husband of the dead woman came staggering out with her body upon his shoulder, slightly covered with a piece of rotten canvas. I will not dwell upon the details of this spectacle. Painfully and slowly he bore the remains of the late companion of his misery to the cart. We followed him a little way off and saw him deposit his burden by the side of the father of the young woman, and by her assistance. As the two started for the graveyard to bury their dead, we pursued our walk still further on and entered another cabin, where we encountered the climax of human misery. As we were walking we overtook the cart with the two uncoffined bodies. The man and young woman were the only attendants, though a year previous the funeral of either would have called out hundreds of mourners from the neighborhood. Surely, thought I, while regarding this new phenomenon of suffering, there can be nothing lower than this between us and the bottom of the grave.

SKIBBEREEN, Feb. 23, 1847. The awful visions of yesterday so haunted me that I passed an almost sleepless

night, and I arose with all the symptoms of fever on me. My clothes seemed fairly saturated with the nauseating effluvia of the cabins. The prospect of being prostrated by the contagion in this horrible place was anything but pleasant. I called on good Dr. Hadden, who kindly sympathized with me. He gave me some medicine, and advised me to keep quiet in my room and not expose myself again. It was a long, gloomy day of foreboding, relieved a little by the thought that I had not exposed myself merely to gratify an idle curiosity. Toward night I began to feel better.

SKIBBEREEN, Feb. 24. I arose feeling much better, though still quite weak. I decided to take the coach for Cork, and return immediately to England,—as I had seen, probably, a fair average of the misery of the distressed districts. Moreover, if I remained longer, I was predisposed to the disease by my condition. On leaving I was obliged to ride on the outside of the coach, but was full of gratitude that I could ride at all. At 10 o'clock we left Skibbereen, with its thronged streets of mendicants, and a deep sense of gratitude pervaded my heart that I had escaped being prostrated by fever in that pest-house.

We had a long, cold ride to Cork. At Bandon we stopped a few minutes, and I bought a few biscuit and some small pieces of meat and resumed my seat, intending to make a lunch of what I had procured. But the poor, miserable women and children who flocked around looked up to me with such hungry eyes and imploring looks, that piece by piece I dropped my intended lunch among them, which they caught at like famished beasts.

CORK, Feb. 28, 1847. While waiting for the steamer to leave for Liverpool, I wrote an earnest appeal to the people of New England for aid for the starving Irish. I trust that my earnest entreaties will not be in vain,

coming to them, as it will, from the very aceldama of famine and pestilence. I have spent nearly \$100 and a month's hard labor in trying to bring relief to the perishing in this land. I shall return to England with some sense of satisfaction that I have not withheld my mite to mitigate this mass of misery.

At 2 P. M., accompanied by a few friends, I went to the steamer,—now ready to leave for Liverpool. On reaching the wharf a most affecting scene transpired. Hundreds of the famished laborers of Ireland were on the forward deck bound to a foreign land where they could stand, at least, on the same footing of sustenance as the beasts of the forest, which had been denied them here. Their relatives and friends had attended them to the dock, and when the steamer's last bell rung the wail of lamentation arose like the voice of many waters. Never had I witnessed, even at the bed of death, such agonizing expressions of affection. Men gaunt, and clad almost in rags, embraced each other, and with arms interlaced around each other's necks, exchanged adieus as if annihilation would soon lie between them. The whole multitude followed the steamer as far as the extremity of the dock, weeping and wailing with an exceedingly bitter cry.

CHAPTER V.

PEACE CONGRESS AT BRUSSELS.

MEETING AT PARIS POSTPONED; BRUSSELS SELECTED AS PLACE OF MEETING; PREPARATORY LABORS BY MR. BURRITT; SELECTIONS FROM HIS JOURNAL; LARGE ATTENDANCE AND HARMONIOUS MEETING.

Soon after the deposition and flight of Louis Philippe from France, in 1848, Mr. Burritt went to Paris to prepare for holding a conference of the friends of Peace from different countries, in that city. No meeting of the kind had ever been held on the continent, and as the new *régime* in France had raised as their banner "Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity," it seemed to be a favorable opportunity for inaugurating such a movement. After spending a week in Paris in conferring with prominent men in relation to the proposed convention, Mr. Burritt returned to England and visited most of the large towns, with the view of securing the appointment of delegates to the contemplated meeting. Success attended his efforts, and all things, for the time, looked favorable for a large and successful meeting. But the terrible civil struggle in Paris in June 23, 24, and 25, with its deeds of violence and blood, rendered an abandonment or postponement of the meeting necessary. It was decided that the convention should be held in Brussels in September, 1848. The necessary preliminary arrangements

were made, and the results were far more favorable than the most ardent friends of the cause had dared to hope for.

The Belgian government and authorities were greatly interested in the meeting, and cheerfully did all that was asked or desired to facilitate and recognize the meeting. A large number of delegates came to the meeting from Great Britain, France, Germany, Holland, and other countries. The sessions continued three days, and all the discussions and proceedings were conducted and characterized with much harmony and good spirit. An earnest address to the various governments and peoples of Christendom was unanimously adopted and signed by the President, Vice-President, and Secretary. It was presented, by a special delegation, to Lord John Russell, then Prime Minister of England. It was also forwarded to all the governments of Europe, and published in many of the continental journals. The meeting at Brussels, which the English delegates only ventured to call a conference, was recognized and denominated a "Peace Congress" by both the English and continental papers, and it constituted a new and important event in the history of the cause and gave to it a new impulse and character. From Mr. Burritt's journal we make the following extracts as indicative of the interest and spirit manifested in the meeting :

BRUSSELS, Sept. 20, 1848. This was a beautiful, heavenly morning, as if made on purpose for peace. After breakfast I went, with a few others, to the "Salon de la Grand Harmonie," to meet the Belgian committee. We

found the hall a very elegant one, and fitted up for the occasion with much taste. After a little consultation it was decided to have the session open at 1 o'clock, in order to enable the English delegation, who would probably be late in their arrival, to secure some refreshment before they went to the Hall. On returning to the hotel I met distinguished delegates who had just arrived from Paris. Soon after 10 o'clock it was announced that the English delegation had arrived at the station, having been sent forward by a special train, and, with one or two friends, I drove rapidly to the station. We found it surrounded with carriages, cabs, &c., and the bustle of an unusual affair was perceptible from a distance. I never shall forget the moment that I entered the large waiting room. My first glance compassed a score of faces which will always be dear to me. It seemed the climax of the enterprise. The room was full of persons whom I had met in different parts of England and Scotland, from Liskeard to Aberdeen. From every one I received a greeting that well repaid me for long days and nights of care, and anxiety, and labor. The number of the delegation was about 150,—being the largest deputation that had ever crossed the English channel to attend any Congress or Convention. After having been grouped into companies for the different hotels, they proceeded into town, exciting much apparent interest by their arrival.

On reaching my hotel I found that Marquis de la Rochefoucauld-Liancourt had arrived from Paris, and had sent in his card. I immediately waited upon him and was cordially received. Though suffering with a headache, he was ready to attend at the first session. Before 1 o'clock the hall was nearly full. The English delegates, with their ruddy cheeks and plain appearance, pre-

sented an interesting contrast when compared with the French-looking Belgians with whom they were intermingled. Mr. Auguste Visschers, of Brussels, called the assembly to order, and after a few preliminary remarks called for the organization of the Congress. Mr. Visschers was elected President. Four Vice-Presidents were elected, viz.: F. Bouvet for France, Count Lunigar for Holland, Wm. Ewart, M. P., for England, and E. Burritt for America. After the appointment of Secretaries, Mr. Visschers made his opening speech, which was an excellent one, and received with enthusiastic demonstrations of satisfaction. All felt rejoiced that such a man had been selected to inaugurate the Peace movement on the Continent. Mr. Bouvet, of France, then took the tribune and spoke for half an hour upon the subject of a Congress of nations, and made a very good impression. Wm. Ewart, M. P., followed with a very good speech, and stated that the members of the House of Commons were strongly in favor of peace. He uttered some noble sentiments towards France, and when he left the tribune Mr. Bouvet arose and meeting him half way to his seat gave him a most cordial hand-shaking. The incident was appreciated by the whole assembly and elicited a burst of applause. Mr. J. S. Buckingham, of England, made an admirable speech upon the subject of war in its historical, moral, and financial aspects. The Belgian part of the audience listened with much apparent interest, and the opening session of the Congress was a highly gratifying one. At the second session the first resolution upon the iniquity, inhumanity, and folly of war was read to the meeting. It was a moment of intense interest. The Congress, composed of about an equal number of Continentals and Englishmen, was called to express its opinion of war, within a few miles of Waterloo. This was, as it

were, laying the basis of the cause of peace on the Continent. We had felt considerable solicitude in regard to the declaration which was to go out to the world from the Congress, especially as members of the Belgian committee had evinced a desire to modify all strong terms. But on meeting in the committee-room, just before the opening of the evening session, it was decided to present the following resolution to the Congress as expressive of its opinion of the character of war: "*Resolved*, That this Congress declares that the appeal to arms for regulating different international difficulties is a custom which, at the same time, religion, reason, justice, and interest of the people condemn. Consequently it is a duty and means of safety for the civilized world to adopt suitable measures in order to effect the entire abolishment of war." When the chairman arose to put this resolution to vote, I held my breath, from intense interest, almost astounded at the fact that a declaration of such a sweeping character was to go forth from the assembly. The clear voice of the chairman seemed to penetrate into the very hearts of all present, as he read the resolution and called upon all who favored its passage to rise. The entire assembly, with one solitary exception, arose instantaneously, and after a moment's silence, as if struck with their unanimity, an enthusiastic peal of applause burst forth, and swelled into a full tide of joyful acclamation, especially from the English delegates, who appreciated, in a lively manner, the conquest of the idea. For my part I could not refrain from lifting up my heart in grateful acknowledgment to the God of Peace, that I was permitted to see that day. The magnificent hall was well filled with an intelligent audience, in addition to the members of the Congress, when this important resolution was passed, and all seemed to give their silent adhesion to the sentiments which it expressed. . . .

I had engaged M. Bourson to read my essay, or about one-third of it, as it was longer than I had anticipated. He therefore mounted the tribune and read in a clear and impressive manner the conclusion of the dissertation, embracing all the leading principles of the proposition of a Congress of Nations. It was listened to with fixed attention, and the points and illustrations, upon which I had bestowed some care, seemed to make a favorable impression; and when M. Bourson left the tribune several rounds of applause were given for the joint performance. An able and cordial letter was next read from Dr. Brown-ing, which elicited much acclamation. He was followed by Prof. Bertinatte, from Turin, who read an elaborate and learned essay upon a Congress of Nations. He was a distinguished juris-consul, who had read and written much upon this subject. He happened to be in Brussels at this time, and seeing the proposition of a Congress of Nations on our programme, he brought out an erudite dissertation in favor of it. To me this was a grateful and surprising coincidence. His points, illustrations, dates, and authors were almost identical with those I had employed. Indeed the coincidence was so striking, that many remarked that one essay seemed a copy of the other. No incident connected with the discussions affected my mind more pleasantly than this. I felt that the grand idea of a Congress of Nations had taken a deep hold of the public mind on the continent, and what we foresee will ere long be accomplished amidst the acclamations of the peoples.

Henry Vincent next mounted the tribune. It was the first time he had spoken, and the Belgians hardly knew what to expect from the short, dumpy, red-faced man who now stood before them. As he began, as was his habit, in a low voice, and labored for expression, many

persons left the hall, and the current was setting in strong for the door when one of his claps of thunder, as it were, arrested the persons halfway. In a minute or two his voice arose into the ruddy energy which distinguishes him, and the whole assembly began to respond to his power. On and upward he soared, and his imprisoned thoughts burst forth like jewelled meteors and flashed with dazzling brilliance. Many seemed half raised from their seats, as if borne bodily by the power of his towering genius. It was eloquent almost to inspiration, and when he ended his short speech with the exclamation, "*The Lord God omnipotent reigneth! Alleluia!*" there was an explosion of applause in which every being in the house seemed to join. . . .

The hour of separation was now close at hand, and many affecting considerations were connected with it. Mr. Roussel arose and said, "I ask permission to say a few words, to thank, in the name of Belgium, these honorable strangers, these good philanthropists, who, to propagate ideas of humanity, have left their homes and come to submit to us these ideas, which we all regard as emanations of our own hearts. Across the immensity of the seas we will shake hands and they shall remain clasped in each other. England, America, and Belgium shall henceforth be united in the same thought of peace and prosperity. . . ."

Eloquent and able closing addresses were made by Mr. Roussel, of France, and Henry Vincent, of England. The genius of each was inspired with good will to man, with which their very countenances were radiant. Mr. Vincent had previously made a brief speech, and as he ascended the tribune he was enthusiastically applauded. He had in the first place raised his audience to a high state of excitement and admiration, and his second ad-

dress raised the assembly to sublime emotion, not so much by the sheer force of brilliant ideas as by that heart-power which he puts into his fervid words. He observed, "I maintain what I have before said—it is public opinion that will slay war: not that vicious and vacillating public opinion which has been described to us, but the public opinion impregnated, as it were, with the holy truths of Christianity, armed with the conquests of science, emanating from the glorious perfectionment of the human understanding, and based upon eternal justice." He concluded his great speech in these words: "Great and glorious will be the nation which shall take the initiative in the cause of peace. Its name shall be handed down to posterity as that of the first people which understood the mission of humanity. You, Belgians, will perhaps merit this immortal honor. I should be proud and happy to take the lead of my country in this noble course. My country! that name recalls sweet associations! The place where we first beheld the sun, the school in which we received our first instructions, the church in which we first adored the Creator, the green lanes we trod in the early days of childhood, are memories which nothing can efface. But however sweet to me these reminiscences, dearly as I love my country, I declare to you I love humanity more." These words almost any person might write or speak, but no language can convey the power which Henry Vincent threw into them, and which seemed to lift the whole assembly from their seats. "Friends and brethren of Belgium!" he concluded, "from the center of your beautiful capital shall flow forth among the nations the first rivulets of the fountain of peace and love. Pursue your mission with the full conviction that God will bless your efforts. Cast away from you for ever the barbarism of brute force, and

prepare the way for the advent of that era of peace of which poets and good men of all ages have dreamed, and the day shall come when the lance shall be broken by the pen, and the world shall hail the reign of liberty, justice, and love !”

After the usual votes of thanks to the citizens of Brussels for their great cordiality and hospitality, and to the presiding officer for the ability and courteousness with which he had discharged his duties, the Congress adjourned with the understanding that, if possible, the next meeting should be held in Paris, though the Belgian delegates expressed a strong desire to have it held at Brussels, promising every needed aid and encouragement. Thus ended a Congress whose sessions had been characterized by the utmost harmony and good spirit, and the delegates returned to their respective homes greatly encouraged for future effort. Mr. Burritt, who had done so much preparatory work, was overjoyed with what his eyes had seen and his ears had heard, and he resolved to continue his efforts for the cause of peace with renewed courage and unabated zeal.

CHAPTER VI.

TREATIES OF ARBITRATION.

MR. COBDEN'S RESOLUTION; EFFORTS OF MESSRS. BURRITT AND RICHARDS; CALL ON SIR ROBERT PEEL; CIRCULATION OF PEACE TRACTS AND PETITIONS; MEETING AT EXETER HALL; ACTION OF PARLIAMENT.

After the Peace Congress at Brussels, in 1848, the friends of peace in England felt greatly encouraged to organize and set in motion more vigorous plans of operation. The League of Universal Brotherhood united with the London Peace Society in a special effort to press upon the consideration of the English Parliament a resolution to be brought forward by Richard Cobden for stipulated arbitration, or for special treaties between all the governments of Christendom, by which they should bind themselves to refer to arbitration any question which they could not settle by ordinary negotiation. Mr. Burritt, as representative of the League of Universal Brotherhood, and Rev. Henry Richards, the able and eloquent Secretary of the London Peace Society, traveled together up and down the kingdom, addressing public meetings in behalf of Mr. Cobden's resolution. Other eminent speakers did the same, and petitions were extensively circulated and numerous signed in favor of the movement. On the 11th of June, 1849, after several months of preparatory work had been done, a grand demonstration meeting was held in Exeter Hall, London, it being the even-

ing preceding that on which the resolution was to be presented in Parliament. Of this meeting Mr. Burritt writes in his private journal as follows, under date of London, June 11, 1849 :

This was truly a great day in my personal experience. The crowning demonstration of our arbitration movement was to take place in Exeter Hall in the evening. The grand finale of the one hundred and fifty public meetings, and of all the other operations which the Peace Congress Committee had instituted during the last six months, in support of Mr. Cobden's motion, was now at hand. The rills of public sentiment which had been threading their way up to St. Stephen through city, town, village, and rural community, from Land's End to John O'Groat's, were now to be concentrated upon Parliament in the volume, and "the voice of a multitude of mighty waters," pressing it to the august utterance of a Nation's voice in favor of peace and the brotherhood of nations.

A thousand petitions, some bearing the signatures of 10,000 individuals each, had conveyed to that important body intimations of the people's will. To me, who had never before witnessed a phenomenon, or assisted at an experiment of this character, it was deeply interesting to observe the process and effect of this "pressure from without" upon the central legislature of the world. The mind-machinery set in operation to produce this pressure was, in itself, fraught with instruction to governments and peoples. It was the silent engine of invisible activities concentrating the individual wills of communities upon the minds of statesmen, like impalpable presence of conviction, and turning them to the bias of ideas which they had perhaps ridiculed and resisted. First of the dynamics of this mind-machinery of popular opinion and senti-

ment, planted "in a little upper room," and opened upon the legislature of the greatest empire in the world, was the PENNY POST. For the six months' "agitation" of the national mind which the Peace Congress Committee had originated and conducted in favor of the measure to be brought forward by Mr. Cobden, the Penny Post had been plied with unremitted activity. Nearly 50,000 letters and other missives in manuscript or lithograph, had been sent out in every direction like radiating veins of thought through which the "one idea" was kept in lively circulation. Thus it acquired a constituency of earnest minds in almost every town in the kingdom which sent a representative to Parliament; and that representative had, perhaps, been surprised to receive at St. Stephens', by the Penny Post, communications from his own constituents requesting him, with the emphasis of electors, to give his voice and vote for Mr. Cobden's motion.

Then hundreds of thousands of printed leaves, elucidating the same idea, had been scattered with a sower's hand among the masses of the people, which they had read eagerly on their way to the field or factory; and the silent conviction of myriads of men, women, and children of the laboring classes, who had no votes to give or withhold, had strengthened the pressure of the people's mind upon Parliament. Then every night, for six months, a public meeting in some city, town, or village had given an utterance to "the one idea," which the press echoed and re-echoed among the populations far and near. Thus one hundred and fifty assemblies of the people, from John O'Groat's to Land's End, embracing the active minds of as many distinct communities, had thrown into the gathering tide of public opinion the force of their sympathies.

And the great meeting in Exeter Hall was to give a

great voice to all these sympathies and convictions of the people, and to speak to Parliament the last words of the nation in favor of the measure to be discussed in the House of Commons on the ensuing evening.

No pains or expense had been spared to make this final demonstration worthy of its object. England and the United States are the only two countries in the world in which public meetings have become an inalienable institution of the people. But our American friends can hardly realize the expense of one in Exeter Hall. In the first place, the rent of the great room for one evening is \$120, which, added to the charges for advertisements, placards, attendance, etc., amount to at least \$250. On this occasion one thousand platform tickets had been sent out, through the Penny Post, among others to nearly 400 ministers of the gospel, to the editors and literati, and other men of influence and standing in London and vicinity.

But, in addition to all these agencies and influences which had been, or were to be, brought to bear upon Parliament to constrain it to speak a great word of Peace to the struggling nations of Europe, it was thought of great importance to elicit from Sir Robert Peel an expression of pacific sentiments which should give that word additional emphasis. An interview, therefore, had been solicited and granted with ready cordiality, and at 12 o'clock, on the day of the Exeter Hall meeting, a deputation consisting of Chas. Hindley, M. P., Joseph Sturge, Geo. W. Alexander, John Scoble, Joseph Cooper, Charles Gilpin, Rev. Henry Richard, and myself repaired to the residence of the ex-Premier of England, who was still in power, though not in office. The great statesman, who still wields an influence which is felt through Europe, received us with the easy courtesy and affable urbanity of a nat-

ural gentleman,—inviting us to be seated in the chairs which had been arranged in a semi-circle around the table before him.

Mr. Hindley then introduced the subject of our mission, with a few observations ; and Mr. Richard gave a short exposition of the plan of International Treaties of Arbitration which Mr. Cobden was to propose in the House of Commons on the next day. He adverted briefly to the operations which the Peace Congress Committee had instituted for the purpose of interesting the public mind in favor of the measure to be discussed in Parliament, and concluded his observations by expressing the hope of the committee that Sir Robert Peel, even if he could not support the motion of Mr. Cobden, would avail himself of the opportunity to give such an expression to his views on the general subject of Peace as would commend it to the attention of the governments and statesmen of the civilized world.

The illustrious Baronet then replied, in a tone and manner which evinced his desire to impress us with the conviction of his sympathy with the spirit and object of all practical measures for the promotion of peace among the nations. He spoke of the evils and horrors of war in strong terms of deprecation, and of the duty of governments to exhaust all pacific and honorable means before resorting to arms. He referred to the pacific policy which England had maintained and illustrated for a long course of years ; to the many instances in which the British government had offered its mediation between contending powers. He admitted that the principle of arbitration might and ought to be adopted in many cases of international controversy. Still he thought it would be necessary to defer a reference to arbitration until the cases occurred, as it would be impossible to foresee the circum-

stances under which they would transpire. He doubted whether a convention for a settlement by arbitration could be entered into by governments indefinitely, in advance of the question to be adjusted. He alluded to some cases in which arbitration would not be practicable, and others in which it would be surrounded with difficulties which could only be met as they occurred.

We could see that he suggested these objections, not as insuperable obstacles to the principle of arbitration, nor in a way to diminish our confidence in its practicability as an efficient substitute for war, but rather in support of a foregone conclusion that arbitration could not be *organized* with a fixed system, but must be left, as it had been, to the option of the nations involved in a controversy, and to be suited to all the contemporaneous circumstances of the case. Messrs. Sturge, Richard, and Scoble made a few remarks, after which I was invited, as an American, to address the renowned statesman.

I remarked that, as an American citizen, I was happy to testify to the importance which the friends of peace in the United States attached to the pacific sentiments and policy of Sir Robert Peel. "During the Oregon controversy," I continued, "it was my privilege and honor to be associated with many earnest and philanthropic men in the effort to prevent the public mind in the United States from conceiving and entertaining ideas of hostility towards England in consequence of that question. In this effort we were seconded most cordially and effectively by the friends of peace in England, with whom we were in constant correspondence. One of the most interesting and successful plans of operation instituted for the purpose of propagating thoughts of peace and good will between the two peoples was the interchange of friendly addresses between English and American com-

munities. Most of the considerable towns in England addressed these friendly and fraternal communications to the principal towns in the United States ; and several of these interesting letters were inserted in, at least, 200 newspapers published in different parts of the Union. Responses breathing the kindest spirit were returned from towns in America which had received these friendly addresses from the mother country. The sentiments thus interchanged not only tended to give a pacific bias to the solution of the question in dispute, but also to revive feelings of near-relationship between the two peoples, which we trust will go on ripening into good will when all past differences shall be forgotten. The friends of peace in both countries were encouraged to persevere in their efforts by the pacific course which Sir Robert Peel and his ministry were disposed to take in reference to the Oregon question. Indeed, the name of Sir Robert Peel and Lord Aberdeen are intimately associated in the American mind with the pacific adjustment of that question. The enlightened sentiments which have been expressed in Parliament on the subject of war have been extensively published in American journals, and the friends of peace on both sides of the Atlantic have been led to hope that you will lend the great weight of your position and talents to some international arrangement, by which war may be superseded by an arbitrament more in harmony with the principles of religion, justice, and humanity."

Sir Robert Peel listened with fixed attention and evident interest to these remarks, with which the conversation closed. Such was our interview with a statesman whose grasp and power of intellect have made a deep mark upon the age. We left his residence inspired with the hope that our representations might incline him still

more prominently to the policy of peace, feeling sure that any plan he might favor for the abolition of war would command the considerate attention of the legislators of Europe.

It was now nearly time for the meeting, and we repaired to Exeter Hall. Although it was nearly an hour before the time fixed for the opening exercises, nearly a thousand people were already in the hall, and the number was rapidly increasing. The committee-room soon began to fill with gentlemen who had engaged to take part in the meeting,—including John Bright, and several other members of Parliament.

After making some preliminary arrangements for the exercises of the occasion, the chairman, Chas. Hindley, M. P., led the way to the platform, and as he and those who were to take part made their appearance, they were greeted with several rounds of cheering from an assembly which had already increased to about 3,000 persons. A glance at the character and composition of the audience realized our faith in a great meeting. About nine-tenths were men, mostly of the middle class of the community, all apparently deeply interested in the occasion.

At a little after 6 o'clock the chairman arose and opened the proceedings in a short and appropriate speech, alluding to the special objects for which the meeting had been convened. Rev. Henry Richard next read a brief summary of the operations of the Peace Congress Committee since its organization. When he alluded to our recent mission to Paris, and to our interview with the illustrious poet-statesman, Lamartine, a long-continued burst of applause greeted the mention of that honored name; and when Mr. Richard stated that he had not only promised to take a part in the proposed Congress at Paris, as a member, but also to associate himself with

others in preparing for that demonstration, and that he had also intimated his willingness to come to London and attend a great *ratification* meeting in Exeter Hall, the applause of the assembly ascended into vehement enthusiasm.

John Bright, M. P., next arose, and was received with loud cheers. The spectacle which presented itself at this moment amounted almost to sublimity. The vast hall was filled to the extremest corner with thousands of intelligent looking men, in the attitude of serious attention. At least six hundred, including a dozen members of Parliament, occupied the platform. Mr. Bright spoke with great force for nearly an hour, developing, with much ability and clearness, several points of the proposition for arbitration. "War," said he, "never brings peace except by the complete conquest of one party. But a war between France and England, it may be said, never brings peace. Negotiation, at some period of the war, brings peace, and we propose that negotiation should be tried first. For, bear in mind, that a negotiation, after several battles have been won and lost, is not a fair negotiation; there are the conquered and the conqueror who are parties to it, and justice is not to be done in the ultimate settlement. But upon our system, where you have the negotiation and the arbitration first, the parties have not yet tried their strength; they are, in a sense, equal with each other; they are cool and more dispassionate than they can be after a conflict, and the ends of justice are much more likely to be subserved. It does not follow that you must take governments for adjudicators. France might say, 'We will not go to an arbitration if the King of Holland or the Emperor of Russia are selected as umpires.' Or, the United States might say, 'We will not go to an arbitration with France, England being the um-

pire.' But, should not the nations having the dispute select first from their own citizens, and afterwards from the citizens of some neutral power, men distinguished by their ability, their learning, their character for what is good and upright? Let these come together, forming, as it were, a temporary Commission Court, and let them decide upon the questions in dispute.

"My firm conviction is, that with a court so constituted, hearing the evidence on both sides, having all the documents before them, and hearing the most learned advocates, that their decisions would be received by the people of the country who lost the award with infinitely more respect than they can ever receive any award that comes from the bloody arbitrament of the sword."

Joseph Brotherton, M. P., followed Mr. Bright in a short and well received speech. He said,—“It has been admitted that the American and French wars cost upwards of one billion pounds sterling, and involved the sacrifice of a million of human beings, and yet Lord John Russell in the House of Commons, a few nights since, said that in his opinion these two wars were unnecessary. Now I can tell them that the prayers offered up during these wars described them as “just and necessary wars.” Yet now, in 1849, we are told upon the high authority of the prime minister that they were in reality unnecessary! Is it not evident that, as regarding these wars, at least, arbitration might have been of vast importance before extremities had been resorted to?”

The inimitable, inexhaustible John Burnett next took the stand, and was received with great applause, in anticipation of a treat of the richest wit and humor. Nor was the audience disappointed, for he soon “set the house in a roar” by his felicitous hits. “People,” he said, “might laugh at the plan of arbitration, but in his opinion the

warlike plan was infinitely more ludicrous. The inequality of horses, a disparity in the power wielding the sword, or the possession of high powers of strategy in a general, are circumstances which the merest child can understand have no connection either with justice or national honor. I admit that our soldiers are brave, but I never yet met one courageous enough to admit that he liked war. Why do they not come forward in the House of Commons and acknowledge a liking for war, as they do for horse-racing? It is really intolerable that the question of arbitration should be impeded by the canting phrases of the House of Commons, 'that it is impracticable, it can't be done.' Now, in my opinion, a canting House of Commons is the worst of all canting houses, because it is very expensive, and the money comes out of the pocket of those who are deceived."

The petition of the meeting to Parliament in favor of arbitration was next moved by Edward Miall, Esq., editor of the *Nonconformist*. The reception which was given him as he arose was an impressive evidence of the veneration which the people cherish for a man who is constant to a great principle of truth and righteousness, against all the influences and associations calculated to bias him to the right or the left. After silence, deep and thoughtful, had been secured, he opened upon the still, listening assembly thoughts that breathed with life and vigor. His graphic delineation of the moral evils consequent upon the armed-peace system was severely truthful and impressive. Speaking of the soldiery of the standing army he said,—“We seldom consider that in her Majesty's dominions there are now upwards of 100,000 men whose condition can only be accurately described by the term “*slave*.” They may not think their own thoughts with a view to action. They are pledged to merge their

will in the will of another. They lose all individuality, and become parts of a great living machine. And, worst of all, and most descriptive of the utter slavery in which they are held, they are compelled to obedience, in the last resort, by the lash.

“Peoples never desire to go to war with one another. If warlike passions are ever excited in them, it is by the action of their governments. But squabbling diplomatists, quarrelsome governments, the occupants of thrones anxious for the celebrity and power of their respective homes, royal marriages and dynastic changes,—these are questions about which nations are brought into collision. Take away from governments the instruments and facilities of warfare and they will be peaceable enough.”

Wm. Ewart, M. P., now offered a resolution commending the Peace Congress at Brussels, and the proposition to hold a similar one at Paris in August next. He said he had the honor of attending the Congress in Brussels, the recollection of which would never be effaced from his mind. As they passed along the streets in military order, though not with military insignia, the question passed among the people,—“Who are they?” and the answer was, “They are the friends of peace.” He hoped to appear in the same character, with many of his friends, in the metropolis of France,—that great nation, to which with this and the United States we must look for the adoption of peace principles in international affairs. He would not dispute the justice of Mr. Burnet’s assertion that the House to which he (Mr. Ewart) belonged was a “canting House,” but he would say that he believed that it would soon be on this and on other questions a *recanting* House.

After a few remarks by myself, and the usual vote of thanks, etc., the meeting was dissolved. Such was the

last crowning demonstration in favor of the measure which was to be brought forward in the House of Commons the following evening. Such was the termination of the greatest "agitation" for "organized" peace that was ever instituted in any country or in any age.

It may be added that Mr. Cobden brought forward his resolution before a full house, in a powerful and effective speech, which was followed by a very animated and intelligent discussion. When the vote was taken more than seventy members were in favor of its passage, thus clearly indicating that the idea of stipulated arbitration had taken strong hold upon the public mind and could not fail of being resorted to, sooner or later, by all the governments of Christendom.

CHAPTER VII.

PREPARATIONS FOR A PEACE CONGRESS IN PARIS; INTEREST OF THE FRENCH GOVERNMENT; LARGE DELEGATION FROM ENGLAND; NOTED MEN IN ATTENDANCE; GREAT INTEREST MANIFESTED.

In April, 1849, Mr. Burritt and the Rev. Mr. Richard went to France for the purpose of making some preliminary arrangements for holding a Peace Congress in Paris, in October. Some of the ablest men of France not only gave their adhesion and sympathy, but their generous and active coöperation in the object. An international committee of arrangements was appointed, composed of such men as Victor Hugo, Emile de Girardin, Joseph Garnier, Auguste Visschers (President of the Peace Congress in Brussels), Richard Cobden, and others. M. de Tocqueville, the Minister of Foreign Affairs, manifested an earnest good-will in the object of the convention, and invited Messrs. Burritt and Richard to breakfast with him, and in many ways expressed his readiness to aid them in any way within his power in the accomplishment of their noble and philanthropic mission.

The French government did all in its power to facilitate the Congress and give to it the stamp of its approbation. It admitted the whole English and American delegation without examination of their baggage, at the custom-house, and without any other passports than their tickets as members of the Con-

gress. It gave them free access, on the presentation of these tickets, to all the galleries of paintings, libraries, and public buildings in Paris. As a finishing token of its respect, it directed the fountains of Versailles and St. Cloud to be played for their special entertainment—an honor which hitherto had been paid only to foreign sovereigns visiting Paris. During the session of the Congress M. de Tocqueville invited all the delegates to his official residence, and manifested a deep interest in the cause for which they had come together.

The Peace Congress of 1849, in Paris, was the most remarkable assembly that had ever convened on the continent of Europe, not only for its objects, but for its personal composition. The English delegation numbered about seven hundred, and were conveyed across the Channel by two steamers, specially chartered for the purpose. They not only represented but headed nearly all the benevolent societies and movements in Great Britain. Indeed, Richard Cobden told M. de Tocqueville that, if the two steamers sank with them in the Channel, all the philanthropic enterprises in the United Kingdom would be stopped for a year. There was a goodly number of delegates from the United States, including Hon. Amasa Walker of Massachusetts, Hon. Charles Durkee of Wisconsin, President Mahan of Oberlin College, President Allen of Bowdoin College, and other men of ability. Nearly all the European countries were represented by men full of sympathy with the movement. Victor Hugo was chosen president, and, supported on each side by

vice-presidents of different nations, arose and opened the proceedings with, probably, the most eloquent and brilliant speech he ever uttered on any occasion. Emile de Girardin, Abbé Deguerry, Curé de la Madeleine, the Cocquerels, father and son, spoke with remarkable power and effect, as representing the French members; Richard Cobden, Rev. John Burnet, Henry Vincent, and other English delegates delivered speeches of the happiest inspiration; Amasa Walker, President Mahan, Charles Durkee, and others well represented and expressed American views and sentiments; and delegates from Belgium, Holland, and Germany spoke with great earnestness and ability. The Congress was continued for three days, and the interest in its proceedings constantly increased up to the last moment. The closing speech of Victor Hugo was eloquent and beautiful beyond description. Emile de Girardin said of it, that it did not terminate, but *eternized* the Congress. The next day the government gave the great entertainment at Versailles, which was varied by a very pleasant incident. The English members gave the American delegates a public breakfast in the celebrated Tennis Hall, or Salle de Paumes, at Versailles, so connected with the great French Revolution. Richard Cobden presided, and testified to the appreciation, on the part of the English members, of the zeal for the cause of peace shown by their American brethren in crossing the ocean to attend the Congress. A French Testament, with a few words of pleasant remembrance, signed by himself as chairman of the meeting, was presented to each

of them,—a memento that will, doubtless, be treasured in their families as an interesting souvenir of the occasion.

As at Brussels, an address to the governments and peoples of Christendom was drawn up by Victor Hugo, Richard Cobden, and other members of the committee on resolutions. This was presented to Louis Napoleon, then President of the French Republic, by Hugo, Girardin, Cobden, Visschers, and other national representatives. It urged stipulated arbitration, proportionate and simultaneous disarmament, and a congress of nations, as three measures for abolishing war and organizing peace between nations. These propositions were pressed upon him very ably and earnestly by the deputation, and they seem to have produced a deep impression upon his mind ; for, within the last few years, he has proposed one or two of these measures to the governments of Europe for the settlement of serious questions, and for the diminution of armaments in time of peace. Several young Frenchmen, who attended the congress as mere boys, were greatly impressed, and when they came to manhood they organized "The League of Universal Peace" in Paris, which has become a powerful organization, and the center and source of other societies for the same object on the Continent. It was at the annual meeting of this League of Peace that the celebrated Father Hyacinthe delivered one of his most eloquent addresses, which has obtained a very wide circulation as a model of rhetoric, good sentiment, and logic.

The next Peace Congress was appointed to be

held at Frankfort-on-the-Main, in 1850, and it was determined to make it worthy to follow the great meeting in Paris. As affording an indication of the interest and enthusiasm attending these meetings in Paris, the following extracts are taken from Mr. Burritt's private journal, in relation to the opening session :

On our way to the place of meeting the street was filled with citizens, who gazed silently, but with eager curiosity in their sharp black eyes, as the English delegates passed them. The broad-brimmed Quakers with their benevolent faces, and the Quakeresses with their immaculate bonnets, were the "observed of all observers." A large collection of people walled around the entrance to the hall, and it was with some difficulty that we could press our way through the passage to the platform. Victor Hugo, Richard Cobden, Charles Hindley, and others of the bureau led the way, and as soon as they made their appearance they were received with a warm greeting by the assembly, which was prolonged until the members of the committee and invited guests had become seated. The first glance was sufficient to indicate that the hall was to be well filled by an interested audience. The portion of the room assigned to the delegates was already full, and presented a motley and novel spectacle. The florid faces of the English rather predominated, or were the most conspicuous element in the aspect of the assembly, contrasting picturesquely with the keen, bloodless, and moustached countenances of the French on one side, and the thin, tanned, sallow faces of the Americans on the other.

Below the bar, which divided the delegates from the visitors, the seats were filled with ladies and gentlemen,

presenting a vista of faces extending to the remotest gallery, all animated with interest in the opening proceedings of the congress. Joseph Garnier of Paris ascended the tribune, and announced the nomination of the officers of the Congress, which was received with great applause. The list was as follows :

VICTOR HUGO, PRESIDENT.

VICE-PRESIDENTS.

Rev. A. Cocquerell and The Abbe Deguerry, for France.
Richard Cobden and Charles Hindley, for England.
Amasa Walker and Charles Durkee, for the United States.
Auguste Visschers, for Belgium.
Dr. Carove, for Germany.
D. H. Susingar, for Holland.
Joseph Garnier and M. Ziegler, for France.

SECRETARIES.

Henry Richard, for England.
Elihu Burritt, for the United States.

The President and Vice-President took their seats, greatly cheered by the assembly. Joseph Garnier then read some of the leading names on the list of French delegates, and Henry Richard did the same with the English list, and as the most prominent names were given a general acclamation was elicited. I then ascended the tribune to read the list of American delegates, and was almost overwhelmed with the reception given me. Nearly the whole assembly arose, and for nearly two minutes I was unable to make myself heard. This token of sympathy and good will was wholly unexpected, as I have been so long in England and had, as it were, become a naturalized citizen. It was indeed a tribute of attachment, before the French, which deeply affected me.

I felt the strength and value of that friendship which God had raised up for me in the father-land.

The preliminaries being completed, Victor Hugo arose to make his inaugural speech. The whole English delegation arose simultaneously and drew the French with them, and gave the President a reception which evidently affected him deeply. It was to me a moment of the most intense interest,—the opening of the great drama. When silence was restored he commenced his address, and poured out his mighty thoughts with all the fervid glow of his poetic genius. Each sentence seemed to be an oration condensed into the soul of eloquence, and as the lofty and burning periods fell upon the assembly they responded to their power by repeated bursts of applause. Some of his passages were worthy of being chased in gold. Here is one: "A day will come when a cannon will be exhibited in public museums, just as an instrument of torture is now, and people will be amazed that such a thing could ever have been. A day will come when those two immense groups, the United States of America, and the United States of Europe, will be seen placed in the presence of each other, extending the hand of fellowship across the ocean,—exchanging their produce, their commerce, their industries, their arts, their genius,—clearing the earth, peopling the desert, improving creation under the eye of the Creator, and uniting, for the good of all, these two irresistible and infinite powers,—the fraternity of men and the power of God."

When he had uttered the last sentence of this noble speech several rounds of truly English cheers were given, with an energy that seemed to astonish the French part of the assembly. It was, indeed, a splendid effort, and deeply impressed the whole audience.

CHAPTER VIII.

RETURNS TO AMERICA ; GRAND DEMONSTRATION IN HIS NATIVE TOWN ; ADDRESS OF WELCOME ; RESPONSE, ETC.

On his return home Mr. Burritt received from the citizens of his native town and vicinity a demonstration of welcome which afforded him the highest gratification. Three years had passed since he had left America, and these years had been most earnestly devoted to the advocacy of peace, arbitration, and cheap ocean postage. He had been instrumental in awakening a deep and wide-spread interest in these subjects, and had enlisted the sympathy and co-operation of many of the best and most prominent men of Europe. His labors abroad, and the honor with which he was there regarded, awakened a degree of pride in the hearts of his fellow citizens which found expression in the most cordial manner. As indicative of the feeling of the people, and of their appreciation of his efforts, and a sense of the honor done them in the honor bestowed upon one of their number, we shall give a somewhat full account of the reception tendered Mr. Burritt by those among whom his early years had been spent. It seems but just that this record should be made, that those who follow him may realize how his labors were regarded by those who knew him best, and at the period of his greatest usefulness and influence.

During Mr. Burritt's absence, the people of New

Britain had erected a large and commodious Town hall, which was completed but a short time before his return. This hall was most tastefully decorated with evergreens and mottoes, and brilliantly illuminated on the evening of his reception. On the wall directly at the rear of the speaker's platform, an arch of evergreens was formed, with the inscription, "*Quisque suæ fortunæ faber.*" In various parts of the hall were beautifully wrought mottoes of—"Peace," "Arbitration versus War," "Ocean Penny Postage." The large hall was closely filled in every part, and hundreds were unable to gain admission. After the organization of the meeting the late Prof. E. A. Andrews, then an honored citizen of New Britain and author of note, made the following address of welcome :

"MR. BURRITT: Your fellow-citizens here assembled have authorized me, as their representative, to express to you their most cordial welcome on your return once more to your native village, and to the scenes and companions of your early life. You will see, sir, in the circle which surrounds you, not a few of those who here commenced life with you, whose childhood was inured to similar toils, who shared in the same active sports, and who daily resorted to the same humble school-room, where your literary ardor, which ever since those days has burned so brightly, was first enkindled. In the name of each of these, and of all your old associates and early friends here present, and, above all, in the name of your fair friends who in such numbers grace this large assemblage, and by whose hands these rooms have been so beautifully adorned for this occasion, I bid you, sir, a hearty wel-

come, after long absence, to your native land, and to those scenes endeared to you by the memory of kindred and of home. These all, in common with distinguished friends here present from other towns, men to whom our State looks for counsel, and on whom its freemen ever delight to bestow their highest honors, rejoice in this opportunity of manifesting their respect for one who, by eminent success in the pursuit of knowledge, in circumstances of unusual difficulty, has reflected so much honor on his native land. Arduous indeed is that student's path, who, trusting to his own unaided efforts, firmly resolves to win for himself that wreath of fame which, like the crown of Israel's first king, is bestowed on those alone who tower in stature far above the surrounding multitude. Such a path, sir, we have seen you tread ; and, with mingled emotions of joy and pride we now congratulate you upon a success so complete that it may well satisfy the loftiest ambition. We especially rejoice that a literary reputation so well earned is now fully known and recognized, not in our own country only, but equally so in foreign lands.

“ But, sir, we would not, in our admiration of intellectual cultivation, forget the still more important culture of the heart. We have witnessed with the highest satisfaction that, while eagerly devoted to the pursuit of knowledge, and while ministering to your own necessities by laboring daily with your own hands, you have cheerfully devoted your powers and attainments to the task of elevating the social and moral condition of mankind. To do this, and to do it wisely, is the greatest problem of this and of every age—a problem to be solved in no other manner than by following the teachings of unerring Wisdom. Amidst the conflicting views of mankind in relation to the proper means for the attainment of this great end,

we can still rest in the assured confidence that the long night of error will at last draw to its close, and the dawn of that better day will beam upon the nations. To co-operate with the plans of Infinite Wisdom in hastening forward this consummation is the proper mission of man. The day, we trust, may even now be near, when organized systems of oppression and violence will vanish away; when the feeble shall find in the more powerful, not oppressors, but friends and protectors; and when the controversies of nations—if such controversies shall then exist—shall be settled, not by violence, but by the eternal principles of justice.

“We are gratified, sir, that your efforts have been directed, with such flattering success, to the means for removing from the minds of men a belief in the necessity of a final appeal to arms in adjusting national disputes. In this enterprise the wise and good of all nations will bid you God speed; and surely the blessing of the Prince of Peace will rest on those who, in imitation of his example, seek to promote ‘peace on earth.’

“... Once more, sir, in the name of my fellow-citizens, and, may I be permitted to add, in my own name also, I bid you a hearty welcome to your native town. We regret that your visit is so brief, but hope that, short as it is, it will serve to impress the conviction still more deeply upon your heart that whatever honors await you abroad, in the society of the learned and noble of other lands, you can nowhere be regarded with more sincere affection than by the people of this village, and by the circle of the friends by whom you are now surrounded.”

At the conclusion of the address by Prof. Andrews Mr. Burritt arose, and with deep feeling spoke as follows:

“I can assure you, friends and fellow-citizens, that I know not how to find words to express the emotions inspired by this remarkable occasion. I cannot realize that I am the special guest of these magnificent hospitalities, the subject of this overpowering demonstration of welcome. I can hardly realize my own experience, which has been crowned this evening with the most memorable and precious incident of my life. It seems like a dream to me to find myself in the midst of the neighbors and friends of my boyhood under these wonderful circumstances. While listening with deep emotion to the warm and flattering words which have been so feelingly addressed to me in your behalf, and while reading in your faces the evidence that these were the expression of your sentiments towards me, I have been trying to think what I have done, or been, since I left my native village, to have merited, in the slightest degree, this brilliant, bewildering testimonial of your respect and good will. And can all these beautiful and touching circumstances, and these faces, so familiar to my boyhood, and now beaming on me with lively expressions of welcome—can these magic symbols, these fair-wrought illustrations of Peace and Brotherhood—can all the dazzling and affecting features of this spectacle be a reality? And, who am I, and what was my father’s house, that you have assigned to me such a place, such a part to act, and such a condition to enjoy, in this splendid scene? It seems to me but as yesterday that I went out from your midst, a timid young man, with the meekest aspirations and humblest hopes. I went away pensively, on foot, carrying under my arm all I owned in the world, tied up in a small handkerchief. So far as I can recall the thoughts which passed my mind during the long walks of that pedestrian journey, I can truly say that a life of contented and ob-

scure usefulness was the height of my earthly ambition. My anticipations had this extent, no more. And I can say with equal truth and sincerity, and I desire to say it gratefully, on this the most distinguished occasion that I have ever seen, or ever expect to see in life, that if my course has diverged from that condition in which I had expected to pass my days, not unto me be the merit or honor of the changes, but to that kind overruling Providence, which has led me, by a series of almost imperceptible stages, into a field of labor and experience of which I had no conception when I left the place of my birth, three years ago.

“When I look back over some of the passages of my experience for the last twelve years, and dwell upon the succession of apparently trivial incidents which gave direction and impulse to my course, I can see revealed, in distinct manifestations, that guiding hand which has bent my path to its purpose from my youth up, and to which I would commit the conduct of my future days. I can see how all my settled predilections and purposes were changed by these incidents, and concentrated upon objects of pursuit which I had never contemplated with special interest.

“For the first five years of my residence in Worcester I devoted all the leisure hours, which occurred in the intervals of manual labor, to the study of languages, and to other literary pursuits, rather as a source of enjoyment than as the means of future usefulness. When my tastes for these recreations had strengthened almost to a passion, my mind was biased in a new direction by an incident which impressed it with the conviction that there was something to live for besides the mere gratification of a desire to learn—that there were words to be spoken with the living tongue and earnest heart for great princi-

ples of truth and righteousness, as well as to be committed to a silent memory from the dead languages of the ancient world. To that conviction I yielded the literary predilections and pursuits which had engrossed my hours of leisure and nearly all the thoughts I could divert from my daily avocation.

"In 1844 I commenced the publication of a weekly paper* in Worcester, devoted to the advocacy of Peace, Human Freedom, and Brotherhood. A new field of labor gradually opened before me, and introduced me almost to a new life. The principles and convictions of permanent and universal Peace and Brotherhood gradually enlisted my convictions and sympathies, and I gave myself to their advocacy with increasing interest and devotion.

"After laboring in this field for two years, an incident connected with the Oregon controversy between this country and Great Britain brought me into communication with several devoted friends of Peace in England. It was this circumstance which led me to visit that country in 1846. I designed to be absent only four months; but on my arrival in England most unexpected opportunities of useful labor were opened up before me; and here again all my pre-arranged plans were changed. I had formed, as it were, a programme of operations in the mother-country before I left America, which I most resolutely determined to carry out. One of the plans was to travel on foot through the kingdom, and meet small circles of the laboring classes of the people in small upper rooms, in the different villages through which I passed. And after having spent two or three weeks in Manchester and Birmingham, I buckled on my knapsack, and started on my pedestrian tour. I walked about one hundred and fifty miles in this way, holding these social conversational meetings at night. But I was soon induced to come

* The Christian Citizen.

down from these little upper rooms, and to address large audiences assembled in public halls. Everywhere I met with the kindest reception, and found devoted and generous friends.

"A year rolled around, and wider doors of successful labor opened before me. A series of remarkable incidents transpired to create new opportunities, not only for indoctrinating the public mind in England with the principles of Peace and Human Brotherhood, but also for disseminating those principles on the continent of Europe. It was one of these incidents which suggested the idea of a Peace Convention in Paris; but how small was that idea at its inception compared with the result!

"It was in Manchester, the next day after the recent French Revolution, that, in conference with a few individuals in that city, it was resolved to try the experiment of holding a little upper-room meeting in Paris, of such friends of Peace from different countries as should be disposed to attend it. At that time we dared not aspire to call the proposed meeting a Peace Convention, but a *Peace Conference*. That idea resulted in the Peace Congress at Brussels in 1848, held in the most magnificent hall in that city, under the immediate auspices of the Belgian Government. Perhaps it is not too much to say that no human hope ventured to expect such a result from the first attempt to raise the white standard of Peace on the continent. It was a grand demonstration, which made a deep impression upon the public mind in Europe, and gave the Peace Movement a new phase and impetus. Distinguished men of different countries came into it, and operations on a grander scale were instituted, to press the subject upon the attention of all governments; and last August ushered into the world the grand Peace Congress at Paris, which has been accepted as an illus-

trious event in the history of nations. This impressive and august demonstration is to be followed by another of greater importance still, in the month of August next, at Frankfort on the Main, in Germany; and we are now endeavoring to secure at least a hundred delegates from the United States, to represent this country in that great Peace Parliament of the World. We are holding two or three State Peace Conventions every week, for the purpose of appointing these delegates. Yesterday the friends of Peace met in convention at Hartford, and there voted that you, sir, should be requested to represent this State in the Peace Congress at Frankfort. And I trust, sir, that no unpropitious circumstances will constrain you to decline this noble mission; but that the high moral principle, the profound attainments, dignified urbanity, and mature judgment which render you an honor to our native village will at Frankfort redound to the credit of this State and nation, and to the advancement of a cause with which you were so early identified.

“Friends and fellow-citizens, neighbors of my youth, what shall I say to you for this most wonderful and unexpected manifestation of your generous esteem and sympathy? I am sure that no words of mine are needed to enable you to understand the emotions which I experience at this moment. There cannot be a mind within the circle of these happy circumstances that could doubt for a moment that this is the happiest, the proudest moment of my life. I have received many flattering testimonials of consideration and esteem in Great Britain; but the little village of New Britain is the world of my childhood, the birthplace of my first hopes and aspirations, of my first affections; and all the tendrils and fibres of my young and earnest love are thrown around it, and all its interests, and all its inhabitants, with all the glow and

warmth of its first strength. Think you not that it is a crowning moment of rejoicing to my heart, that the course of life and labor which Providence has made for my feet has elicited from you, friends of my childhood, this remarkable testimonial of your approbation and esteem? I cannot form into words the feelings of gratitude and gratulation with which this scene and occasion inspire me. I know you will accept the sentiment for the expression. I can only say, that in that future of life and labor which may be reserved for me, I shall remember this evening, and try, by Divine help, so to act as not to tarnish this illustrious token of your favor, or give New Britain cause to regret or forget that I also was her son.

“As I go forth again from the home of my youth, the remembrance of your great kindness on this occasion will stimulate me to my highest and best efforts for the advancement of the great principles of Peace and Human Brotherhood.”

Mr. Burritt's address was followed by brief speeches from Rev. Dr. Bushnell and Charles Chapman of Hartford, Dr. Woodward of Middletown, Hon. J. M. Niles, and others, after which the multitude were invited to a lower room, where tables had been arranged with exquisite taste and loaded with everything that could tempt the appetite. After spending an hour here the company returned to the hall, and another season was given to addresses and music. At a late hour the hall was vacated, and all returned to their homes with a feeling that they had passed a delightfully pleasant evening.

This occasion probably called together a greater number of people, and prompted to a more sincere

and cordial manifestation of interest in and approval of Mr. Burritt's labors, than any other event has witnessed in the town of his birth. In alluding to this occasion in his journal, Mr. Burritt wrote as follows :

This was the most memorable day of my life, when I received the highest testimonial of esteem and consideration that will ever be conferred on me in this world. It was the climax of my earthly experience; and I could hardly realize the scene, or believe that I was standing before the neighbors and friends of my youth under such circumstances. There were the men for whom I had worked in almost every capacity, all looking upon me with kindness, as if peculiarly interested in their relationship as neighbors to me. . . . May God grant that I may never do anything to tarnish the honor of this occasion. May he ever keep me humble and of a child-like spirit. Surely His loving kindness has been round about me from my youth up. May it uphold me in all my weakness, and give me wisdom to know and strength to do His will."

CHAPTER IX.

VISITS WORCESTER, WASHINGTON—CALLS ON MEMBERS OF CONGRESS; DEATH OF JOHN C. CALHOUN; HIS FUNERAL; PHILADELPHIA; PITTSBURGH; WHEELING; CINCINNATI; LOUISVILLE; ST. LOUIS; CHICAGO; RETURNS TO MASSACHUSETTS; SAILS FOR ENGLAND.

In the early part of the winter of 1850, Mr. Burritt spent several weeks in Worcester, Mass., in making such arrangements for the publication of the *Christian Citizen* as would relieve himself from care and anxiety. At this time he associated Mr. J. B. Syme, of Edinburg, as his co-editor with Mr. Drew, in the management of the paper. He then went on a lecturing tour through most of the States of the union, mainly for the purpose of awakening an interest in the cause of peace, and securing the appointment of delegates to the Peace Congress to be held at Frankfort in the autumn of 1850. He was everywhere very cordially received, and his lectures were largely attended and listened to with deep interest. Such was the reputation and fame that preceded him that, in many instances, the best accommodations on the steamers of the western rivers and in the leading hotels of cities were freely tendered to him. A few extracts from his journal will give some idea of his mission and his reception:

WASHINGTON, March 31, 1850. After dinner I called on Mr. Tuck, M. C., and had a long conversation with

him on the Peace cause, which had brought me to the city. After a short time he proposed to accompany me in a call on Horace Mann, then a member of Congress. We were very kindly received by Mr. Mann, who seemed deeply interested in my plans, and in full sympathy with the cause in which I was engaged. He very readily and cheerfully proffered any aid within his power to give.

This day has been marked by a great and impressive event—the death of the Hon. *John C. Calhoun*. No other man has filled so prominent a position in the political affairs of the United States. No one can fill his place, and it may well remain vacant hereafter. He acquired a remarkable ascendancy over the South, and possessed wonderful qualifications for a political leader. On a previous visit to Washington I had been honored by an interview with him and found him in sympathy with the Peace movement.

Spent the evening with Judge Allen of Massachusetts, Joshua Giddings of Ohio, and Mr. Julian of Indiana, all genial spirits and true to the cause of Peace, as well as that of human freedom. The two last named promise to attend the Frankfort Congress.

April 1. This day I had an interview with Henry Clay, by whom I was received with stately urbanity. I made a few statements in relation to the Peace operations. He was very courteous, and while he expressed his approval of all judicious efforts for abolishing war, he doubted whether, in the present state of society, men would acquiesce in the award of arbitration. He advised us to submit our proposition to the Executive, and after that to bring it before Congress. Upon the whole our interview was very pleasant and satisfactory.

We next went to the Capitol, with the hope of getting into the Senate Chamber to hear the speeches there to

be made on the death of Mr. Calhoun, but it was jammed full before our arrival. Through the kindness of Gov. Cleveland of Connecticut we were furnished seats in the House of Representatives, where I was introduced to many members with whose names I was familiar. The death of Mr. Calhoun was announced by Mr. Holmes of South Carolina, in a highly eulogistic speech, in which he gave a detailed and glowing account of the life and services of the deceased statesman. He was followed in an elegant speech by R. C. Winthrop of Boston, after which Mr. Venable of North Carolina made a brief and appropriate closing address.

April 2, 1850. At 11 o'clock we went to the Capitol, to which multitudes were thronging, to witness the funeral ceremonies of Mr. Calhoun. It was an impressive sight, and evinced the great respect entertained for the character and position of the departed statesman. We went to the house in which the corpse lay, and took a last look of the remains of earthly greatness. His old compeers of the Senate were present, of whom Messrs. Clay, Webster, Berrien, Cass, Mangum, and King, walked by the side of the hearse, as pall bearers. His body was borne to the Congressional Cemetery—the procession being at least a mile long. The President and heads of department were present and the members of both Houses.

April 4. Left for Philadelphia, where a convention had been called for the purpose of organizing a State Peace Association. The meeting was to be held in the Chinese Museum, and on my arrival I found about two hundred delegates present, many of whom were Quakers. It was decided to organize a permanent State Peace Society. The meeting adjourned till evening, then to assemble in Musical Fund Hall. At the appointed hour this great hall was completely filled by a very intelligent

audience, including many of the élite of Philadelphia. The exercises opened with a very able and interesting speech by Dr. Paterson, of Philadelphia. I followed with a speech an hour long, and secured and kept the attention of the audience throughout. It was very gratifying to feel that the great meeting was so much in sympathy with the principles and progress of the cause. Rev. Mr. Willete made an eloquent and impressive speech, which was warmly applauded. He was formerly active in our League meetings in Massachusetts. At the close of the meeting Prof. Cleveland and Hon. Walter Forward, formerly Secretary of the U. S. Treasury, were appointed as delegates at large to the Frankfort Congress, and several others were appointed to represent the various Congressional districts. As a whole the convention was highly interesting and successful.

PITTSBURGH, April 8. Reached this city at 6 o'clock, and took lodgings at the Monongahela House. The spectacle presented by twelve large Western steamboats, lying side by side, in the river was truly striking, and I felt indeed that I was standing in the door-way of the mighty West. In the afternoon several gentlemen called and met me very cordially. One of them, Mr. Hanna, went with me to the telegraph office and very kindly *franked* half a dozen lightning messages for me to several western cities. Mr. Bakewell took me about the city and showed its location and character from the most commanding and picturesque points of view. We also visited the glass works of Mr. Bakewell, where I witnessed most marvellous and magic feats of skill, in the art of working that material into every imaginable shape, which to me was a great novelty. In the evening Wilkins Hall was completely filled by an intelligent audience, who listened with close attention and apparent interest,

for an hour, to my lecture on the "Brotherhood of Nations." At the close of my address a large number of people came forward to grasp my hand and express their interest, and among them was Philetus Dean, who nearly twenty years previously had been my pupil in Glastonbury, Conn. An incident that greatly pleased me was, that a young man stepped up to me and, with much emotion, showed me a letter written to him by me in England, in which I had given him advice in reference to emigrating to America. He said he had followed my advice and was now doing well. He thanked me, over and over again, with a lively expression of gratitude. It was quite a scene, as a large circle had gathered around us and appeared deeply interested in the occurrence.

April 9. Mr. Hanna called early in the morning to accompany me to a large iron establishment, in which I was greatly interested. I afterwards called to see the celebrated "Grace Greenwood," or Sarah Jane Clark. She is an interesting young lady, with all the frolicsome genius of her mind sparkling in her eyes. I had a very pleasant interview, and found her in complete sympathy with the Peace movement, as well as with all others designed to promote the well-being of mankind. At noon I left for Wheeling on board the Hibernia, one of the great floating palaces of the Ohio river—having been accompanied to the boat by Messrs. Hanna, Murphy, Taylor, and others, who bade me adieu with the warmest expressions of sympathy and good will. Truly I have cause for gratitude to God for all his kindness in giving me friends and supporters in my work. I was soon afloat on the noble Ohio for the first time. The clerk of the boat came to me and tendered a free passage, with all the privileges of the steamer—an act of kindness I greatly appreciated. At Wheeling I found an audience

of about three hundred, who gave close and thoughtful attention to my lecture—after which several gentlemen accompanied me to the hotel, and remained some time in conversation.

WHEELING, April 10. Mr. Wharton, editor of the *Gazette*, called and took me about the town and across the Wheeling Suspension Bridge. This is the most stupendous fabric of the kind in America, or in the world. The length of span is more than 1,000 feet, and its capacity of burden is estimated at 6,000 tons. Mr. Wharton was the founder of this magnificent enterprise—not only originating the idea, but pressing it through into a grand and practical reality by his persevering exertions. He also took me to one of the free schools which have been established through his influence and agency. Mr. W. is a New England man, formerly of Fitchburg, Mass. At Wheeling the Rev. Mr. Armstrong was appointed delegate to the Frankfort Congress, and a prominent citizen offered to defray his expenses. At 10 P. M. I left on the steamer for Cincinnati.

April 11. Nothing in the way of traveling can equal the comfort and elegance of these western boats. In the evening I was invited, by a committee of the passengers, to give an address, and at 9 o'clock a large assembly gathered in the elegant saloon and listened very attentively, for nearly an hour, to an address on the Paris Congress, and the progress of the Peace movement. This was quite an incident in my life. My audience was composed of prominent men from nearly every State of the Union.

CINCINNATI, April 12. Just as the sun was rising we reached this great city of the West. I was very cordially received and in the evening the great Wesley chapel was crowded full, and among the audience were many of the

best citizens, including several clergymen and other professional men. I gave my lecture on the "Brotherhood of Nations," in which the audience appeared much interested. I presented the plan and object of the Frankfort Peace Congress, and steps were taken for the appointment of delegates to the same.

LOUISVILLE, KY., April 17, 1850. I arrived at this city yesterday morning, and during the day several prominent citizens called to bid me a cordial welcome. Gov. Crittenden and many others were very courteous and kind. There appears to be an open-hearted deportment in these Kentuckians that is very engaging. In the evening the large church of Rev. Mr. Lehon was filled in every part, and hundreds were unable to gain entrance. The audience was one of the most intelligent looking and attentive I had ever addressed, and though the aisles were filled with people who were obliged to stand, not one left before the meeting closed, and then hundreds came forward to assure me of their sympathy and co-operation.

April 19. When about to leave for St. Louis, I called upon the clerk of the Galt House for my bill, and was informed that it had been settled—an act of generosity and kindness that deeply affected me. On taking the steamer for St. Louis I was very kindly welcomed by the captain to all the privileges of the boat. Surely kindness has attended all my steps in my western tour, and I have everywhere been treated with the greatest respect.

The same kindness which had thus far been manifested toward me, and the same interest in the objects I presented, were exhibited at St. Louis, Cleveland, Chicago, and other cities, and I had occasion to feel deeply grateful for the very generous and cordial manner in which I was everywhere treated, and my entire tour at the West

will ever be associated with the pleasantest memories of my life.

In the early part of May, Mr. Burritt left Chicago for the East, to make preparations for sailing to Europe. He left Boston on one of the Cunard steamers, on the 15th of the month, and landed at Liverpool on the 30th. He immediately proceeded to London, where his friends received him gladly, and contributed all in their power to promote his comfort and happiness. Pres. Hitchcock of Amherst College, John Prentice of New Hampshire, and John Tappan of Boston, all delegates to the Frankfurt Congress, accompanied Mr. Burritt to Europe. The last named gentleman, on learning that Mr. Burritt had taken a second-class berth, quietly exchanged for first-class accommodations, paid the difference, and placed the same to the use of Mr. Burritt, an act so kindly and pleasantly performed as to reflect great credit upon the generous donor, and awakened the most grateful feelings in the heart of the recipient.

CHAPTER X.

WORKING FOR FRANKFORT CONGRESS; MEETING OF THE CONGRESS; VARIOUS DELEGATIONS; ORGANIZATION; PROCEEDINGS; EFFORT FOR ARBITRATION; OLIVE LEAF MISSION; OCEAN PENNY POSTAGE.

MR. BURRITT believed in work, as well as in words, and immediately after his return to England he went upon the continent with his earnest co-worker, Mr. Richards, to prepare for the approaching Frankfort Congress. They visited nearly all the principal towns in Germany, including Hamburg, Berlin, Dresden, Munich, and Stutgard. They had interviews with many of the distinguished men in Germany, and secured their co-operation in the objects of the congress. Among those whose interest they enlisted, were Alexander Von Humboldt, Prof. Liebig, Tholuck, Hengstenberg, and other eminent men.

The Congress at Frankfort was held on the 22d, 23d, and 24th of August, 1850. It was in numbers and spirit all its most sanguine friends could have hoped for. It was more fully representative of European countries than any previous congress had been. It required two special steamers to convey the English delegates up the Rhine. There were delegates from all the German States, and some from Italy. France was well represented. Auguste Visschers, President of the Brussels Congress, was

present; and full of earnest activity and zeal. The American delegation was large and influential, including Pres. Hitchcock of Amherst College, Rev. E. Chapin, Rev. Dr. Bullard, and many other influential men from different States.

Richard Cobden was not only a leading spirit in the congress, but was present several days before the opening as a member of the committee of organization, and gave most valuable aid in the preparation of the resolutions to be presented for discussion, which was regarded as a preparatory work of the greatest importance. The German members of the committee were most hearty in their co-operation, and the whole population of Frankfort manifested a lively interest in the new and strange Parliament that was to be held in the city of German Emperors. Its place of assembly was specially appropriate. It was the great and venerable St. Paul's Church, in which the Parliament of New Germany assembled in 1848, in the unsuccessful attempt to reconstruct the great Fatherland on a new basis of Union, Freedom, and Fraternity. Herr Jaup of Darmstadt was chosen President, Professor Liebig, Richard Cobden, M. de Girardin, Auguste Visschers, and Professor Hitchcock were some of the Vice-Presidents. The congress lasted three days, and all the proceedings were marked with a harmonious and earnest spirit. The same measures as at Paris were discussed and approved, and an address adopted to the governments and peoples of Christendom, pressing upon their attention these plans for "organizing peace,"—to use Lamartine's expression.

An incident of peculiar interest occurred at the last session of the congress. A war had already broken out between Schleswig-Holstein and Denmark, upon a question in which all Germany, especially Prussia, was involved. A number of influential men in Berlin desired the congress to express an opinion on the merits of the question, and telegraphed to that effect, asking that a hearing might be given to a commissioner that had been dispatched to Frankfort for that purpose. This was Dr. Bodenstedt, a very learned and able man, and earnest partisan of the Schleswig-Holstein cause. But the congress could not entertain the proposition, as it was precluded by one of its fundamental rules from meddling with any local or current question of controversy. But after consultation with Dr. Bodenstedt, it was thought allowable and proper that three members of the congress should go in a voluntary, or individual capacity, to the belligerent parties, and try to induce them to refer the controversy to arbitration. Consequently, on the return of the English and American delegation from Frankfort, Joseph Sturge, Frederic Wheeler, and Elihu Burritt left them at Cologne, and proceeded to Berlin, where they met Dr. Bodenstedt and his friends, and procured letters of introduction and other directions for their mission. Then they proceeded immediately to Kiel, and had an interview with the members of the provisional government, and laid before them the object of their mission. They were well received, and letters were given them to the military authorities at Rendsburg, the

headquarters of the army, which was preparing for another battle with the Danes. They repaired to that fortress, and had a long interview with the civil and military chiefs, and submitted to them the simple proposition whether, at that stage of hostilities, they would consent to refer the difficulty to arbitration if the Danish government would do the same. Having fought so long, and feeling able and determined to win their cause by arms, they hesitated as to the form of their consent to the proposition, lest it might indicate weakness ; but the deputation put it so conditionally on the corresponding action of the Danes, that they fully acceded to the proposed basis of settlement.

Having obtained the consent of the Schleswig-Holsteiners to refer the question to arbitration, the deputation next proceeded to Copenhagen and had several interviews with the Danish ministers. Here a difficulty of another nature had to be met and overcome. To submit the question to arbitration was, to a certain or sensible degree, to recognize the Schleswig-Holsteiners as an independent people, on the same national footing as the Danes themselves. The deputation addressed themselves to this difficulty with great earnestness and assiduity. There is no question that the simple eloquence of Joseph Sturge's goodness of heart, and the plea he made with tears moistening and illuminating the beautiful radiance of his benevolent face, impressed the Danish minister more deeply than any mere diplomatic communication could have done. At any rate, the peculiar difficulty involved in the proposed refer-

ence was waived, and the Danish government consented to the preliminary steps to arbitration. The foreign minister nominated a distinguished civilian to be put in correspondence with some one chosen to the same position by the Schleswig-Holstein authorities ; and the deputation left Copenhagen, feeling that one step towards the settlement of an aggravated question had been accomplished. They again proceeded to Kiel, and announced the result of their mission to Denmark, and a gentleman of great ability and judgment was appointed to be the medium of communication with the gentleman appointed by the Danes. Messrs. Sturge and Wheeler now returned to England, leaving Mr. Burritt to conduct the correspondence necessary to the gradual induction of direct negotiation between the two parties to the dispute. He remained three months in Hamburg for this purpose, and had considerable correspondence with the Danish authorities on the subject. But just as the negotiations seemed on the point of effecting a settlement by arbitration, the Austrians marched into Schleswig-Holstein, and sprung a judgment upon the case, and closed it summarily. The effort, however, to settle the question by arbitration, even when the parties were at open war, evidently made a favorable impression upon the public mind, and it would probably have succeeded had it not been interrupted by forcible interference.

While Mr. Burritt was in Hamburg, he originated a quiet scheme of operations for bringing the spirit, principles, and objects of the Peace movement before the masses of the people of the continent of Europe.

This was the revival or application of the Olive Leaf system which he had set on foot in the United States. He first arranged with a newspaper of large circulation in Paris to insert, once a month, about a column and a half of matter, made up of short paragraphs from such writers as Erasmus, Robert Hall, Dr. Chalmers, Cobden, Channing, Worcester, Ladd, and other distinguished authorities. This was called "An Olive Leaf for the People." The French paper charged one hundred francs for each Olive Leaf inserted; but for this sum it not only printed, but circulated all over France, thirty thousand copies monthly, and that, too, with the virtual commendation, as well as responsibility, of the editor, effecting a work of enlightenment which could not have been accomplished for five hundred dollars through the medium of tracts, even if their distribution had been allowed. The plan worked so well in France, that Mr. Burritt entered into arrangements with the leading journals of Germany, and other continental countries, for the monthly publication of an Olive Leaf of the same character. The conductors of these journals were willing to make liberal terms for the insertion, partly out of sympathy with the matter, and partly because it was put among the selections made by the editor, and did not occupy any space given to paid advertisements. The average price of each insertion in these German, Dutch, Danish, and Italian journals was about six dollars. To make this operation the more effective, it was desirable and necessary that it should be conducted very quietly; that its very origin and support should be virtually con-

cealed from the readers of the Olive Leaves, that they might receive them as from their own editors, and not know that their insertion was paid for. On returning to England, in the spring of 1851, the League of Universal Brotherhood, of which Mr. Edmund Fry, a most indefatigable worker, had become the secretary, resumed its independent field of labor, embracing two special operations. The first was the agitation for an Ocean Penny Postage, the other, "The Olive Leaf Mission," as just described. Up to this time the ladies of Great Britain had never been especially enlisted in any department of the Peace movement. The Olive Leaf Mission seemed to present a very appropriate and effective enterprise for them. Consequently it was resolved to commend it to their adoption by a special effort. Mr. Burritt, therefore, in visiting all the principal towns in England, Scotland, and Ireland, for the purpose of addressing meetings in behalf of Ocean Penny Postage, generally met, in the afternoon of the same day, a company of ladies of all denominations, at a private house, and explained to them the Olive Leaf Mission, and how easily and quietly they might operate through it upon the public mind in foreign countries. In almost every case, after such an explanation, the ladies formed themselves into an association, which was called an "Olive Leaf Society," which met once a month, corresponded with similar societies, and raised a certain amount to pay for the insertion of the Olive Leaves in continental journals. In the course of two years, over one hundred of these ladies' societies

were organized, as the result of these interviews and explanations, and they sustained the whole expense of the mission, which was about two thousand dollars a year. The Olive Leaves were translated into seven different languages, and published monthly, in more than forty different journals, from Copenhagen to Vienna, and from Madrid to Stockholm. Thus several millions of minds in all those countries were kept continuously under the dropping of ideas, facts, and doctrines which fell upon them as quietly as the dews of heaven. And while immediate results were not to be expected, there can be no doubt that the influence of these efforts will prove highly salutary.

CHAPTER XI.

PEACE CONGRESS IN LONDON, 1851.

DELEGATIONS; OPENING SESSION; ORGANIZATION; PRESIDENT BREWSTER'S ADDRESS; LETTERS FROM THOS. CARLYLE AND COUNT DURNELLI; REV. J. ANGELL JAMES; R. CORDEN; WM. EWART; HENRY VINCENT; J. BURNETT; VICTOR HUGO; HENRY VINCENT AND BAND OF FRENCH ARTIZANS, AND SPEECH BY ONE OF THEM; CHAS. GILPIN; REV. DR. MASSIE; MR. BURRITT'S SPEECH; CLOSING EXERCISES; SOIRÉE.

The fourth of a series of Peace Congresses was held in Exeter Hall, London, in August, 1851.* For many weeks previous to this, Mr. Burritt and Rev. Henry Richard had labored with great energy and zeal to awaken an interest that would secure a large attendance of delegates. The result of these efforts was highly gratifying. Belgium, England, France, Germany, America, Spain, Holland, Italy, Sweden, and Norway were represented by delegates of the highest respectability. "So far as the British part of the delegation was concerned, it may safely be said that there had never before assembled in London so large an amount of the highest and noblest elements of English society, its intelligence, its moral and re-

* There was so much of interest in this Congress that it has been thought best to give a more particular account of its doings than has been given of the others. It is believed that the perusal will prove both interesting and profitable, especially the opening address of Sir David Brewster and the speech of Mr. Burritt. It is also important as indicating the effective preparatory work of Messrs. Burritt and Richard.

ligious worth, and of that resolute fixedness of purpose, which has enabled the same classes as were represented in this occasion to achieve so many previous triumphs in the cause of liberty, philanthropy, and religion.

More than a thousand men from every district of the United Kingdom, representing all the large towns and cities of the Empire, selected, for the most part, on account of the honorable distinction they had locally acquired among their fellow citizens, including in the number official delegates from important municipal and religious bodies, the chief magistrates of many towns, more than 200 clergymen of various denominations, appointed by their respective congregations, eminent professors in collegiate institutions, and all classes of professional men." There was surely a noble array of great and good men, sufficient for ever to remove the impression advanced by some, that the interest which had brought this vast assemblage together was both unimportant and evanescent. Mr. Burritt writes in his journal of the opening session as follows :

LONDON, July 22, 1851. This is the first of the three days of 1851, in the Calendar of Peace. How crowded with emotion and vivid experience ! How difficult to realize that we have come to the fourth of these great demonstrations ! The day was fair, and when I reached Exeter Hall, at 10 o'clock, crowds of delegates and visitors were congregated near the doors, which were still closed. Friends from every part of the country were there in the sunshine of pleasure and anticipation.

When, at length, the doors were opened, and for a full

hour after, there was a great rush into the committee room to secure tickets, both for delegates and visitors. After assisting in supplying the American delegates with cards of membership, I ascended to the room in which the Bureau was assembled. Sir David Brewster, our Chairman, was there, and several other distinguished men whom I met for the first time, and by whom I was most cordially greeted. At 11 o'clock we went upon the platform, amidst deafening cheers from those in the hall. The scene that opened to our view was almost sublime. The large room was completely filled with a grand audience. The array of talent, philanthropy, experience, and position presented on the platform was exceedingly impressive.

The great assembly was called to order by the Rev. Henry Richard, who submitted the following list of officers, which was received and ratified by the audience with great eclat :

Sir David Brewster, President ; R. Cobden, M. P., and Chas. Hindley, M. P., of England ; L. D. Comenio, and Horace Say of France ; M. Visschers of Belgium ; Prof. Rau of Germany ; Judge Niles and Hon. E. Jackson of America, Vice-Presidents ; and nine Secretaries, among whom were Elihu Burritt and Rev. Dr. Beckwith, of America.

After the presentation of the names of delegates from the different countries, and when all was ready for the business of the Congress, it was proposed to spend a minute or two in devotional silence, to invoke the blessing of God on the proceedings. At this the vast assembly almost ceased to breathe. The deep silence of three thousand persons was so profound as to seem almost audible. Nothing could have surpassed it in impressiveness. This silence lasted for several minutes, after

which the venerable President arose and made the following most elegant and beautiful inaugural address : *

"I should have shrunk from occupying the chair in which your kindness has placed me, were I required to address to you any formal and lengthened argument in favor of the grand object which the Congress of Peace has been organized to accomplish. I shall consider this part of my duty discharged by a brief reference to the nature and the justice of the cause which we are this day met to plead. The principle for which we claim your sympathy and ask your support is, that war undertaken to settle differences between nations is a relic of a barbarous age, equally condemned by religion, by reason, and by justice. The question 'What is war?' has been more frequently asked than answered ; and I hope there may be in this assembly some eloquent individual who has seen it in its realities, and who is willing to tell us what he has seen. Most of you, like myself, know it only in poetry and romance. We have wept over the epics and the ballads which celebrate the tragedies of war. We have followed the warrior in his career of glory without tracing the line of blood along which he has marched. We have worshiped the demigod in the Temple of Fame in ignorance of the cruelties and crimes by which he climbed its steep. It is only from the soldier himself, and in the language of the eye that has seen its agonies, and of the ear that has heard its shrieks, that we can obtain a correct idea of the miseries of war. Though far from our happy shores, many of us may have

* The Congress was exceedingly fortunate in the selection of its presiding officer, and his address is given in full from the *London Herald of Peace*, Aug., 1851, as affording a clear exposition of the great object of the gathering, and also of the spirit and ability of the President. No candid person can read it without being deeply impressed with the great importance of its views and principles.

seen it in its ravages and in its results, in the green mound which marks the recent battle-field, in the shattered forest, in the razed and desolate village, and, perchance, in the widows and the orphans which it made ! And yet this is but the memory of war—the faint shadow of its dread realities—the reflection but of its blood, and the echoes but of its thunders.

“I shudder when imagination carries me to the sanguinary field, to the death-struggles between men who are husbands and fathers, to the horrors of the siege and the sack, to the deeds of rapine and violence and murder, in which neither age nor sex is spared. In acts like these the soldier is converted into a fiend, and his humanity even disappears under the ferocious mask of the demon or the brute. To men who reason, and who feel while they reason, nothing in the history of their species appears more inexplicable than that war, the child of barbarism, should exist in an age enlightened and civilized, when the arts of peace have attained the highest perfection, and when science has brought into personal communion nations the most distant, and races the most unfriendly. But it is more inexplicable still that war should exist where Christianity has for nearly 2000 years been shedding its gentle light, and that it should be defended by arguments drawn from the scriptures themselves.

“When the pillar of fire conducted the Israelites to their promised home, their Divine Leader no more justified war than he justified murder by giving skill to the artist who forges the stiletto, or nerve to the arm that wields it. If the sure word of prophecy has told us that the time must come when men shall learn the art of war no more, it is doubtless our duty, and it shall be our work, to hasten its fulfilment, and upon the anvil of Christian

truth, and with the brawny arm of indignant reason, to beat the sword into the ploughshare, and the spear into the pruning hook. I am ashamed in a Christian community to defend on Christian principles the cause of universal peace. He who proclaimed peace on earth and good-will to man, who commands us to love our enemies, and to do good to them who despitefully use us and persecute us ; He who counsels us to hold up the left cheek when the right is smitten, will never acknowledge as disciples, or admit into His immortal family, the sovereign or the minister who shall send the fiery cross over tranquil Europe, and summon the bloodhounds of war to settle the disputes and gratify the animosities of nations.

“ I see in the list of our members the venerable name of the Archbishop of Paris, who, but for ill health, would have presided over the Congress in 1849. I trust there are many bishops of our National Church who, like their Catholic brother, are intolerant of war, and who are ready to give their sanction and support to the cause of peace. I have seen a bishop, and some of you may have personally known him, who characterized war by a sentiment which might well be inscribed upon our banner—a sentiment powerful from its arithmetical logic, and more powerful still from its brevity and truth,—‘ One murder makes a villain, millions a hero.’ Had Bishop Porteus been alive, he, doubtless, would have presided in his own diocese over a congress of peace. When revelation is discredited, or its decision questioned, reason is summoned as the arbiter, and reason has been appealed to by the friends of war. To its deliberate verdict we shall cheerfully yield. If reason is not for us, revelation is against us.

“ War is, by its friends, deemed a condition of man in his state of trial. It has, they allege, been part of the divine government for six thousand years, and it will,

therefore, continue till that government has ceased. It is, consequently, as they argue, wholly Utopian to attempt to subvert what is a law of Providence, and what seems part and parcel of our fallen nature. If the combativeness of man, as evinced in his history, is thus a necessary condition of his humanity, and is for ever to have its issue in war, his superstition, his credulity, his ignorance, his lust for power, must also be perpetuated in the institutions to which they have given birth. Where, then, are the orgies, the saturnalia of ancient times, the gods who were invoked, and the temples where they were worshiped? Like war, they were the condition of an infant race, and have disappeared in the blaze of advancing civilization.

“The game of credulity, the condition of early science, and the sphere of the magician, the conjurer, and the alchemist, has, like that of superstition, been played, and the truths which once administered to imposture have become the sources of wealth and the means of happiness. The game of ignorance, also, has been played, and the schoolmaster has buckled on his armor to replace it with knowledge and virtue. The game of slavery, too, has nearly been played—that monstrous condition of humanity which statesmen, still living, hold to be inseparable from social life, and which men, still called Christians, defend from Scripture. The game of duelling—the game of personal war, in which false honor and morbid feeling make their appeal to arms, and which was not only defended but practiced by Christians—has likewise been played; and even the soldier, who was supposed to have a prescriptive title to its use, has willingly surrendered his right of homicide and manslaughter. The game of revolution and of despotism which is now playing before our eyes will, in its turn, be played, and with it the game of war will terminate.

“Is it Utopian, then, to attempt to put an end to war? If personal and local feuds have been made amenable to law—if the border wars of once hostile kingdoms have been abolished by their union—if nations have successfully combined to maintain the balance of European power by their armies—if, in our own day, an alliance called holy has been organized to put down revolution in individual states, and maintain the principle of order—why may not the same great powers again combine to enforce peace as well as order, and to chastise the first audacious nation that ventures to disturb the tranquility of Europe? The principle of this Congress, to settle national disputes by arbitration, has, to a certain extent, been adopted by existing powers, both monarchical and republican; and it is surely neither chimerical nor officious to make such a system universal among the very nations that have themselves partially adopted it. If these views have reason and justice on their side, their final triumph cannot be distant.

“The cause of peace has made, and is making, rapid progress. The most distinguished men of all nations are lending it their aid. The illustrious Humboldt, the chief of the republic of letters, whom I am proud to call my friend, has addressed to the Congress of Frankfort a letter of sympathy and adhesion. He tells us that our institution is a step in the life of nations, and that under the protection of a superior power it will at length find its consummation. He recalls to us the noble expression of a statesman long departed, ‘that the idea of humanity is becoming more and more prominent, and is everywhere proclaiming its animating power.’ Other glorious names sanction our cause. Several French statesmen, and many of the most distinguished members of the Institute, have joined our alliance. The Catholic and the Protestant

clergy of Paris are animated in the sacred cause, and the most illustrious of its poets have brought to us the willing tribute of their genius. Since I entered this assembly I have received from France an olive branch, the symbol of peace, with a request that I should wear it on this occasion. It has lost, unfortunately, its perishable verdure—an indication, I trust, of its perennial existence. The philosophers and divines of Germany, too, have given us their sympathy and support; and, in America, every man that thinks is a friend of universal peace.

“In pleading for a cause in which every rank of citizens has a greater or less interest, I would fain bespeak the support of a class who have the deepest stake in the prosperity of the country, and in the permanence of its institutions. The holders of the nation's wealth, whether it is invested in trade or in land, have a peculiar interest in the question of peace. Upon them war makes its first and its heaviest demand; and upon them, too, war, in its reverses, makes its first appropriating inroad. In our insular stronghold, we have ever felt secure from foreign aggression; but when alarmists are raising the cry of insecurity on our shores, they proclaim the insecurity of property by their very arrangements to defend it. In the reign of peace, wealth will flow into new channels, and science will guide the plough in its fructifying path; and, having nothing to fear from foreign invasion, or internal discontent, we shall sit under our vine and our fig-tree, to use the gifts and enjoy the life which Providence has given—to discharge the duties which these blessings impose, and prepare for that higher life to which duty discharged is the safest passport. But it is not merely to property that our principles will bring security and amelioration. With war will cease its expenditure. National prosperity will follow national security. The arts of

peace will flourish as the arts of war decay. The talent and skill which have been squandered on the works and on the instruments of destruction will be directed into nobler channels. Science and the arts, in thus acquiring new intellectual strength, will make new conquests over matter, and give new powers to mind.

“The minister who now refuses to science its inalienable rights, and grudges even the crumbs which fall from his niggardly board, will then open the nation’s purse to advance the nation’s glory ; and the decorations which now justly shine on the breast of the warrior, and those which hide themselves for shame under the drapery of the party adherent, will fall to the lot of the sage who enlightens, and of the patriot who serves his country. Science will no longer bend a suppliant at the foot of power, and the intriguer will no longer dare to approach it. Education, too, will then dispense its blessings through a wider range, and religion, within its own hallowed sphere, will pursue its labors of love and truth, in imitation of its blessed Master. If we have not yet reached this epoch of peace and happiness, we are doubtless rapidly nearing it ; and among the surest harbingers of its approach is the exhibition of the world’s industry, and the reunion of the world’s genius, which now adorn and honor our metropolis. As one of its daily visitors since it was opened by our beloved Queen, I may be permitted to call your especial attention to it as the first Temple of Peace that modern hands have reared. You have, doubtless, all seen its magnificent exterior and its internal splendor—its lofty transept raising its glittering roofs to the skies—its lengthening nave vanishing in distance and misty perspective—its countless avenues and aisles—its iron corridors—its crystal labyrinths. On the outline of its walls, and from its balconies within, wave

the banners of nations—those bloody symbols of war under which our fathers, and even our brothers, have fought and bled. They are now the symbols of peace. Woven and reared by the hands of industry, they hang in unruffled unity, untorn by violence, and unstained with blood, the emblems, indeed, of strife, but of that noble strife in which nations shall contend for victory in the fields of science, in the schemes of philanthropy, and in the arts of life. The trophies of such conquests and the triumphs of such arts are displayed within. Who can describe them without ‘thoughts that breathe, and words that burn?’ There are the materials gathered from the surface, or torn from the bowels of our planet, the products of primeval creation, or annual growth, the gift of God to man,—the elements of civilization from which his genius is to elaborate those combinations of science and of art which administer to the comforts of life and the grandeur of nations. There are the instruments to grasp with the eye the infinitely great, and the infinitely small, to measure space and time—to charm, to cure, and to kill. There are the mechanisms which have made man a tyrant over matter, cutting, and twisting, and tearing, and moulding its hardest, as well as its tenderest elements, which break and pulverize the crust of the earth; which lift up its heaviest and most solid strata; which span its rivers and its valleys; which light up our rugged shores; which transport the riches of her commerce across the deep; and which hurry us on wings of iron, beating the eagle in its flight, and mimicing the lightning in its speed. Yonder are the fabrics which clothe the peasant and the prince, which deck the cottage and glitter in the palace—the jewels which hang on the neck of beauty, and which play a part in the pomp of kings—the cup of clay which the husbandman dips into the crystal well,

and the goblet of silver and of gold from which the more favored of our race quaff the nectar of the gods.

And, finally, as if to chide the vanity of the riches that perish, and chasten the extravagance that lives but for the present, we see commingled with the bauble of wealth and luxury, with what the moth and the rust corrupt, those divine models which record in marble or in bronze the deeds of heroism that time has spared, the glorious names which the past has transmitted to the future, the forms divine of the sage that has instructed, and the patriot that has saved his country. Amid these proud efforts of living genius, these brilliant fabrics, these wondrous mechanisms, we meet the sage, and the artist of every clime and of every faith, studying the productions of each other's country, admiring each other's genius, and learning the lessons of love and charity which a community of race and of destiny cannot fail to teach. The grand truth, indeed, which this lesson involves, is recorded in bronze on the prize medal by which the genius of the exhibitors is to be rewarded. Round the head of Prince Albert, to whose talent and moral courage we owe the Exposition of 1851, and addressed to us in his name, is the noble sentiment, "What space has separated I have united in harmonious peace." This is to be our motto, and to realize it is to be our work. It will, indeed, be the noblest result of the Prince's labors, if they shall effect among nations what they have already done among individuals, the removal of jealousies that are temporary, and the establishment of friendships that are enduring.

The annual meetings of the scientific men of all nations have already taught us that personal communication and the interchange of social kindness revive our better feelings, and soften the asperities of rival and conflicting interests. Nations are composed of individuals, and that

kindness and humanity which adorn the single heart cannot be real if they disappear in the united sentiment of nations. We cannot readily believe that nations which have embraced each other in social intercourse, and in the interchanges of professional knowledge, will recognize any other object of rivalry and ambition than a superiority in the arts of peace. It is not likely that men who have admired each other's genius, and have united in giving a just judgment on mere inventions, will ever again concur in referring questions of national honor to the arbitrament of the sword. If in the material works the most repulsive elements may be permanently compressed within their sphere of mutual attraction; if, in the world of instinct, natures the most ferocious may be softened and even tamed when driven into a common retreat by their deadliest foe—may we not expect in the world of reason and of faith, that men severed by national and personal enmities—who have been toiling under the same impulse and acting for the same end—who are standing in the porch of the same hall of judgment, and panting for the same eternal home—may we not expect that such men will never again consent to brandish the deadly cutlass or throw the hostile spear? May we not regard it as certain that they will concur with us in exerting themselves to the utmost in effecting the entire abolition of war?

As Mr. Brewster closed his address he was most heartily and enthusiastically cheered by the immense audience.

From numerous letters received from eminent persons, who were not able to be present at the meeting of the Congress, the two following are particularly noteworthy, both for their sentiments and

their distinguished authorship. The first is from Thomas Carlyle, and the second from the President of the Chamber of Deputies, of Turin. They were addressed to Rev. Henry Richard, Chairman of the Committee of Arrangements :

CHELSEA, 18th July, 1851.

SIR,—I fear I shall not be able to attend any of your meetings ; but certainly I can at once avow, if, indeed, such an avowal on the part of any sound-minded man be not a superfluous one, that I altogether approve your object, heartily wish it entire success, and even hold myself bound to do, by all opportunities that are open to me, whatever I can towards forwarding the same. How otherwise ? “ If it be possible, as much as in you lies, study to live at peace with all men ; ” this, sure enough, is the perpetual law for every man, both in his individual and his social capacity ; nor in any capacity or character whatsoever is he permitted to neglect this law, but must follow it, and do what he can to see it followed. Clearly, beyond question, whatsoever be our theories about human nature, and its capabilities and outcomes, the *less* war and cutting of throats we have among us, it will be the better for us all ! One rejoices much to see that immeasurable tendencies of this time are already pointing towards the result you aim at ; that, to all appearance, as men no longer wear swords in the streets, so neither, by and by, will nations ; that, among nations, too, the sanguinary *ultima ratio* will, as it has done among individuals, become rarer and rarer ; and the tragedy of fighting, if it can never altogether disappear, will reduce itself more and more strictly to a *minimum* in our affairs. Towards this result, as I said, all men are at all times bound to co-operate ; and, indeed, consciously or unconsciously, every

well-behaved person in this world may be said to be daily and hourly co-operating towards it—especially in these times of banking, railwaying, printing, and penny-posting ; when every man's traffickings and laborings, and whatever industry he honestly and not dishonestly follows, do all very directly tend, whether he knows it or not, towards this good object among others.

I will say farther, what appears very evident to me, that if any body of citizens, from one, or especially from various countries, see good to meet together, and articulate, reiterate these or the like considerations, and strive to make them known and familiar,—the world in general, so soon as it can sum up the account, may rather hold itself indebted to them for so doing. They are in the happy case of giving some little furtherance to their cause by such meetings, and, what is somewhat peculiar, of not retarding it thereby on any side at all. If they be accused of doing little good, they can answer confidently that the little good they do is quite unalloyed, that they do no evil whatever. The *evil* of their enterprise, if evil there be, is to themselves only ; the good of it goes wholly to the world's account without any admixture of evil : for which unalloyed benefit, however small it be, the world surely ought, as I now do, to thank them rather than otherwise.

One big battle saved to Europe will cover the expense of many meetings. How many meetings would one expedition to Russia cover the expense of ! Truly I wish you all the speed possible ; well convinced that you will not too much extinguish the wrath that dwells, as a natural element, in all Adam's posterity ; and I beg to subscribe myself,

Sir, yours very sincerely,

T. CARLYLE.

HONORED SIR,—I am infinitely obliged to the members of the Committee of the Congress of Universal Peace, for the honor which they have done me in inviting me to be present at the great international assembly which is to be held on the 22d and two following days of this month. My unbounded admiration for the aims of the Society, and the perfect accordance of my opinions with the principles proclaimed by the preceding Congresses, and, finally, the pleasure of finding myself united with so many celebrated and distinguished persons, would have made me desire to accept your kind invitation, but the prolonged session of the Parliament of this kingdom does not leave me free ; and the position which I occupy, as President of the Chamber of Deputies, renders it difficult for me so to dispose of my time as to procure myself the honor and pleasure of being bodily present at this Congress, where, nevertheless, I shall be with my whole heart.

Receive my salutations and my sincere regrets that I cannot accede to your kind proposition.

COUNT PIERRE DIONYSIE DUMELLI,

President of the Chamber of Deputies at Turin.

TURIN, July 1, 1851.

Most of the remaining exercises of the Congress are briefly referred to in Mr. Burritt's private journal as follows :

The Rev. John Angell James arose to move the first resolution, urging the duty of all ministers of the Gospel and teachers of youth to inculcate the principles of peace. He seemed to be inspired with the spirit of the occasion, and made a very impressive speech. He particularly addressed his brethren of the ministry, and put it to them if they would not pledge themselves to bring the subject to the

attention of their respective flocks. Several said "yes" aloud,—when Dr. James exclaimed, "I would almost venture to ask you to arise and pledge yourselves to do this in the presence of this vast assembly." Immediately about one hundred arose to their feet. The mighty congregation was deeply affected by this incident, which was greeted with acclamations of sympathy. Many sedate men were affected to tears, and hundreds must remember that impressive incident as long as they live.

Dr. James was followed by several speakers, who were listened to with more or less of interest. The Rev. John Burnett closed the exercises of the afternoon with an admirable speech, which abounded in rich wit, and put the large audience into the best humor. At 4 o'clock the Congress adjourned, evidently greatly pleased with the proceedings of the first session. The spectacle was a magnificent one, presenting an aspect of moral grandeur which I never saw surpassed in any public meeting.

July 23, 1851. Though the rain was falling in torrents, an immense audience assembled on this second day of the Congress. After the reading of a few letters, Richard Cobden arose to speak. He was received with a tempest of cheers, most of the assembly rising to their feet. He made a speech that held the audience spell-bound for nearly an hour. His address was a Cobden of the first force of logic, and seemed to make a profound impression. He was followed by Wm. Ewart, M.P., in a happy speech, during which he stated that he appeared as a delegate to the Congress from the people of Liverpool, and had been commissioned to present an address from them in which they commended, as a method and medium of uniting nations in the bonds of peace, an Ocean Penny Postage. I was gratefully surprised at this, especially as it was received with acclamations of applause which lasted for some

time. He then adverted to my labors in a way that flushed my face, and the feeling that a thousand eyes were looking at me was very embarrassing, especially as I happened to be seated in a conspicuous place on the platform.

Mr. Ewart was followed by Henry Vincent, who was enthusiastically greeted. He made one of his telling speeches, which stirred up the assembly to a high state of pleasurable excitement. After one or two brief speeches, Joseph Garnier came forward and delivered a very able address, full of striking points and strong common sense. Richard Cobden followed in strong but just terms of commendation, adverted to the devoted labors of Mr. Garnier in the peace movement, and gave an excellent abstract of his argument, which was received with great interest.

A resolution relating to the aggressions of civilized nations upon barbarous tribes was introduced, and was discussed with much ability by Rev. John Burnett of England, Rev. F. Crowe of Guatemala, Central America, and Henry Garnett. Emil de Girardin made a brief speech, and closed by moving that, "Nations that made war upon weak tribes should be called *strong* but not *civilized*." His remarks were pointed and forcible, and were translated by Richard Cobden, who seconded the motion, and with its passage the session closed.

July 24, 1851. This was the last day of the Congress, and of unusual interest to me, as I was to take part in the exercises. The rain still continued, and the walking was very uncomfortable, but the great hall was again filled, and the interest seemed to be at flood tide. After the opening of the sessions, and the reading of a letter from Victor Hugo, a most interesting incident occurred to grace the occasion. Henry Vincent entered the hall at the head of fifteen French working men, representing as many different trades, who had been sent to London to visit the

great Exhibition. Their entrance was greeted with enthusiastic acclamations of welcome, which continued several minutes, most of the assembly rising to their feet. After a brief introduction, one of the French artisans came forward to address the Congress on behalf of his brethren. He received the warmest welcome, and read a short but excellent speech, full of a noble spirit, which was interpreted by J. S. Buckingham, a member of the Congress. It was as follows :

“Citizens of the world ! you give at this moment a great lesson. Differing in character, in manners, in language, you are united by one common thought,—universal peace. Honor, threefold honor, to you ! Receive then the sincere thanks of the workingmen of Paris, sent here to study the Universal Exhibition. They are happy and proud to be admitted within these walls. Happy, for the thought that animates them is the same as your own. Proud, for you have thus proved your sympathy for them. Yes ; we more than all others ought to thank you for your endeavors to annihilate that scourge which has desolated the universe for so many ages. For it is upon us, manual laborers, that war weighs with its heaviest burden. War !—it crushes our existence. From producers, which we are or ought to be, it transforms us into instruments of destruction. Our hands, destined to ply the shuttle or hold the plough, are by it covered with blood, and employed for the destruction of men whose existence is useful. God has created us for the giving of life ; but war often employs us to inflict death. War !—it has frequently no other end than to satisfy the ambitions and interests of which we are always the victims. War !—It perpetuates our ignorance,—it annihilates our faculties,—it makes of us machines when we ought to be intelligent producers. It removes the cultivator of the soil—that soil which is our

mother-nurse—and it carries away the mechanic from his workshop. Every soldier who falls on the field of battle is one producer the less on the field of industry. War!—Under the pretext of glory, it takes us, full of marrow, and force, and vigor, and often leaves us feeble and mutilated. War!—It is not only violent, terrible; it takes all forms, and presents to us mechanical laborers its most sad, its most poignant aspect, in the shape of misery.

“Citizens of the world!—In uniting your efforts against this scourge of the great government, you destroy the causes of pauperism which, like a consuming insect in beautiful fruit, takes away from our civilization a part of its power, and casts a shadow over the picture of our industrial splendor. So long as one portion of humanity suffers, all others must feel the effects; for those who suffer will protest and struggle, and that peace which we long for cannot be realized.

“Citizens of the world!—Thanks to you,—hundred times thanks to you, for your benevolent welcome. The delegates of the working men of Paris wish to testify to you their gratitude. The people begin already to stretch out their hands fraternally to each other; and that which struck us most, in entering this great city, was that there existed no barriers. Nationalities are disappearing; and in a few years, by your efforts, they will exist only in name. Their rivalry can now only be excited by those productions of their industry which they shall create and distribute among all men, by one and the same country, until the time when the word and idea ‘nation’ shall be effaced from our language and manners. The greatest nation will be that which counts the most happy laborers and the fewest soldiers.

“Citizens of the world!—We thank you for your great and glorious initiative; and we say with you, union, sin-

cere and durable, among the peoples, by the annihilation of war and pauperism."

Dr. Creizenach next arose, and was recognized and greeted heartily, as the German Secretary of the Frankfurt Congress, who rendered so much service to the cause on that occasion. He spoke effectually and impressively, in English, and was listened to with fixed attention throughout. He gave many interesting items of information in reference to the progress of the cause in Germany.

A resolution against war loans was then brought forward, and a feeling and eloquent speech on the subject was made by Charles Gilpin. The resolution was seconded by Edward Miall, who was received by long and loud bursts of applause. He spoke with great clearness and force, and made a deep impression on the Congress. Then Samuel Gurney arose, in the mild dignity of his gray hairs, and great experience. During his speech he said that he had at first misapprehended the spirit, objects, and proceedings of the Peace Congress, but they met his cordial approval now that he understood them. This was saying a good deal for him, as he had stood somewhat aloof from the movement.

The next resolution was one commending to the friends of peace, under all constitutional governments, not to vote for representatives who would not engage to support the peace policy. Rev. Dr. Massie, and one or two others, made brief speeches, when the resolution was put and carried.

Mr. Richard read the next, or 8th resolution, which was as follows: "That this Congress recommends all the friends of Peace to prepare public opinion, in their respective countries, with the view of the formation of an authoritative International Law."

Mr. Burritt being called to support this resolution spoke as follows :

Time and Providence, in all the vicissitudes and events which mark the experience of individuals, or measure the progress of nations, bring but one *now* to man, or to any human enterprise. Every great event or undertaking that has blessed the world with its beneficence has had its own peculiar *now* ; its own providential preparation of the popular mind for its reception and fruition ; its own contemporaneous coincidence of auspicious circumstances, co-working to facilitate its realization. And if the present year is not the *now* which God has given us for the consummation of the hopes we entertain and the measures we propose, that *now* will come ; “for the mouth of the Lord of Hosts hath spoken it.” It will come ; but not by observation. It will come ; but the star of its advent will be recognized only by a few shepherds longing and looking, with skyward eye, for its appearing. It will come ; but the faith of the few will only discern and hail its approach, while the million will persist in their incredulity, and ask in derision, “Where is the promise of its coming?” What was true in regard to the great event of this year, will be true in reference to the more august reality towards which we look and labor.

Who discerned the fact that this year was the *now* of the Great Exhibition? Was it the spontaneous and universal conviction of the public mind that the set time had come for this magnificent demonstration in the Crystal Palace? No ; its advent was comprehended by the faith of the few. Even to them it did not come by observation. They did not walk by sight or certainty. They had no pathometer wherewith to test the sentiment of the world towards their proposition. It was not in their power to feel the pulse

of the divided population of the earth, to ascertain whether their multitudinous heart beat in sympathy with the idea of this grand gathering of the nations. And without this spontaneous sympathy of the people of different lands and languages, without the animated, consentaneous coöperation of their best will, genius, and activity, no human legislation could have produced the event which now fills the mind of the world with delight and admiration.

How, then, did the princely author of this monarch-thought of the age, and his dauntless coadjutors in the conception, ascertain that its *now* had come? that the mind of the world was ripe and ready for its realization? that the predilections of peoples, and the pathway of Providence, were in happy conjunction for this brilliant consummation? The circumstances under which they put out their great thought are full of instruction and encouragement to our faith. Ten years ago, there were no interests in the commonwealth of nations so mutually antagonistic, so jealous of competition, so adverse to reconciliation, so ambitious of precedence, or determined to rise on the ruins of another, as the mechanical and agricultural industries of the different populations in Christendom. Years of elaborate legislation had arrayed these interests against each other in lynx-eyed and tireless hostility.

The artisans of one country were taught to regard their brethren of the spindle, hammer, and spade of another as their natural enemies in the battle of life and labor. They were taught to conceal their skill; to lock away their mechanical genius in close, dark laboratories, lest it should be purloined by foreigners. "*No admittance here except on business*" was written, in barking, bull-dog capitals, over their factories and workshops. Abundant admittance to *buy*, but none to *learn*, was the meaning of this threaten-

ing monition. Even to the first day of 1851, the jealous tariffs of different countries seemed "like lime-twigs set to catch" and cripple the thought of bringing the arts and sciences of all nations into one Central Palace of Peace and Concord. In addition to this circumstance, a deluge of angry agitation was rolling over the Continent of Europe.

During the last months of 1850, thousands and tens of thousands of the well-skilled artisans of Prussia, Austria, and other German States had laid down the peaceful implements of their handicraft, and were training their fingers to the bloody trade and weapons of war. And was this the time? was this the juncture of favoring opportunities for the Great Exhibition of the Arts and Industries of all nations? So its originators believed. Against the mind of the million, they believed it steadfastly. To their faith, the *now* had come for the complete realization of the magnificent conception. Unaided by legislation, with no governmental power or authority to lean upon, they sent out their idea, dovelike, among the divided populations of the earth. It dropped into the hearts of peoples like a still small voice of Divine inspiration. It permeated the minds of the masses, and touched their sympathies to the finest issues. It worked upward into the highest ranks of human society, and downward into the lowest conditions; and pervaded and united all with the common sentiment that the great day of Universal Labor had come, when it was to be crowned with glory and honor, and the homage of potentates and peoples.

Away upon the sea, to distant islands and continents, flew the summons of that thought; and the sons of toil of every handicraft, and clime, and color, opened their hearts to its message; and it thrilled their fingers with such ingenious activities as never before wrought in the mechan-

ical creations of human skill. The great day of labor had come. The queen of all the earthly conditions of humanity was to be brought to her throne, with kings and queens as her train-bearers, with shoutings of grace and glory to her scepter from the many-tongued myriads of her subjects. Labor, patient, peaceful labor, that, from the closed gates of Paradise, went forth weeping into the wilderness of life, and tracked it with the red pathway of her bleeding feet ; labor, that had made bricks without straw in Egypt, and lain pale and hungry, and begged for crumbs, on the door-stones of palaces, which her blistered hands had filled with dainties which the eye and appetite of ungrateful luxury could not enjoy ; labor, that had walked and worked her way through the barbarisms and feudalisms of the past, with the fetter-prints of bondage still fresh and crimson around her limbs ; meek, lowly-minded labor had come to her immortal *now*, to the day of her august coronation. And her lowly men of might, who bore in their sunburnt foreheads and in their horny hands the dusky signets of their loyalty, felt that her day was come. And with a new sentiment of dignity, the pearl-divers of distant seas, with strong and downward beat, descended to deeper fathoms of the ocean's depths, and searched its shining bed for " gems of purer light serene " than ever shed their luster on regal courts ; the diamond-diggers of different zones hunted with new ambition for the costliest stones of the earth's treasury to stud the coronation jewelry of labor ; and the trappers of frozen regions, and the fishermen of the poles, the men of the mines of deeper fathom than the sea ; the diggers and workers of all the precious and useful metals and minerals which the earth contains ; the workers of the spindle, shuttle, and needle ; the artisans of hostile countries forgot their nationality in the sentiment of the dignity of

their common condition, and all wrought, with the highest enthusiasm of their genius, to bring the master-pieces of human art to the crowning of labor.

And the kings and queens of the earth felt that the first jewels of their crowns owed their luster to labor, and they brought them forth to shine among the gems of her coronation, in the great Temple of Peace and Concord. And the first queen of the world acted as bridesmaid at the royal robing of labor, and in sight of the congregated nations she set the tiara of the world's homage on her brow, and gave her, a glorious bride, to the dignity of universal humanity, as the first-born and fairest of the earthly offspring of Omnipotence. And who, among the thousands that filled, or the exulting millions that surrounded, the Crystal Temple on that august occasion, could doubt that its illustrious *now* had come, with its world-full of the finger-prints and finger-guidings of Divine Providence ; with its favoring sympathies beating fellowship in the bosom of nations ; with attractions and unprecedented opportunities for the realization of this magnificent scheme of peace and human brotherhood ?

But the result of this grand experiment has a bearing upon our efforts and expectations far beyond the value and significance of an illustration. The wonderful demonstration which has congregated the people of the earth in fraternal fellowship in yonder Crystal Temple * of Peace is not a mere collateral event, by which we may prove the existence and force of a current of public sentiment running parallel with that which this Congress represents. Great as are its triumphs, immeasurable as may be its consequences, it did not transpire on a line of human progress which may, in some dim, distant future, converge into the road which we are pursuing. No ; the lines of the Great

* Crystal Palace.

Exhibition, and the annual Peace Congress of Christendom, have already merged into the same highway of peace and human brotherhood. It is not our doing. It is the work of Divine Providence, and it is "marvelous in our eyes." It is not our saying. Let no one charge us with the ambitious assumption of this fact. Others have said it for us ; others of the highest authority, and in the audience of the listening world.

At the grand inauguration in the Crystal Palace, on the first of May, Prince Albert declared to the assembled thousands of different kindreds and climes, and to the millions of Christendom who caught responsive the echo of his words, that "the undertaking had for *its end* the promotion of all branches of human industry, and the strengthening of the bonds of peace and friendship among all nations of the earth." Peace, permanent and universal ; peace, with its tendrils clasping all the sensitive and nourishing fibers of human industry ; peace, interwoven with the mutual affections and interests of the peoples of the earth, is the object of the Congress of Nations, now holding its pacific sessions in the Crystal Palace. All the ideas and associations connected with the event merge into this grand object and result. The originators of this demonstration, and those who glory loudest in its triumphs, claim for it, as its highest honor, this result. Their fervid orators, in the glow of enthusiastic eloquence, point to the Great Exhibition, and say, this is the true Peace Congress. They claim for it the character and object of our annual Peace Parliament of the People. They promise to realize the result for which we labor ; to be first at the goal, and carry off the prize. They do not say that they are against us, or competing with us in a parallel race-course, but that they are far in advance of us, on the same high-road toward the object of our efforts and aspirations.

Then, what becomes of the charge that we are going too fast, and too far, when the originators of the Great Exhibition are almost boasting that they have taken the cause of peace out of our hands, and are carrying it forward to its final consummation with railway speed, because that our expectations and progress are so slow? The world, almost without a dissenting voice, admits that the set time had come for this event, that the preparation of the popular mind of Christendom was complete for the realization of this scheme, even beyond the boldest expectations of its originators. And it had but one single end from the beginning, and that was peace. Let us grant it gladly and gratefully. That is the only end of our annual Peace Congress. Then will not the sympathies and activities of nations, and the coöperation of Divine Providence, which have crowned the undertaking with such mighty success, accrue to the realization of our aim and efforts? If *their now* has come with such a superabundance of happy circumstances, can *ours* be far off? We trow not.

The time was now rapidly waning away, and the pensive shadow of the parting moment was thickening upon us. I had felt the deepest solicitude in reference to the continuation of the annual Congresses, and was therefore greatly rejoiced to find that Joseph Sturge, and others, were about to bring forward a resolution in favor of holding another next year. As soon, therefore, as action had been taken on the last resolution, good Joseph Sturge came forward and offered the following:

“*Resolved*, That, encouraged by the interest shown in this and previous Congresses, a Congress of the friends of Peace should be held next year, at such time and place as the Bureau may decide.”

Edward Smith seconded this in a very hearty manner, and it was carried with great enthusiasm and unanimity.

This was a great relief to my mind, for I had begun to fear that the Peace Congress movement might be suspended, through the conservatism of the London and American Peace Societies. A few motions and brief addresses, appropriate to the closing hour, were made, after which the venerable President, Sir David Brewster, arose to dissolve the Congress, which he did in a very impressive manner. Horace Greeley moved a vote of thanks to the Chairman, and then came a few rounds of parting cheers, and the great congregation began to dissolve, never to meet again in this world. It was truly an affecting moment, full of the deepest interest. Thus commenced and concluded the great Peace Congress of 1851. It was a most noble demonstration, crowned with Divine favor to a degree which all must have seen and felt.

SOIREE.

On the evening following the close of the Congress a grand social entertainment was given, concerning which the following account is taken from the *Herald of Peace*:

The Peace Congress Committee, having a vivid remembrance of the hospitable kindness with which the English delegates had been welcomed in Brussels, Paris, and Frankfort, felt that, in addition to the business sittings of the Congress, some opportunity should be afforded for inviting their foreign friends to a social reunion, where a freer interchange of thought and feeling might be enjoyed than was possible at Exeter Hall. They determined therefore to have a soirée at Willis's rooms on Friday evening. The number present amounted to nearly a thousand, including men of nearly all nations, mingling together in very cordial and delightful harmony. The scene was

animating and brilliant. All the arrangements were admirable, and reflected the highest credit upon the taste and tact of the three gentlemen who had undertaken the whole management of the soirée, viz., the Rev. Joseph Turnbull, Mr. James Bell, and Mr. Chamerovzow. A large number of ladies were present, and what greatly added to the interest of the evening was the presence of the French workingmen, who seemed greatly pleased to find themselves mingling in such friendly and familiar intercourse with so many of their English neighbors.

About half-past nine a number of the leading friends appeared on the orchestra gallery, and the company immediately put themselves in an attitude of attention. Presently Mr. Cobden came forward, and addressed the assembly as follows: "Our English friends who have been instrumental in bringing this company together are desirous that it should contribute as much as possible to the enjoyment of the foreigners present, and that they should carry away with them recollections of a pleasant social evening. But whenever Englishmen come together, in numbers like this, they have an instinctive notion, which is shared, I dare say, by our American friends, that the proceedings cannot go off perfectly well without some little talking in the way of short speeches. But it must be remembered that the greater number of our foreign friends do not understand the language in which I am now addressing you, and that it would be to them a tedious endurance to have to listen, at any length, to speeches they don't understand. I would therefore suggest that our excellent friend, Mr. Samuel Bowly of Gloucester, should say a few words to us—and I know no man who can better compress a good deal into a small compass—then a French or German friend—and perhaps the Americans will also send a representative into the

gallery; and after that there should be no more speaking, but we should freely circulate among each other, entering into conversation, and making private and perhaps permanent acquaintances, that after we have separated shall serve to unite us together, and help, as individual friendships do, to bind our respective nations together in amicable correspondence. I am sure I express the feelings of every English lady and gentleman in this room, when I say we are very happy in the opportunity of meeting so many foreign friends as are here this evening—and not least the body of French workmen. I have shaken hands with them, and know by the touch that they are real workingmen; and though we know no distinction of classes here, there is something that especially commends these men to our kindness and attention; it is, that they represent large bodies of their fellow workmen; and thus, for the first time in the annals of the two countries, we welcome amongst us a deputation from the French people. They had sent before them, in the works of elegance, taste, and utility, which abound in the French department of the Great Exhibition, proofs of their industry, skill, and intellect; and they have confirmed the opinion we had formed of them by their demeanor amongst us, and the talent exhibited by their representative in his speech at Exeter Hall. It is a special reason that we should honor them that, as Mr. Burritt eloquently said yesterday, the Great Exhibition is the coronation of Labor. I will only repeat the expression of my sincere wish, that when we separate it will be each to promote, in his own way, the good cause in which we are embarked,—to be the apostles of those principles which we believe are destined in future to unite the different nations which compose mankind, in the place of those animosities by which they have hitherto been unhappily divided."

Samuel Bowly, Esq., expressed his pleasure at this combination of social entertainment with mutual improvement in those great truths which lay at the base of all true unity among nations. He was glad to see present so many of the Society of Friends, a people who had held these great principles religiously for nearly two hundred years. The more sacredly those principles were held, the more rapid and certain would be the progress of this movement, both at home and abroad. Only let them be consistent in holding these principles—ready to trust their bodies and chattels to Omnipotent protection—and the cause of peace and of the gospel would advance together; for he knew that inconsistency, in this particular, had been one great cause of infidelity, both in this and other countries. There was a practical difficulty in the way of many in this matter, though, for his own part, he felt he ought not to look at practical difficulties when he had got hold of a great principle. And this practical difficulty was not met with, as might be supposed, among the uneducated and vulgar, so much as among the educated classes. When, coming out of a public-house, we saw a man pull off his coat to fight, we knew not what to call him; and if, in a moment of temptation, he enlisted into the ranks, we knew that the responsibility rested with those who voted away the money in Parliament to pay those poor men for their services and prepare them for the field. It was from those who sit at their desks, and hire men to kill one another until one party is tired of fighting, and then do what we wished them to do before fighting—it was from those men the objection came. They had no doubt heard of the exhibition of the battle of Waterloo. A little boy was taken by his parents to see that exhibition, and he asked his father what they were fighting about. His father could

not tell, and referred it to the mother. Neither could she exactly say ; so they called in the old sergeant at the door, who had been in the battle, and of course could tell ; but he scratched his head, and said, in his vulgar way, "I be hanged if I can tell." Well, the great object was, suppose we were invaded by a French army, what should we do? Why, he would say, give them an entertainment in Hyde Park. As a friend of his said, when asked, "What would you do, sir, if a Frenchman came into your house?" "Why, I would give him a chair to sit down upon." That was the way to conquer men's hearts. He had seen felons in Newgate, clanking their chains, undisturbed by the force of law and the terror of punishment, melted into contrition by the gentle voice of Elizabeth Fry, speaking the truth in love." Mr. Bowly concluded by suggesting that the French should henceforth be considered, not as our natural enemies, but as our nearest foreign neighbors, our natural friends. After several other brief speeches, abounding in good humor, the company remained till a late hour greatly enjoying the opportunity for social intercourse.

CHAPTER XII.

1852.

PEACE CONGRESS AT MANCHESTER; WAR IMMINENT BETWEEN ENGLAND AND FRANCE; EFFORTS OF THE LEAGUE OF UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD; MR. BURRITT VISITS FRANCE IN THE CAUSE OF PEACE; PEACE CONGRESS AT EDINBURGH IN 1853; MR. BURRITT RETURNS TO UNITED STATES AND DEVOTES HIMSELF TO OCEAN PENNY POSTAGE; IN 1854 HE RETURNS TO ENGLAND FOR SAME CAUSE.

The following year, 1852, was marked by an event which made it desirable, and even necessary, that the Peace Congress should again be held in England. This event was the *coup d'état* which suddenly transformed the French Republic into the Second Empire. The friends of Peace, therefore, met at Manchester; but though it was a very satisfactory meeting, and well attended, it was far more English, or national, in its composition than the previous congresses had been. The sudden and violent act of Louis Napoleon produced a profound and angry sensation in England and other countries. It aroused a wide-spread and energetic indignation in the English press and Parliament, and seemed to excite and inflame the old hereditary suspicion and prejudice towards the French nation as well as government. The French press was held back by severe restriction; but if full liberty for recrimination had been allowed it, the two nations would have

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been in imminent danger of drifting into war. As it was, that danger was very serious. Leading English journals and public men wrote and spoke with that unrestricted expression of sentiment so characteristic of the English mind and habits.

The League of Universal Brotherhood resolved to try the plan of friendly international addresses, as a counteracting influence against this rising tide of hostile sentiment. Through their instrumentality, over fifty of the largest towns in Great Britain sent manuscript letters, or addresses, to as many different towns in France, disclaiming all sympathy with the unfriendly sentiments expressed by public journals and speakers, and conveying to their French brethren their hearty good-will and assurances of esteem, and inviting their earnest co-operation in preserving and strengthening amicable relations between the two countries. London, Edinburgh, Glasgow, and Dublin addressed such communications to Paris, Manchester to Marseilles, Liverpool to Lyons, Birmingham to Bordeaux, Bristol to Brest, Leeds to Lisle, Sheffield to Strasburg, etc.

Most of these addresses were signed by the mayors and other authorities of the towns, and by a large number of their principal citizens. The one from Glasgow bore four thousand names, including the city authorities, members of Parliament, the heads of the University, and other influential persons. Mr. Burritt was the bearer of these addresses, and traveled over most of France to present them, in person, to the proper authorities. He also made copies of every address for all the journals of the

town, and waited upon their editors to obtain insertion of them, which was always accompanied with a favorable introduction. Thus the whole French nation were made acquainted with the real sentiment of the English people towards them, which English newspapers and political speeches had greatly misrepresented. The effect, or result, of this movement cannot be ascertained, but it so happened, within a year, that England and France were united, as they never had been before, in a great and perilous enterprise, and were seen marching, shoulder to shoulder, in the Crimean war.

The Peace Congress of 1853 was held in Edinburgh, and was marked with several special characteristics. One of these was the presence of John Bright, who had never before attended one of these great meetings. Here he sat beside his old *confrère* in reforms, Richard Cobden, and the two men spoke for peace with their old inspiration in the Anti-Corn-Law agitation. Another incident of peculiar interest was the presence, on the platform, of the veteran and celebrated admiral, Sir Charles Napier, who made a vigorous speech, claiming himself to be as good an advocate of peace as the best of them, although he would put down war by war. Cobden's answer to his arguments was a masterly effort of reasoning power. Dr. Guthrie, and other eminent men of Edinburgh, took a part in the proceedings, and the meeting was regarded as one of the most successful of the series.

Immediately after the Edinburgh Congress, Mr. Burritt returned to the United States, and gave

himself entirely to the Ocean Penny Postage agitation. He addressed public meetings on the subject in many of the considerable towns, and also had the opportunity of laying it before members of the legislatures of Massachusetts, Maine, and Rhode Island. A committee was formed in Boston to sustain and guide the movement, of which the late Dr. S. G. Howe was chairman.

Having addressed many public meetings on the question in different States, Mr. Burritt spent three months in Washington, seeking to enlist members of Congress in behalf of the reform. The chairman of the postal committee, Senator Rush, was quite favorable to it; and at his request Mr. Burritt drew up a report for the committee to adopt, presenting the main facts and arguments to be urged upon the attention of Congress. Hon. Charles Sumner agreed to bring forward the proposition, and Senators Douglas, Cass, and others on the democratic side of the house promised to support it.

The Nebraska Bill, however, blocked the way from week to week, and as the postponement was likely to be prolonged, Mr. Burritt made a tour through southern and western States to enlist an interest in those sections. He visited Richmond, Petersburg, Wilmington, Charleston, Augusta, Macon, Milledgeville, and other southern cities, in several of which he presented the subject at public meetings, and personally canvassed for signatures to petitions to Congress in behalf of the reform in all of them. And it is an interesting fact, that the first

and only petitions from Charleston and other southern centers, for an object of national interest, were presented by Senators Mason, Badger, Butler, and Toombs, for Ocean Penny Postage. From Chicago, on his return journey, Mr. Burritt passed through Canada, and obtained petitions to the British Parliament in Toronto, London, Hamilton, and other towns.

In August, 1854, Mr. Burritt returned to England, and confined his labors principally to the Ocean Penny Postage question, still conducting the Olive Leaf Mission on the Continent. The League of Brotherhood now concentrated its efforts upon these two movements. Under its auspices an Ocean Penny Postage bazaar was held in Manchester, which supplied funds for more extended operations. A wide-spread and active interest was awakened in the subject, which resulted in a deputation of more than two hundred influential men to Lord Aberdeen, to urge upon the government the most forcible considerations in favor of the reform. The venerable Sir John Burgoyne, and many influential members of Parliament, and leading men from all parts of the kingdom, formed the deputation.

In the mean time, a large number of petitions were presented, daily, in the House of Commons, where Right Hon. T. M. Gibson had undertaken to bring forward the proposition, and Hon. C. B. Ad-derley, from the conservative side of the house, was to second the motion. Mr. Burritt went to Holland and Prussia, and had interviews with cabinet ministers of those countries, with the view of obtaining

their co-operation, at least to this extent—that if England and the United States reduced the ocean rate to a penny, they should engage to reduce their inland charge on letters crossing the sea to the same. Under the pressure of all this public interest in the question, the English government reduced its postal charges to India, Australia, Canada, and to all its other colonies, to six pence for a single letter, and to four pence to France. This was full one-half of what was sought in the agitation, and as the government intimated a willingness to go farther after trying the experiment, the movement was virtually closed, as the main argument on which it rested had been met. A long delay attended the second installment, so that an Ocean Penny Postage between England and the United States and other countries was not fully realized until 1870.

CHAPTER XIII.

EFFORTS FOR PEACE SUSPENDED; LABORS FOR COMPENSATED
EMANCIPATION; EFFORTS CHECKED BY JOHN BROWN'S RAID;
MR. BURRITT RETIRES TO HIS FARM.

A war having broken out between Russia and the Allied Powers, all special operations in the cause of peace were, for the time, suspended. But Mr. Burritt could not cease, even for a brief period, from active effort in some philanthropic work. The antagonism between freedom and slavery, in America, was becoming, more and more, a serious matter, threatening the peace, if not the ruin, of the nation. In considering this subject, with all its dangers, Mr. Burritt came forward as the advocate of Compensated Emancipation. His proposition was to dispose of the public lands and apply the avails to the purchase of the slaves. In promulgating and advocating his views and plans, he, for a year, while in London, assumed the editorship of a monthly periodical, called "The Citizen of the World." This was published in Philadelphia and somewhat extensively circulated.

After a year's stay in England, Mr. Burritt returned to America, and spent several winters in traveling and advocating his plan. In this time he addressed public meetings in most of the important towns, from Maine to Iowa city,—in one winter traveling for this purpose nearly ten thousand miles.

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After much time devoted to writing and lecturing, he deemed it desirable to call a convention of prominent men, with the hope of giving to the subject some definite form for concentrated action. He sent out a petition, for a call for such a convention, which received the signatures of nearly one thousand prominent men from all the free states, and some from the south.

The convention was held in Cleveland, Ohio, in August, 1856, and was attended by a goodly number of delegates from various parts of the country. Dr. Mark Hopkins of Williams College, Mass., was chosen President. Gerritt Smith and other prominent anti-slavery men took part in the discussion, and a resolution was passed favoring the organization of "The National Compensated Emancipation Company." The venerable Dr. Nott of Union College was chosen President, Dr. Hopkins of Mass., Gov. Fairchild of Vermont, and other influential men of different States, were made Vice-Presidents, and Mr. Burritt was appointed Secretary.

After the convention the Secretary gave himself, with his usual énérgy, to the work assigned him. He called conventions, gave lectures, and wrote short articles for the newspapers. Many of these articles were copied into papers in the southern states, with favorable comments,—though they generally took the ground that the North would never make any pecuniary sacrifice in the way proposed. They moreover argued that the true object of the northern states was to hedge in slavery until it should expire for want of room.

Mr. Burritt contended that the whole nation was, directly or indirectly, morally responsible for the existence of slavery, and hence that all should bear a part in the work of its extinction. He claimed that the nation had, in its public lands, the means to pay for the emancipation of the slaves; that the lands, if wisely disposed of, would not only yield enough to pay for all the slaves, but also afford a surplus of about three hundred million of dollars for aiding, for a time, the emancipated slaves.

The proposition began to be favorably considered and freely discussed. Many petitions to Congress were presented by members of both houses—including Messrs. Sumner, Seward, and others in the Senate. "But," in the words of Mr. Burritt, "just as it had reached that stage at which Congressional action was about to recognize it as a legitimate proposition, 'John Brown's raid' suddenly closed the door against all overtures or efforts for the peaceful extinction of slavery. Its extinction by compensation would have recognized the moral complicity of the whole nation in planting and perpetuating it on this continent. It would have been an act of repentance, and the meetest work for repentance the nation could perform. But it was too late. It was too heavy and red to go out in tears. Too late! It had to go out in blood, and the whole nation opened the million sluices of its best life to deepen and widen the costly flood. If, before these sluice-gates were opened to these red streams, so hot with passion, one *bona fide* offer had been made by the North to share with the South the task, cost, and duty of lifting slavery from the bosom of the nation, perhaps

thousands who gave up their first-born and youngest-born to death might have looked into that river of blood with more ease and comfort at their hearts. Although the earth has drunk that red river out of human sight, it still runs fresh and full, without the waste of a drop, before the eyes of God; and the patriot, as well as Christian, might well wish that he could recognize in the stream the shadow of an honest effort on the part of the North to lift the great sin and curse without waiting for such a deluge to sweep them away."

Though Mr. Burritt's emancipation scheme failed he had labored for its accomplishment with a most laudable zeal and interest. If he could have achieved what he so ardently desired, what thousands of precious lives and millions of treasure might have been saved to the country! "But Old John Brown was marching on," and at Harper's Ferry he put his foot on "compensated emancipation," and for ever stopped its march.

Mr. Burritt now retired to his farm in New Britain, well satisfied that he had done all in his power for the furtherance of objects regarded by him so important. It was to him a great luxury to be, for a time, free from the mental labor and anxiety which had so long oppressed him. With the greatest zest he entered upon the cultivation of his acres, with a strong desire to rejoice in making two spires of grass grow where one had not before. Not only did he do what he could in improving his own land, but he labored also to awaken that "*esprit de corps*" in those of similar vocation, which would be sure to make farming more honorable and more successful.

CHAPTER XIV.

FOURTH VISIT TO EUROPE; WALKS FROM "LONDON TO JOHN O'GROAT'S," AND FROM "LONDON TO LAND'S END;" APPOINTED CONSULAR AGENT; WALKS IN THE BLACK COUNTRY AND ITS GREEN BORDER LANDS; SUPERSEDED AS CONSUL; TESTIMONIALS OF ESTEEM; PRESENTATION ADDRESS; RESPONSE.

In 1863 Mr. Burritt again went to Europe, partly to visit old friends, but mainly with the view of carrying out his long cherished and favorite idea of a foot tour through parts of England. During the winter after his arrival he engaged in lecturing on subjects of general interest, in various parts of the kingdom, but, early in the summer of 1863, he commenced his proposed walk from "London to John O'Groat's." His intention was to visit some of the largest and best managed farms of England and Scotland. This he did for the two-fold purpose of gratifying his own wishes and acquiring information that might be of advantage to himself and his agricultural neighbors on his return to America,—and more particularly to an agricultural society of which he was secretary.

Mr. Burritt reached John O'Groat's on the 28th of September, 1863, having often diverged some twenty or thirty miles from a direct course in order to visit certain farms, or acquire desired knowledge of certain localities. On the first of June, 1864, he started on a walk from London to Land's End to

complete his contemplated foot-tour of the island. On this walk, as on the previous one, he several times diverged from the direct route that he might visit certain prominent farms, and large flocks of sheep, or herds of cattle. On his return to London from Land's End he passed along by the western sea-coast, up the valley of the Wye, and thence through Herefordshire, Worcestershire, Oxfordshire, and Berkshire. On the winter following he lectured in a large number of towns between Truro in Cornwall, and Inverness in Scotland. Mr. Burritt wrote two volumes descriptive of these walks, entitled respectively, "*A Walk from London to John O'Groat's*," and "*A Walk from London to Land's End and Back*." These were published in London, and quickly passed through two editions. They were books of more than ordinary interest and information. Selections from each may be found in the second part of this volume.

In the spring of 1865 Mr. Burritt was appointed Consular Agent for the United States at Birmingham. The marvelous part of this appointment was, that it was given without any solicitation on his part, and was accepted almost reluctantly, with the apprehension that it might interfere with his literary labors. He soon ascertained, however, that he could write for the press, even at his office, and at the same table with his clerk, and subject to constant interruption.

As it was one of the duties of American Consuls to collect, and communicate to the Department at Washington facts relating to the industrial pursuits

and productions of their consulates, he visited the various manufacturing towns and villages in the Birmingham district, and published a large volume, called "Walks in the Black Country and its Green Border Lands."* This also went to the second edition in a few months, and was regarded as the first and only popular history of Birmingham and the surrounding district, which had ever appeared. On receiving a copy for the Department, Secretary Seward wrote to the author, expressing much satisfaction in regard to the character and value of the book. The next year Mr. Burritt wrote a book called "The Mission of Great Sufferings;" he also collected his previous writings, and published them in several volumes.

At the close of 1866, his most intimate English friend and co-worker, Edmund Fry, died suddenly on the platform in London, while addressing a public meeting on the Peace question. Mr. Fry had been secretary of the League of Universal Brotherhood until its amalgamation with the London Peace Society, and had conducted the Bond of Brotherhood for many years. Mr. Burritt now assumed the entire editorship of the periodical to which he had been a regular contributor while in the United States. He undertook also to fill it with the productions of his own pen, and the supplying of sixteen large pages monthly made no slight literary task. At the end of the year he changed the name it had borne since 1846, to "Fireside Words," with the view of making it more of a general, or literary character. He de-

* Extracts from this may be found in the second part of this volume.

voted a department of it to the young, in which he proposed to give familiar and simple "Fireside Lessons in Forty Languages," which cost him much labor to prepare. In addition to these literary and official labors, he accepted invitations to lecture in most of the towns and villages of The Black Country, which service he always performed gratuitously, for the pleasure of making acquaintance with the people of the district, and of helping on their institutions for intellectual improvement.

On the election of General Grant to the Presidency, nearly all the United States Consuls in Great Britain were removed to make room for more worthy or more importunate claimants for the situations. Mr. Burritt, of course, was one of the superseded; which, however, he had but little pecuniary reason to regret, for Congress had cut down the annual allowance of the Birmingham consulate to fifteen hundred dollars a year, although the business of the office amounted to about five million dollars per annum, and cost, for office-rent, clerk-hire, and other expenses, over one thousand dollars a year to carry it on, thus leaving the Consular agent hardly five hundred dollars for his services and support. And, what was a singular circumstance, the more business done for the United States government, the less was the compensation of the agent, as his inevitable expenses were larger, while his allowance was not increased. Mr. Burritt had represented this circumstance to the Department, which generously rectified the matter in favor of his successor, erecting the Birmingham agency into an independent consulate, with a full salary to the incumbent.

On leaving the post, Mr. Burritt received several gratifying testimonials of esteem from the inhabitants of towns in the district, for the interest he had manifested in their institutions. The most prized of these expressions of good-will was the presentation of a set of Knight's Illustrated Shakespeare, comprising eight splendid volumes, by the people of the parish of Harborne, a suburb of Birmingham, where Mr. Burritt resided during the four years of his consulate. The following is the address* presented by the vicar of the parish, at a large public meeting of persons belonging mostly to his congregation.

"HARBORNE, May 26, 1869.

"To ELIHU BURRITT, ESQ., *Consul and Representative of the United States of America, Birmingham*.—

"Respected and dear Sir: We have heard, with the most unfeigned regret, that your residence amongst us is about to terminate. During your four years of sojourn in the parish of Harborne, we have ever found in you a kind and sincere friend, and a warm and generous supporter of every good and philanthropic work. We are only expressing our hearts' true feeling in saying that we very deeply deplore your anticipated departure, and shall ever remember, with the liveliest emotions, your oft repeated acts of courteous kindness. Your aim has always been to forward the interests of the parish from which you are now, on the termination of your mission, about to separate. We are sure the affectionate regard of the parishioners

* This address and the response of Mr. Burritt are given in full because such incidents and occasions as they represent do much to show the character and influence of the man among those to whom he is most intimately known.

generally will follow you to your new sphere of labor and usefulness ; and it is our prayer and heartiest wish that your life may long be spared to pursue your honorable career, so that by your writings, not less than by your example, many may receive lasting good. We take leave of you, dear sir, assured that you will not forget Harborne and its people, on whose hearts your name will long remain engraved. We ask you to accept the accompanying volumes, with this numerously signed address, which we think will, in your estimation, be the most assuring token of our deep regard and affectionate remembrance of yourself, and respectful appreciation of your character."

To this address Mr. Burritt replied as follows :

"Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen: I am so deeply affected with surprise and other mingled emotions at this most unexpected expression of your good-will, that I do not know what to say, or where to begin. The language of the heart is simple, and my words must be few and simple. With my heart running over with grateful thoughts, I thank you for this rich token of your kindness. To say, 'I thank you,' is a very short and simple expression ; but I assure you it means not only my thanks this evening, but thanks that shall last as long as my life, for this precious testimonial of your regard. I say it honestly, that I shall carry the memory of Harborne with me to my last day on earth.

The four happiest years of my life I have lived here ; for all my other years I had been a kind of wanderer. I had been engaged in public movements that took me about the world in different directions, and left me no time to settle down in any fixed residence. But here, in Harborne, I found the first home of my own that I ever possessed, a home in which my happiest memories will live as long as

I can remember any of the experiences of past life. Here I found a home-like people and a home-like church, with whose members I could sit down in social sympathy and silent communion through all the quiet Sabbaths of the year, and feel myself one of the congregation, and as much at home with them as if I had been born in Harborne, and baptized in its parish church. It has been to me a rich privilege and enjoyment to say *we* with you in all that pertains to the best interests of the parish, just as if I had cast in my lot with you for the rest of my days. The beautiful music of your Sabbath bells has been a song of joy to me, and it will come to me, in my dearest memories and dreams of Harborne, like a whisper from heaven. I accept this splendid gift of your good will with all the more grateful pleasure as a token, also, that I shall not be forgotten by you when I am gone from your midst. I wish most earnestly to be remembered by you all ; and I hope, if my life is spared, to remind you occasionally that my spirit is still a resident of Harborne, though in person I am far away. I should like to have all the children of these schools remember that a man of my name once resided here, who felt a lively interest in them, and loved to see their happy faces in these rooms and at church ; and if I ever write any more books for children, it will be a delight to me to send the first copies to them. The little legacy of my life I shall leave in the books I have written, and it will give me pleasure to think that there will be one library in Harborne in which they may all be found, by those who may wish to see what thoughts I have endeavored to put forth during my residence among you and before it commenced. In conclusion, this anniversary is one of deep and affecting interest to me. Four years ago I came into these rooms for the first time with my dear nieces, now present, as strangers to you all. We had not

expected to be recognized as residents of Harborne, for we had been here only a few days ; but we shall never forget the warm and generous welcome you gave us on that occasion. Indeed, we were almost overwhelmed with such a hearty manifestation of your kindness to us. Ever since that happy evening in our experience, we have lived in the atmosphere of the same kindness and good-will ; and I desire in behalf of my beloved nieces, as well as my own, to thank you most heartily for all your kindness and good wishes on our behalf. These make a good-bye which they will remember with grateful sensibility on their voyage across the ocean, in their native land and their mother's house. Both these dear companions, who have made and shared the happiness of our Harborne home, will carry with them, as long as they live, a most pleasant memory of your esteem and good-will from the first to the last day of our residence among you ; and if we should be spared to settle down together again in our American home, we shall often talk over the happy years we have spent here. So far as we can do it in thought, we shall often sit down together in the same church pew we have so long occupied, and fancy we are listening to the same voice from the pulpit, and to the same sweet voices from the choir, and imagine we are surrounded by the same familiar faces. We shall connect Harborne with our own native village by a tie of lasting personal interest. I hope the name we gave our delightful home here will be retained by successive occupants, so that 'New Britain Villa' * will be left with you as a pledge of mutual remembrance, as a kind of clasp between the village of our birth and the village of our adoption. Once more I thank you from our united hearts for this splendid, this precious testimonial

* In honor of Mr. Burritt this was subsequently changed to "Burritt Villa."

of your regard. I would thank you again and again for your kindness of words and of wishes. I thank you for your generous expressions towards the country to which we belong, and which, to an infinitesimal degree, we have represented among you. I hope the day may come when the same sentiments will be felt and expressed between our two great nations as you have cherished towards us and we towards you, and which we have interchanged this evening. It will be the crowning remembrance of my life that I have labored to bring about this state of feeling between England and America. And now may Heaven bless you all, both here and in the world to come."

While in Birmingham Mr. Burritt rented a neat cottage in Harborne district, where, for the first time since leaving the parental roof, he had a home of his own,—though for many years he had been most cordially welcomed to many of the best homes in England. His two nieces, previously alluded to, and to whom he was greatly attached, resided with him and delighted in promoting his comfort and happiness. To this home, which he christened "New Britain Villa," many of his American friends were most kindly welcomed and hospitably entertained at different times. Those who were thus favored will long and gratefully remember the great cordiality and kindness by which their visit was made delightfully pleasant.

CHAPTER XV.

RESUMES THE STUDY OF LANGUAGES; SIX WEEKS AT OXFORD; RETURNS TO AMERICA; SCHOOL-HOUSE HONORED WITH HIS NAME; PURPOSE OF RETURNING TO EUROPE FRUSTRATED BY RAILWAY ACCIDENT; DECIDES TO SPEND THE REMAINDER OF HIS DAYS IN HIS NATIVE TOWN.

When Mr. Burritt entered upon the duties of the Consulate at Birmingham, he had completed twenty years of earnest and continued labor connected with various reformatory measures, but, more particularly, those relating to Anti-Slavery, Peace, Ocean Penny postage, and Compensated Emancipation. During these years he devoted himself so unreservedly to these objects that he gave no time to literary pursuits or labors. Much as such pursuits would have been agreeable to him, he found it impossible to continue his work as a philanthropist, and at the same time prosecute his studies in the languages to advantage. But, on settling down to his official labors, he found his time and attention much less occupied than they had been for many years, and he gladly devoted his leisure hours to his favorite studies. He soon ascertained that six different alphabets, and many of the words and phrases of the language they represented, had gone from his memory. He was, however, very glad to find that they were not entirely lost, and that he could very readily regain them, and so renew his old studies with increased relish, energy, and success.

Mr. Burritt had conceived a strong desire to spend a year in old Oxford, to breathe its classic atmosphere, enjoy its venerable associations, and have a temporary being in the culture of its centuries of learning. But the most he could do was to spend six weeks in that grand old city, which had seemed to him the very store-house of all learning. Short as the time was, he fully realized all that he had anticipated, and with the keenest relish he enjoyed its incomparable privileges, elevating companionships, and its literary and social life. He never ceased to regard the pleasant acquaintance here made with Max Müller, Dr. Bosworth, Thorold Rogers, and other professors and officers of the University, as one of the most profitable as well as enjoyable of his whole life. Of Oxford and its institutions he thus wrote in his journal:

Oxford is the right lobe of the great heart of Educational and Ecclesiastical England; Cambridge is the other; and both have beaten with a common and even pulse for many centuries. A New Englander will visit both with equal interest, thread back their long-reaching histories, and the influences they have brought to bear upon the intellectual shaping of the Anglo-Saxon race, without instituting any comparison between them favoring one above the other. They have both had their work and performed it, separately in process, but one in result. If Cambridge took hold of the young heart of New England with the force and fervor of stronger associations than did Oxford, it was not so much from the different character of the two seats of learning, as from the fact that the Puritan and Pilgrim Fathers were mostly from the eastern counties of England, and their Cottons and Hookers and Wilsons and Stones, were Cambridge scholars; and it was natural that they

should call the seat of the first college they erected in the New World, *Cambridge*. Still, I will not attempt to account for the fact that no *Oxford* university has ever been established in America. Reasons for this which we have forgotten may have operated upon the first generations of our ancestors. The history of this famous city of colleges had not been softened to them as it is now to us. The purifying dews of heaven had not fallen long enough to blanch the blackened and blistered earth on which Cranmer, Ridley, and Latimer were burnt at the stake. The memory of Wolsey, Laud, Pole, and their like in Church and State, was fresher in the minds of our forefathers and foremothers than it is in ours. But, whatever were the reasons why we have no seat of learning called after this venerable and stately mother of high English education, no well-read American can visit it without feeling his mind taken hold of by the fascination of a peculiar interest. Here he will see where the intellectual life and stature of a mother of nations were cradled. Here, when our great English tongue was lisping for a place among living speeches, schools of thatched roofs and wattled walls were planted by monkish missionaries of popular education. Here the classics and higher branches of learning passed through their log-cabin era. Here the more polished Norman built his Latin structures upon the homely Saxon strata. Here their different orders of intellectual and scholastic architecture may be seen intermixed, but not interfused. Here you may read in the frontlets of a score of colleges the records of an enthusiasm as fervid in its way as that which produced the Crusades. To build a temple of learning, which should bear the donor's name down through all generations, was equal to the capture of Gaza, Acre, or Jerusalem itself, to many a wealthy aspirant to a lasting memory. So, as the walls of Jerusalem

were rebuilt, piece by piece, by the princes of the Hebrew tribes under Nehemiah, Oxford has been filled with these grand collegiate structures by munificent individuals, who coveted a good remembrance in the heart of a remote posterity.

The University embraces nineteen colleges, constituting a federal republic of letters outnumbering the old thirteen United States under Washington, in individual members of the commonwealth. It has its own federal parliament and president, cabinet, council, and senators, and exists and acts with much of the organism of a little compact nation by itself. It is not only to this extent *imperium in imperio*, but it is empowered with a political influence upon the outside world which probably few Americans are aware of. Now, all the Faculty and Fellows of the University reside in Oxford, and all the graduates who have attained to the degree of M.A. form a great, powerful, and unique political constituency. They elect a member to represent them in Parliament. This almost invisible, intangible, and inapproachable constituency is diffused over the length and breadth of the United Kingdom. It is mostly made up of clergymen in country towns, villages, and parishes, who have lately been allowed to vote at Oxford by proxy, or by sending in their certified ballots by post. It was this constituency of Oxford scholars of the first grade, numbering over five thousand, that the brilliant Gladstone had represented for many years, until, at the last election, they threw him out under the suspicion that he was wavering in his fidelity to the National Church. It is a significant fact that the majority of those who voted against him were the M.A.'s resident in rural districts.

The very Capitol of this Republic of Colleges, to my mind, is the *Bodleian Library*. This was founded by the munificent Sir Thomas Bodley, and opened with *éclat* in

1602, when it numbered "more than two thousand volumes," says the historian, with a sentiment of pride and admiration. It was doubtless on that day the largest collection of books in England; and the art of printing had been in operation for more than a hundred and fifty years. It is interesting to an American to strike into the pathway of English literary history at this point. It brings our New England experience almost parallel with hers just at this stage. Not a great many years after the Bodleian Library, with its two thousand volumes, was opened with great circumstance and ceremonial, a number of Connecticut ministers met, and brought each a few books as a contribution to the founding of Yale College and Library at New Haven. I believe their united donations produced two hundred volumes. But the Bodleian Library has had a more productive source of augmentation than the incidental accession of private libraries and smaller voluntary contributions. When it had reached a certain growth from these sources, an act of Parliament came in to give it a constant and grand expansion. It was the levying of a simple tax in its behalf upon every publisher in the kingdom. A copy of every book, great or small, entered at Stationers' Hall, London, for copyright, was to be deposited there for this great Oxford library, and another for the British Museum. These two institutions, therefore, preserve the minutest lives and records of English books, pamphlets, etc. The most insignificant and weak-minded of them all has its place and number here. So nothing put in type and cover can drop from the press into oblivion without its record. What a pity our young nation did not found a similar institution—a great central Record Office—that should preserve the title-pages of all our literary productions with as much care as we treasure up the title-deeds of landed estates! Notwithstanding our national

and natural self-complacency over our doings past, present, and positive, in different departments of activity, we have no one library which preserves a copy of every book and pamphlet published in America, nor could we show the world how many we have produced from the Pilgrim Fathers' day to our own. Many American writers have been received into the goodly fellowship of the Bodleian Library, which has accepted their contributions to its great treasury of the literature of the English language. While walking up and down the aisles of this dim wood of letters, I plead guilty to a thought of pride myself at the fact that I had four books somewhere or other in the forest ; and consequently had contributed one hundred-thousandth part of the whole collection numerically. If the English press continues to produce books at the present ratio, the Bodleian Library must number a million of volumes in the course of a century.

The city of Oxford presents a good setting for this magnificent University. Its site, like that of Cambridge, is very unfavorable for showing a town to advantage. Both are almost on a dead level. If Oxford had been built on Richmond Hill, or on the site of Windsor, it would have stood almost unequalled in the world for a splendid appearance. Still, it shows itself impressively. If the ground it stands upon is low and level, the upper surface of the town is so variegated and picturesque that you hardly notice that it is not built upon a hill. Grand and lofty domes, church and college towers, turrets and spires, towering roofs and imposing structures of every stature, so strange themselves in the view as to cancel the worst disadvantage of the natural position, and to give to the city a little of that "ridgy back, piled thick and high," of which Edinburgh boasts.

In 1870, Mr. Burritt left England, for the last time,



BURRITT SCHOOL.

and returned to America. He had been absent seven years, including the term of his Consulate, and so was glad once more to be in his native town and among kindred and friends, by whom he was most cordially received. He was now sixty years old—nearly one-half of which he had passed in Europe. As a mark of respect, and as evidence of the esteem in which he was held by his townsmen, Mr. Burritt's name was cut, broad and deep, on the front of a large and beautiful school-house which was not quite completed on his return home. Next to the record of a good and useful life, no man could desire a better monument to his memory. In all coming time the hundreds who are yearly receiving instruction in the "Burritt School" will be stimulated and encouraged by the story of the noble life of him for whom this school was named; and annually many will enter upon the stage of active life in various parts of the land, who will with pride recall the fact that the foundation of their education, and, it is hoped, of their usefulness, was laid in the building on whose front is engraven the honored name of one of the world's greatest philanthropists.

Though Mr. Burritt had withdrawn from active and constant labors for the public good, he did not retire to a life of idleness or inactivity. He knew not what it was to cease from labor, and rest in idleness. His life had, for three-score years, been a continued period of hard, unremitting labor,—of labor performed not for self-aggrandisement or self-emolument, but in the cause of humanity and right. If he had not accomplished all he desired, or all that he

attempted to accomplish, he certainly had filled a noble mission, and set in operation ideas and measures which could not fail of good results to the world. A new and lasting interest had been awakened in the cause of Peace through his persistent efforts, with voice and pen, and while the time has not yet come for the nations of the earth to cease learning the arts of war and "beating their swords into plow-shares, and their spears into pruning-hooks," what candid and thoughtful mind will not admit that the efforts of Mr. Burritt, and his co-workers, have done much towards preparing the way, and so hastening on the blessed day, when wars shall cease, and Peace, like a heavenly dove, shall brood over the whole earth.

And then who will undertake to estimate, or who can estimate, the great advantages and blessings to the world growing out of a cheap Ocean Postage, for which Mr. Burritt labored more earnestly and persistently than any other man. No reasonable person can for a moment hesitate to accord to his name the highest meed of praise for the accomplishment of this most desirable object.* By lecturing, by writing, by the free circulation of "Olive Leaflets," by pictorial envelopes and note paper, he kept the subject constantly in the minds, and before the eyes, of the people, until what he so ardently desired and labored for came to be an established fact,—a fact for which millions will have occasion to hold the name of Elihu Burritt in grateful and lasting remembrance.

And then it must be admitted that the efforts of

* See Prof. Everett's letter in Appendix.

Mr. Burritt to secure the settlement of national difficulties by arbitration, instead of war, have not been without great and favorable results. The consummation of the Washington Treaty, whereby a High Court of Arbitration for the settlement of the very aggravated and threatening difficulty between the United States and Great Britain, with a preliminary Congress at Washington, resulted in developing new rules for the guidance of arbitration, and supplied a very important part of an international code. Thus the convention of the High Joint Commissioners at Washington, and the Tribunal of Arbitration at Geneva, were by far the nearest approximation to the Congress and High Court of Nations for which the friends of Peace had been laboring for nearly a half century. Mr. Burritt had labored and lectured extensively for the same idea. As soon as the Geneva Tribunal had made its award in the settlement of the "Alabama difficulties," the American Peace Society resolved to do what it could to convene a great International Congress in America or Europe, for the purpose of putting the top-stone to that great Temple of Peace which now seemed ready for its crowning. Arrangements were made for sending Mr. Burritt and the Rev. Mr. Miles, the earnest Peace advocate, to Europe, to make arrangements for such a Congress, if possible;—but an injury to the former, from a railway accident, prevented his accompanying Mr. Miles on this mission, and consequently he went alone, and met with a very encouraging degree of success. Both of these good men have been called to their account, and

though their earthly labors have ceased, the good seed they have sown will continue to grow and bear fruit, it may be a hundred fold, and prove a blessing to the world.

Mr. Burritt, having been providentially prevented from accompanying Mr. Miles to England, decided to spend the remainder of his days in New Britain, though he often expressed a longing desire once more to behold the faces of the many dear friends he had made across the Atlantic. Of his last years and their labors a brief account will be given in the next chapter.

CHAPTER XVI.

HIS EARLY LIFE AND INDUSTRY; STUDIES IN NEW HAVEN;
SUCCESS; ANECDOTE OF HIS SCHOOL DAYS; THE DANISH
WILL; SPIRIT AS A REFORMER; HIS NEW BRITAIN HOME;
PLANS FOR DOING GOOD; TESTIMONY OF Z. EASTMAN.

From the preceding chapters the reader can hardly fail of receiving the impression that Mr. Burritt was a man of remarkable industry and perseverance. Whatever he undertook to accomplish, he engaged in with his whole soul, and with a determination to make success sure. This was true of him from boyhood through life. At the age of 16 the protracted illness of his father threw the care of the family upon Elihu, and most devoted and filial did he prove,—working hard all day, and watching half the night by the bedside of his sick father. Often did he work fourteen hours a day and then spend some time with his books. His mother, to whose happiness and comfort he was devoted, once remarked to a friend that she was sure Elihu would be prospered, on account of his kindness to his parents.

At the age of 21 years he left the workshop and went to New Haven to spend a winter in prosecuting his studies. To this he gave himself with the greatest interest and earnestness. He took lodgings at an inn, and thus writes of the way in which he gave himself to his books :

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"As soon as the man who attended to the fires had made one in the common sitting-room, which was at about half-past four in the morning, I arose and studied German till breakfast, which was served at half-past seven. When the other boarders were gone to their places of business, I sat down to Homer's Iliad, without a note or comment to assist me, and with only a Greek and Latin lexicon. A few minutes before the people came in to their dinner, I put away all my Greek and Latin, and began reading Italian, which was less calculated to attract the notice of the noisy men who thronged the room at that hour. After dinner I took a short walk, and then again sat down to the Iliad, with a determination to master it without a teacher. The proudest moment of my life was when I had first gained the full meaning of the first fifteen lines of that noble work. I took a triumphal walk in favor of that exploit. In the evening I read in the Spanish language until bed-time. I followed this course for about three months, at the end of which time I had read nearly the whole of the Iliad in Greek, and made considerable progress in French, Italian, German, and Spanish." In these last he recited to native teachers.

From Mr. Burritt's private journal in 1837, the following extracts will show how and under what circumstances he pursued his studies at a later period :

MONDAY, June 18. Headache ; forty pages Cuvier's Theory of the Earth ; sixty-four pages French ; eleven hours' forging.

June 19. Sixty lines Hebrew ; thirty pages French ; ten pages Cuvier's Theory ; eight lines Syriac ; ten lines Danish ; ten ditto Bohemian ; nine ditto of Polish ; fifteen names of stars ; ten hours' forging.

June 20. Twenty-five lines Hebrew ; eight of Syriac ; eleven hours' forging.

June 21. Fifty-five lines Hebrew ; eight of Syriac ; eleven hours' forging.

June 22. Unwell ; twelve hours' forging.

June 23. Lesson for Bible Class.

Many have asserted, and believed, that Mr. Burritt was endowed with peculiar gifts and talents for mental acquirements, particularly in the languages, but he thus writes of himself :

"All that I have accomplished, or **expect**, or hope to accomplish, has been, and will be, by that plodding, patient, persevering process of accretion which builds the ant-heap, particle by particle, thought by thought, fact by fact. If I was ever actuated by ambition, its highest and warmest aspiration reached no further than the hope to set before the young men of my country an example in employing those invaluable fragments of time called 'odd moments.'"

And it is beyond question true that the example and influence of Mr. Burritt has proved a stimulating and encouraging power to more young men than those of any other man within the last half century.*

It may truthfully be said that whatever talents Mr. Burritt possessed, whether ordinary or extraordinary, they were kept bright and active by diligent and constant use. Idle hours and unimproved talents were unknown to him. With a strong and abiding feeling that "life was earnest—life was real," he entered upon his work and mission with a

* Soon after his death, an eminent judge of Connecticut said to the writer, "I am more indebted to Mr. Burritt's example than all else, for it was that by which I was incited and cheered in my long walks over the hills to a distant school." And multitudes will bear similar testimony.

purpose and a will. Though almost daily suffering from headache, which would have furnished to many a sufficient excuse for refraining from all effort, he did not cease his labors. His own suffering was of no account if thereby he might afford aid or relief to others. In illustration of this we recall an incident of his boyhood,—which not only confirms the truth of what we have said, but also the truth of the adage, “The child is father of the man.” The incident or anecdote we had from his own lips, and was in substance as follows : Young Elihu was a member of the district school, and about 14 years of age. In those days no district school was kept without the ferule. This was not a simple, plain rule, as now found in schools, and more used for making straight lines on paper than for straightening crooked boys by well applied blows. It was a veritable instrument of torture, and when applied to the hand, as it usually was, every blow had a telling effect. Every schoolmaster had his ferule, and it had a peculiar terror for “small boys and girls.” Elihu’s master had one of these implements. For its purpose it was a good one. If its influence was not always reformatory, it certainly awakened strong feelings. One day the school had been unusually interrupted by whispering. The master’s patience was exhausted. The power of the ferule was resorted to. The first pupil detected in whispering was to take the instrument and stand in the floor until he detected some other like offender, to whom he could surrender its keeping. We may be sure there was the utmost vigilance, for it had been de-

clared that "the pupil who should have the ferule in his keeping at the hour for dismissal would be punished for all the offenders of the afternoon." This was a singular edict, but there was no way of escape. Whether all mankind suffer for the sin of Adam may admit of doubt, but there was no doubt whatever that the sins of whispering for the afternoon, in this school, were to fall upon the head or hand of the last offender. He was to suffer for all—though his sin might have been the least, as well as the last, of the afternoon.

Suffice it to say that for a season it was not difficult to find substitutes, but as the final hour drew near there was more caution on the part of the watched, as well as more vigilance on that of the watcher. Only thirty minutes remained and an unusual stillness prevailed—a quiet such as often precedes a near approaching thunder storm. Just at this critical time, a boy was mean enough to tempt Lucy W.—a great favorite with all the scholars—to whisper and so become the watcher and ferule-holder. Said Mr. Burritt, "This was more than I could endure. I could not bear the thought that the blows from that ferule should fall upon the hand of that noble girl, and so I whispered on purpose to save her, and became the willing, if not happy, recipient of 'forty blows save one.'" And it may be added that young Burritt would have taken a score of such inflictions rather than have changed places with the boy who had tempted Lucy to offend. The trait and spirit, thus early developed, were a part of his very nature. They grew with his growth, and strengthened with

his strength, and became a leading power in the whole man.

It has sometimes been said, by over-captious critics, that Mr. Burritt's linguistic attainments were of no practical use; that though he might have some knowledge of many languages, he could not readily converse in them, etc. With equal truth it may be said of most who acquire a knowledge of languages, and an ability to read and understand their meaning, that they cannot speak them fluently. But Mr. Burritt could converse in many of them, and, moreover, his knowledge gave him the ability to decipher or translate almost any language. Of the truth of this we give the following incident, or fact. Many years ago a Will, written in Danish, was sent to this country, by interested parties in the West Indies, that it might be translated. The manuscript was one of the most difficult and obscure to decipher. It was sent to several leading colleges without procuring the desired translation. No one had been found who could give the interpretation of the document. It was at length sent to Mr. Burritt, the "Learned Blacksmith." At the time he was busily at work at the forge, but he could not refuse the request to examine, and, if possible, translate the paper. Indeed, it was just the case to excite his curiosity and tax his abilities. He was acquainted with the Danish language, but that was not all that was necessary. The manuscript was badly written and very obscure. He studied over it, during his spare hours, for about two weeks, when success crowned his efforts and gladdened his heart. He

had succeeded where others had failed. The Will was returned and its translation was entirely satisfactory; and when asked for his bill, he modestly said he should charge only what he should have earned in the same time at his forge.

Mr. Burritt was a thoroughly good man, a sincere friend, full of good will for all mankind.* It has been said, and we believe truthfully, that he was welcomed to more first-class families in England than any other American. He made friends wherever he went, and never, by word or deed, gave occasion for the loss of friendship. He could not harbor an unkind feeling toward any human being. As a reformer he often entertained views at variance with other reformers, but they never caused any alienation of feeling. Though very decided in his own convictions and opinions, he was charitable and kind to any who had different views, and in this particular he was superior to most reformers, many of whom are prone to indulge bitter and unkind feelings towards those who do not feel, and see, and act in full sympathy with them. Though he was quite tenacious of pursuing his own course and adopting his own measures, which he honestly believed the best, he was in no sense hostile to those who entertained or advocated other, and widely different measures.

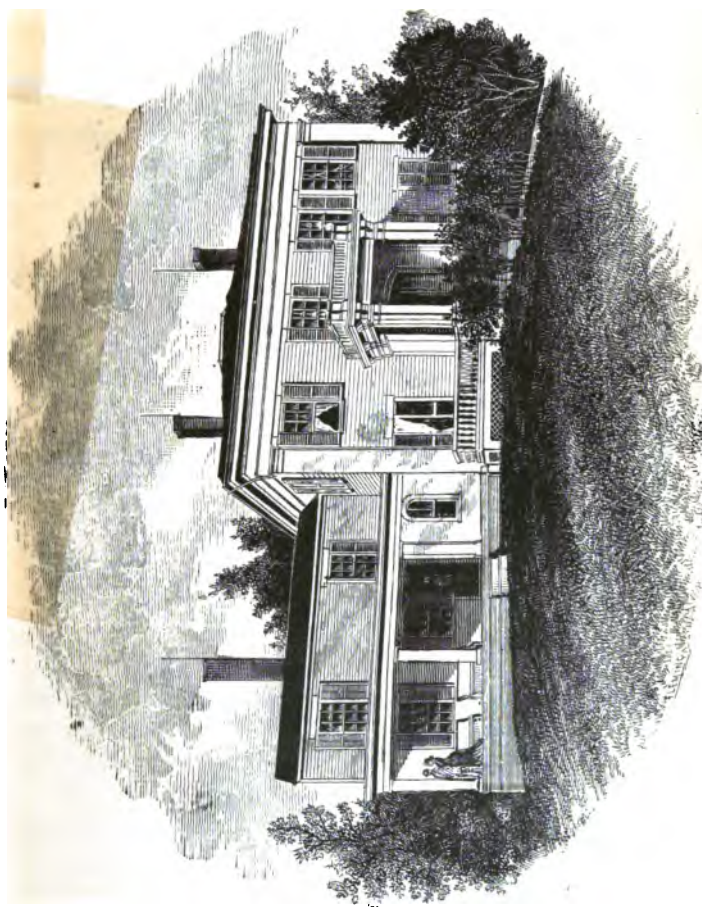
Mr. Burritt's love of peace and hatred of war were

* Of him, Prof. Longfellow thus writes: "I always had a great admiration for the sweetness and simplicity of Mr. Burritt's character, and was in perfect sympathy with him in his work. . . . Nothing ever came from his pen that was not wholesome and good."

equally strong. He could not tolerate the idea that a resort to bloodshed was the only way of settling difficulties and misunderstandings between different nations, or the people of the same nation. When he saw that a deadly conflict was threatening between the different sections of our country he felt a strong desire to remove all pretext for the same by resorting to the plan of compensated emancipation, and to the adoption of this he gave his thoughts and labors with great earnestness. So ardent was his desire for this, that when at last the bloody contest commenced, he felt so unreconciled to it, that for a time he gave to many minds the impression that his sympathies were with the South. But at heart he was thoroughly loyal to the government, though his detestation of war was so great that he could not utter a word, nor perform an act in favor of its prosecution. His disappointment at the failure of, what seemed to him, a more reasonable and humane plan for removing the evil was so great that for a season he seemed to have no sympathy with the North. But no man had a stronger feeling against the evil of slavery or a more intense desire for its removal. The course adopted was at variance with all his own views, though he came to consider it as the inevitable result of an evil so long continued.

Mr. Burritt never married, and consequently had no home of his own, if we may except the temporary home at Harborne previously alluded to. But on his return to his native town to remain, he found a delightful home with a widowed sister* and two

* Mrs. Almira Strickland.



MR. BURRITT'S NEW BRITAIN HOME.

nieces. The latter had been with him during his consulate at Birmingham, and contributed largely to his happiness there. Most cheerfully did they welcome him to their home and the home of their mother, and do all in their power to promote his welfare; a kindness he most gratefully appreciated. But in retiring from public life and effort, he could not settle down to a life of inactivity and ease. Such a man could not exist without doing something for the good of others. His strongest desires and aims went forth for the amelioration of suffering, the removal of evil, or for the best good of his fellow beings. He was ever ready to labor and suffer if he might thereby relieve, rescue, or benefit others.

And now that his chief life-work was finished he returned to dwell, for a few brief years, with the friends of his youth and his kindred, and among them to live and die. He felt a strong desire to do them good and to make the community better through his influence and efforts. He was ever devising some way, or plan, for benefiting others, and especially the humbler classes. Until a few weeks before his death he continued to write for prominent newspapers and periodicals. His latest published article was "The Reality and Mission of Ideal Characters," in which he pays a beautiful, but well-deserved, compliment to America's most honored poet. This article appeared for the first time in the "Canadian Monthly and National Review" only a few weeks before Mr. Burritt's decease, and his eye never saw it in type. It may be found among the selections from his writings, in this volume.

Mr. Burritt wrote with much facility,—always using the best language, and expressing his thoughts with clearness and force. His published works were about thirty in number, and in size varying from 100 to more than 400 pages each. Many of these volumes possess far more than ordinary interest and information. A list of his published works, and selections from several of them, may be found in another part of this volume.

In religious views, as well as by profession, Mr. Burritt was a Congregationalist, though he was deeply interested in all evangelical church work. "With charity for all and malice toward none," he could enjoy church worship with all who were in sympathy with the gospel plan of salvation. But his deepest sympathies, and so his best efforts, were with the humbler classes, whose church privileges were limited. As a result, he made special efforts to provide for the religious improvement of those at a distance from the churches of the city, or in the outlying districts. In one section he erected, at his own expense, and largely with his own hands, a chapel sufficiently large to accommodate 300 persons. This he provided, rent free, for such as would attend meetings within its walls. These meetings were usually conducted by laymen from the different churches of the city, and did much to promote kindness of feeling and union of effort. In his Will he provided for the continuance of these meetings, devising the chapel for the purpose. Much of the time during the last few years of his life he was instrumental in sustaining similar meetings in other

sections of the town. On his small farm, nearly a mile from the center of the city, he gave the use of a building for a mission Sabbath-school. These different meetings he often attended personally, though he usually secured the aid of some of the younger laymen from the several churches to take charge,—thereby leading them to become active in Christian work.

As previously intimated, Mr. Burritt had a strong desire to promote a spirit of kindness and harmony between members of the different evangelical churches. As an aid in this direction he did much to secure union meetings in various parts of the State. These meetings were usually held on Sunday afternoons. Some layman was selected to take charge, and invitations to attend and participate in the exercises were sent to all the churches within a reasonable distance. Much good resulted from these meetings.

When Mr. Burritt became the owner of a few acres of land, he at once felt a new interest in agricultural pursuits and a desire to improve and benefit all engaged in tilling the soil, which he regarded as a noble work, and, rightly followed, an ennobling work. He formed an agricultural club, of which he was for many years secretary, and for which he provided lectures and discussions, thereby doing what he could to stimulate and elevate the farming population, and by them he will be held in long and grateful remembrance.

For many years he was a member of the New Britain Board of Education. He was much inter-

ested in the educational growth of the town, and spent much time in visiting the different schools, in which he was always a most welcome visitor, both to teachers and pupils. His countenance, so beaming with interest and goodness, was in itself a benediction to all, and the words of cheer and encouragement which he often spoke will not soon be forgotten, nor will their influence be lost.

As a last effort, he was instrumental in "getting up" a course of "Penny Readings" for the benefit of a large class who could never enjoy the more expensive literary entertainments provided in such places. He hired the largest hall in the city and made arrangements for select readings, singing, etc. These exercises were usually conducted by the teachers and pupils from the schools, and proved both interesting and profitable. The hall was always well filled, and many had, what was to them, the rare privilege of listening to good reading, music, etc. The payment of two cents, each, was all that was required, and this small sum provided for all expenses. Of course those who took part in the reading, or other exercises, did so without compensation. Is not this plan worthy of adoption in many places?

His friend, Z. Eastman, Esq., thus briefly and truthfully sums up Mr. Burritt's character and labors: "Whatever good thing he saw or felt ought to be done, he was ready to take hold of and work for with all his might. A paragraph* from the first number

* Oh! it is an honor equivalent to a heavenly knighthood to live and act at this crisis of our country and world. We are just entering

of his *Christian Citizen* well sets forth the energy with which he went into all this work. A spirit of inspiration seemed to possess him, and he must have had the conviction that God was leading him in a way that but few men have been led. It is not from fields reaped that we are to judge of his work, but from the vast fields sown, and from the seed yet to spring forth, when other men, gifted with the glorious genius for a world-embracing philanthropy, shall arise to take the hints he gave, and add victorious momentum to movements which he was so largely instrumental in starting. He was not the impracticable dreamer that some have supposed. He lived to see the desire of his heart fulfilled in the position of England toward international commerce, the amelioration of the condition of the laboring poor of Ireland and England, the establishment of cheap ocean postage, the adoption of the main principle of his Peace Congress methods of arbitration in the settlement of international disputes between Great Britain and the United States, and, a much greater triumph, the end of slavery in our own country, though in a way and at a cost of blood that most

upon the heroic age of Philanthropy, when the Captain of our salvation shall knight with a "new name" every Christian hero who proves valiant for truth and freedom. Christians, patriots! a-field! a-field! the battle-ground is the world. The banner which led out the angels in bright array before man was made is floating over the scene of mighty conquest, where deeds of immortal memory are to be done. Your leader is there; the angels and attributes of God are there; the spirits of the just made perfect are there; the gospel, with all its magazines of grace, is there; the laws of nature and the deepest sympathies and necessities of the human soul are there; all, all pressing to the rescue of fallen man.—*Burritt*.

deeply grieved his sympathetic heart. The best synopsis of his character is, that he was himself a true *Christian citizen*; and in being so, he blended in beautiful harmony the cardinal principles of piety and philanthropy, religion and humanity, love of God and love of man."

Mr. Burritt was in feeble health for two or three years, but was confined to the house for only a few months, previous to his decease. He contemplated his approaching end with a trustful and submissive spirit. Death was, for him, divested of its terrors, and he talked with calmness of matters pertaining to his last hours, the spot for his burial, and his funeral ceremonies, of which more particular account may be found in the appendix to this volume. He knew in whom he believed, and when the grim messenger came he,

"With an unfaltering trust approached his grave,
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him and lies down to pleasant dreams."

SELECTIONS.

Mr. BURRITT was the author of several volumes, the most valuable of which were published in London, by the well known and very reputable house of Sampson, Low & Co., of whose honorable dealings Mr. Burritt always spoke in terms of strong commendation. Of these volumes, "Walk from London to John O'Groat's;" "Walk from London to Land's End;" "Mission of Great Sufferings;" "Walks in the Black Country;" and "Notes and Speeches," possessed more than ordinary merit. We are permitted to make extracts from these for the following pages, to which are added selections from the published and unpublished writings of Mr. Burritt, embracing quite a variety of subjects. A more complete list of his works may be found in the Appendix.

SELECTIONS.

STRATFORD-UPON-AVON.

THE BIRTHPLACE OF SHAKESPEARE; HOUSE IN WHICH HE WAS BORN; INSCRIPTIONS ON ITS WALLS; SHAKESPEARE'S FAME INCREASING, ETC.

And this is Stratford-upon-Avon? Is there another town in Christendom to equal it for the centripetal attraction of one human memory? Let him who thinks he can say there is tell us where the like may be found. London is the birth-and-burial place of a large number of distinguished poets, philosophers, statesmen, and heroes. Their lives make for it a nebulous luster. The orbits of their brilliant careers overlap upon each other, so that their individual paths of light, intersecting in their common illumination, like netted sunbeams, do not make any vivid or distinctive lines over the face or over the history of the great city. But the memory of Shakespeare covers with its disk the whole life and being and history, ancient and modern, of Stratford-upon-Avon. There is nothing seen or felt before or behind it but William Shakespeare. In no quarter of the globe, since he was laid to his last sleep by the sunny side of the peaceful river, has the name of the little town been mentioned without suggesting and meaning him. Many a populous city is proud of the smallest segment of a great man's glory. "He was *born* here." That is a great thing to say, and they say it with exultation, showing this heirloom of honor to strangers as the richest inheritance of the town.

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But being born in a particular place is more a matter of accident than of personal option. No one chooses his own birthplace, and the sheer fact that he there made his *entrée* into the world, is, after all, a rather negative distinction to those who boast of it. But quiet little Stratford-upon-Avon can say far more than this. Shakespeare was not only born here, but he spent his last days and died here. Nor did he come back to his native town a broken-down old man to be nursed in the last stages of decrepitude and be buried with his fathers. He returned hither at the zenith of his intellectual manhood, to spend the Indian summer of his life in the midst of the sceneries and companionships of his boyhood. Thus no other human memory ever covered so completely with its speculum the name or history of a town, or filled it with such a vivid, vital image as Shakespeare's has done to Stratford-upon-Avon. Here,

"Like footprints hidden by a brook,
But seen on either side,"

he has left them marks on the sunny banks, and across the soft level meadows basking in the bosom of the little river. The break is not wide between those he made in these favorite walks in his youth and the footprints of his ripe age as a permanent resident and citizen. Perhaps he and his Ann Hathaway, after his London life, delighted to make sunset strolls across the daisied fields to the cottage of her childhood and of their first love and troth.

Never before or since did a transcendent genius make so much history for the world and so little for himself as Shakespeare. Here is the quaint little house in which he was born. It has been painted, engraved, photographed, and described *ad infinitum*. You will find a hundred pictures of it scattered over Christendom where

you will find one of Solomon's Temple. Undoubtedly it ranked as a capacious and comfortable dwelling in its day. It is one of the skeleton type so common to the Elizabethan age; that is, the oaken bonework of the frame is even with the brickwork of the outer walls, thus showing the fleshless ribs of the house to the outside world. The rooms are small, and very low between joints; still the one assigned by tradition as the birth-place of the great poet is large enough for the greatest of men to be born in. Its ceiling overhead and side walls, however, afford too scant table-space for the registry of the names of all who have sought thus to leave their cards in homage of the illustrious memory. Their whole surface, and even the small windows, have been written and re-written over by the pilgrims to this shrine from different countries. Here are names from the extremest ends of the Anglo-Saxon world—from Newfoundland and New Zealand, and all the English-speaking countries between. The Americans have contributed a large contingent to these records of the pencil. There is something very interesting and touching, even, in the homage they bring to his name. He was the last great English poet who sung to the unbroken family of the English race. They were then all gathered around England's hearthstone, unconscious of the mighty expansion which the near future was to develop. The population of the whole island hardly equaled that of the State of New York to-day.

Just below the point of diffuence, about a quarter of a century before England put forth the first rivulet from the river of her being and history to fill the fountain of a new national existence in the Western World, Shakespeare was at his culmination as a poet. We Americans meet him first when we trace back our history to its origin.

He of all the masters stands in the very doorway of "Our Old Home" to welcome us with the radiant smile of his genius. We were Americans and Milton was an Englishman when he began to write. We hold our right and title in him by courtesy ; but in "Glorious Will," by full and direct inheritance as equal coheirs of all the wealth of his memory. Whoever classifies the signatures on the walls of his birth-chamber, and in the large record book brought in to supplement the exhausted writing-space outside, will have striking proof of this American sentiment. The first *locale* in all England to our countrymen is Stratford-upon-Avon. Westminster, even, stands second in their estimation to the birth-and-burial place of this one man. At no other historical point in Europe will you find so many American names recorded as over the spot where he was cradled. This is fitting. We have already become numerically the largest constituency of his fame. Already he has more readers on our continent than on all the other continents and islands of the world ; and from decade to decade, and from century to century, doubtless this preponderance will increase by the ratio of more rapid progression.

What a race of kings, princes, knights, ladies, and heroes was created by Shakespeare ! If the truth could be sifted out and known, more than half the homage the regal courts of to-day get from the spontaneous sentiment of the public heart arises from the dignity with which he haloed the royal brows of his monarchs. They never knew how to talk and walk and act with the majesty that befitted a king until he taught them. Yet, how little personal history he made for himself ! Not half as many footprints of his personality can be found as his fathers made at Stratford. This is a mystery that can have but one reasonable explanation. It is of no use to say that

his social nature was cold or cramped ; that he had not a rather large circle of personal friends, whom he first met and made in London, and who came from different parts of the country. Doubtless he wrote to these and others letters by the score. Where are they ? Where is one of them ? We have volumes of letters centuries older than the first he wrote brought out quite recently ; but not a scrap of his handwriting turns up to reward the searching hunt of his relic-explorers. It is said that only one letter written to him has been preserved, and this is a begging one from a Richard Quiney, who wants to borrow a sum of money of the poet to keep his head above water in London. I cannot conceive to what else this dense obscurity enveloping his personal entity can be ascribed than to the fact that the morning twilight of his fame did not dawn upon the world until he had lain in his grave a full century. In this long interval all the letters he wrote and received doubtless shared the fate of Caesar's clay. The greengrocers and haberdashers of that period probably bought and used them for making up their parcels of butter and mustard and articles of less dignity. All this may be well for the great reputation the world accords to him. It may be well that he left no handwriting in familiar lines, no unravelled threads of his common human nature which captious critics might follow up into the inner recesses of his daily life, and fleck the disk of his fair fame with the specks and motes they found in the search after moral discrepancies.

It is a wonder that a man of such genius could have died less than two centuries and a half ago, and have left a character so completely shut in and barred against "the peering littlenesses" of speering, yellow-eyed curiosity. A soft, still blue, of a hundred years deep, surrounds his personal being. Through this mild cerulean

haze it shows itself fair and round. Well is it for him, perhaps, that we of to-day cannot get nearer to him than the gentle horizon of this intervening century. It is a seamless mantle that Providence has wrapped around the stature of his life, in which no envious Casca can ever make a rent to get at the frailties or small actions of a great master. No man ever lived more hermetically in his writings than Shakespeare. His personal being is as completely shut up and embodied in them as Homer's is in his grand epics. Will the life that breathes in them prove immortal? Three centuries are not immortality. Will the sexcentenary anniversary of his birth be celebrated after the fashion of 1864? Through all the changes in taste and moral and intellectual perception that may arise in that or a shorter interval, will his genius and his works be held at our estimate? Was he as a poet just what Rubens was as a painter, and will the pen of the one and the pencil of the other be put on the same footing and have the same chance for the admiration of future generations? No one can reason out the extreme ends of these parallels, or predict the verdict of another century with regard to these men. But the fact we have already cited will serve as the basis of a reasonable belief in this matter.

It must have been a full hundred years after Shakespeare was laid down to his last sleep in the chancel of the church in which he was baptized, before he began to have a popular reputation, or a reading by even the educated classes in England. At the end of the second century that reputation had spread itself over the whole civilized world. From 1623 to 1823 no writers had arisen to eclipse or supersede his genius. In this wide interval hundreds of authors, widely read in their day, went down to oblivion, some to obloquy. They could not live on

the sea of public opinion. Now we are in the middle of the third century of his fame. How does it rank at this moment in the estimation of the world? With all the new and brilliant literature that has flooded Christendom within the last fifty years, has the brightness of his paled in the contrast? Has it already gone down into the gorgeous tombs of the Capulets, or to live only in monumental bookbindery with the by-gone English classics; to make a show of elegant gilt-backed volumes in fashionable bookcases as "standard works," or works for ever to stand on their lower ends in serried and even ranks, to be seen and not read? Further from it than ever before. No such lame and impotent conclusion can be predicted from the present appreciation of his writings. The opening years of this very decade mark a new era in their estimation. Virtually for the first time he is being introduced to a new world of readers, to the laboring masses of the people. Publishers are taking him into the cottages of the million, and bespeaking a hearty and pleasant welcome to his "Hamlet," "Othello," and all the other creations of his genius. Popular editions of Shakespeare are the order of the day. For the first time the common people begin to know him. Such is the promise of 1867. What is being done in England and America to familiarize the masses with his writings is repeated on a smaller scale on the Continent of Europe. Cheap editions in German and French have been put recently in circulation. Doubtless within a half century he will be read in every other language in Christendom. His works never had more vitality than at the present moment, nor such a wide breathing space among men.

While looking at the dark and dense network of names written upon the walls and windows of the room in which Shakespeare was born, there was one I would have

walked a hundred miles to see. It was not Lucien Bonaparte's, nor Sir Walter Scott's, nor Burns's, nor Washington Irving's. It was the name of the man who first penciled one upon the virgin plaster over the cradle-place of the poet. It would be exceedingly interesting to know who he was, when he did it, and what moved him to this act of homage. What a procession of names his headed! The whole space is covered with layers of them, several deep. If they could all be brought to light, every square inch would reveal fifty at least. The house and garden are in good repair. The latter is beautifully laid out and kept, and is marked by this interesting characteristic: all the flowers that Shakespeare has celebrated in his plays are here planted, watched, and tended with the nicest care. As a reward for the dew and light his genius shed over them two centuries and a half ago, their sweet eyes keep vigils over his birthplace and perfume it with their morning breath.—*Walks in the Black Country.*

THE REALITY AND MISSION OF IDEAL CHARACTERS.

THE PRODIGAL SON; THE GOOD SAMARITAN; DAVID; JOB; SHAKESPEARE; WALTER SCOTT; DICKENS; MRS. STOWE; LONGFELLOW.

In face of all the religious and moral arguments and opposition arrayed against it for many generations, not only the secular but the religious literature of the present day proves incontestably that the imagination was never before stimulated to such exuberant production. The very religious press, that twenty-five years ago denounced

"works of fiction" as demoralizing and dangerous to the moral health of the community, now not only countenance but publish such works as a special attraction to win new subscribers, and to gratify the old with additional entertainment. Nor are these romances or fictitious tales copied second-hand from novels or popular magazines, but are secured original from the authors at the regular price per line or page such writers receive for their productions. Indeed, "the original story" or romance has become as common to many of our religious newspapers as the regular *feuilleton* to Paris journals. Perhaps it would not exaggerate the fact to say, that four-fifths of the Sunday-school books published in America are pure fictions, and many of them of an order of imagination which would not "pass muster" in professedly secular literature.

Still there would seem to be as many honest and intelligent minds as ever that deprecate and denounce these works of fiction, irrespective of their teaching. They belittle that faculty of the mind that produces these works by calling it fancy, and its exercise as a trivial and deteriorating employment of the intellect. They complain that these productions of the fancy create an imaginary world, and fill it with unreal beings and experiences, and thus unfit the readers of them for the serious and inevitable realities of life which they must encounter. The only alternative to be deduced from their arguments is this, that we must satisfy the need and pursuit of the mind for high ideals of human character without traveling outside the record of verified history or rigid fact. This bold alternative would, to a certain degree, destroy the best half of the world, past, present, and to come. It would fetter to the earth the noblest, the most creative faculty of the human mind. It would paralyze the wings of faith, so that it could not lift the soul an inch above the low level

of human life. It would paralyze the fingers of faith, so that it could not feel the pulse of the great realities of the invisible world. It would blind the vision of faith, so that it could not discern between the glorious gates of the New Jerusalem and the black portals of everlasting night and annihilation. It would send the soul through its pilgrimage on earth with its eyes and ears so full of the dust and dirt of these battles in flesh and blood, that it could see none of the thrilling beatitudes that John saw, nor hear any of the songs he heard in his apocalypse.

Let us go to a higher authority and example than the unconsidered impression of these unthoughtful minds for a truer conception of what this creative faculty of the human mind was to do and be for the material well-being and spiritual life and destiny of mankind. See how God, who gave it, educated, fostered, and strengthened it for four thousand years before even his favored and peculiar people could grasp the great fact of the immortality of the soul. Not until this creative faculty of the mind had been trained to the power of erecting vivid images in the invisible world, did the Saviour of mankind come in due time to bring life and immortality to light beyond the grave. That due time was the space of four thousand years ; and if he had come one year sooner he would have been one year too early for the capacity of the human mind to comprehend and realize his great revelation.

What was Christ's view and example in regard to this great faculty of idealism? Why, he created a hundred-fold more fictitious personages and events than Dickens, or Thackeray, or any other novelist ever did. We read that he seldom spoke to the people except in parables. And what were his parables? They were *ideals*, that were more vivid than the abstract *reals* of actual, human life. They were fictions that were more truthful than facts and

more instructive. They were fictitious transactions, experiences, and actors ; but every one of them had a true human basis, or possibility of fact which carried its instruction to the listener's mind with the double force of truth. Take, for example, the Prodigal Son. Historically he was a fiction. But to the universal and everlasting conscience and experience of mankind, there has not been a human son born into this world for two thousand years endowed with such immortal life and power as that young man. He will live for ever. He will give power,

"As long as the heart has passions,
As long as life has woes."

He will travel down all the ages, and, in living sympathy and companionship with the saddest experiences of human nature, he will stand at every door and lair of sin and misery and shame ; he will stand there as he stood in his rags, hunger, and contrition among the swine, and say to the fallen, with his broken voice and falling tears : "I will arise and go unto my father, and say unto him, Father, I have sinned against heaven and in thy sight, and am no more worthy to be called thy son ; make me as one of thy hired servants."

The good Samaritan historically was as fictitious a being as the Prodigal Son. But what one man has lived on the earth since he was introduced to the world who has been worth to it the value of that ideal character ? What one mere human being has worn actual flesh and blood for the last two thousand years, who lives with such intense vitality in the best memories, life impulse, and action of this living generation as that ideal of a good neighbor ? What brightest star in our heavens above would we hold at higher worth than the light of his example ? For ever and for ever, as long as men shall fall among the thieves that beset the narrow turnings of life, or into the more

perilous ambush of their own appetites and passions, so long the good Samaritan will seek for them with his lantern in one hand, and his cruet of oil in the other, and pour the healing sympathy of his loving heart into their wounded spirits ; so long will he walk the thorny and stony paths of poverty, sin, and guilt ; and, with a hand and voice soft and tender with God's love, raise the fallen, bind up their wounds, and bring them back to the bosom of the great salvation.

Take away these ideals from the world and what should we have left ? How could humanity have ever been lifted above any level on which it groped unless it could have taken hold of something let down to it from above ? And what was that something ? It was the divine gift of this very creative faculty of the mind, which people nick-name imagination. Where would civilization have been to-day had it not been for these ideals which imagination, if you please, has embodied in sculpture, painting, architecture, and even in the commonest of industrial arts ? There was a time in the history of Greece when its early settlers almost worshiped a benefactor who first taught them to build huts and wear clothes, instead of living in caves and eating acorns like wild beasts. What force, then, was it that gave the steady continuity of progress from that first hut of wattles on Grecian soil to the magnificent Pantheon of Athens ? It was this very God-given faculty of the mind to build ideals on the low and narrow basis of actual fact. For every ideal must have at least a feeble real for its point of departure, otherwise it loses the vitality of truth, it makes a clean severance from human experience, and conveys no available instruction to the mind.

What this idealism has done in sculpture, painting, and architecture for human forms and habitations, it has done a hundred times more decisively in the construction of

human characters. Every mountain we see at twenty miles distance wears the face our idealism has given to it. All its bald and ragged rocks, its rough ravines, and river sides, are smoothed over with the blue of the intervening distance, until it looks like a great pillow of velvet, so soft that the cheek of the sky seems to indent it. Just so with the structures of human life. There is not a historical character one hundred years old that has not been smoothed over, softened, refined, and purified by our idealism. Take, for instance, the most impressive and valuable character to mankind that the Old Testament has handed down to us, the King and poet David. How the blue of twenty-five centuries has smoothed the rough crevices and wide discrepancies of his actual human life! He never stands before us in his bald, historic reality. We have created him a new and immortal being, as a companion and counsellor in all our experiences of trial, temptation, sin, joy, and sorrow. We have taken the living breath of his beautiful and tender psalms, or life, and breathed it back into a human ideal, which we call David. This ideal is not an image of wood or stone. It is not the being which the painter, the sculptor, or the poet creates. It is a being warm with all the pulses of human life and sympathy, whose eyes beam upon our tired souls with sweetness and light; who prays for us and with us, in temptation and affliction; who sings for us and with us, our songs of joy and thanksgiving; whose tears mingle with ours, and are as wet as ours, when we weep, with a face as low as his, for one as dear to us as his Absalom or the little infant of his affection was to him. Suppose, now, some malignant power *could* and *should* demolish this ideal David, and put the real, historical David, in all the baldness of his actual life, before us. Suppose this living personation of his psalms should vanish from our sight;

that the being we had created out of his own thoughts should disappear like the baseless fabric of a vision, leaving behind only the bare fact on which it was built. Why, the loss to the Christian world would be greater than the loss of a dozen of the brightest stars that shine in the heavens above. What our idealism has done to David, it has done to all the historical beings who have ever lived and left their impress on the world. This creative faculty peoples both earth and heaven with ideals. There is no height in the universe which it does not reach and crown with its impersonated conceptions. It mounts on the ladder of St. John's vision to its uppermost round. It sees all we saw ; it hears all we heard. It fills heaven with its living, vivid ideals. What are the productions of all the fiction writers of the world compared with the ideals which any dozen children of ten years among us have created ? Why, the boldest of us all would hardly dare to mount the heights of their young and honest conceptions. Suppose, for instance, we could see with their eyes the ideals of the historical God of the Universe, as He sees them ; that we could, as it were, photograph their impersonations of His being ; the humanity they make Him wear ; the throne they seat Him upon ; the crown they place on His head ; the robes they clothe Him with ; His heaven, His angels, the Saviour at His side, and the spirits of the just made perfect in the forms they give them. If we could see all these embodiments of their conceptions, we should get a clear view of the faculty and mission of idealism in the highest realm of spiritual life, as well as in that general progress and well-being of mankind which we call civilization.

But this creative faculty of the mind does something more than people the past and the future with its impersonations. It fills this living present with its human ideals,

which are as dear to us as "the immediate jewels" of our souls ; dearer far than the bare human realities that belong to our actual companionship. How cold and cruel would fall the hand upon our hearts and homes that should drive out of our Eden the beloved ideals that walk with us among its flowers, and even taste with us the forbidden fruit of its tree of knowledge of good and evil ! Why, every day ideals marry and are given in marriage to each other in our midst. The happiest homes on earth are the home of living ideals ; the homes of husbands and wives, parents and children, radiant with the idealism which one gives to the other. There is many a poor woman, pinched and pale with poverty, who can say, and does say, to her half-crippled, homely, and fretful husband :

"Although you are nothing to the world,
You are all the world to me."

The very term we use to designate the qualities of the highest beings of our faith and worship illustrates this idealism. We speak of the *attributes* of such a being. These are the dispositions, the faculties, the heart and mind which we attribute to one ; the qualities *we* believe him to possess, and which make up his character to our honest apprehension. It is one of the happiest faculties of the human mind that we can attribute these qualities even to those nearest and dearest to us ; that, while they walk by our side through life, we can robe their real beings with the soft velvet of our idealism, hiding all the unwelcome discrepancies and unpleasant features of bare fact which we do not *wish* to see. Not one of the Christian graces acts without some faculty of the mind put in exercise. And charity, that crowning virtue of them all—"charity that beareth all things, *believeth* all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things ; charity that suffereth long and is kind, and envieth not, and *thinketh* no evil"—this,

the greatest of all the graces that brighten and sweeten the life of human society, acts more through this faculty of idealism than through any other power of the mind. What a wretched aggregation of human beings society would be if they lived and moved together in the bare bones of actual fact, unclothed upon by that soft mantle of our idealism, which is woven in the same loom as charity's best robe, wherewith she covers such a multitude of sins, blots, and specks which would otherwise be seen to the hurt of our social happiness !

We have, then, the clearest testimony that God could give in nature, in revelation, and in the history of mankind, that there is no power of the human mind through which He works so manifestly, so irresistibly for the uplifting and salvation of our race as this very faculty of idealism. Not a family or tribe of mankind has ever made one step of progress in civilization except through the exercise of this faculty. Not an individual soul has made its pilgrimage on earth and reached the opened gate of the heavenly city without the constant help of this faculty. It is the faculty that creates for the heart, and eye, and ear, and hand of faith, a new heaven and a new earth, and peoples both with ideals which are a hundred times more vivid, tangible, companionable, and helpful to it than the best realities that are found in flesh and blood. It would require volumes to record the history of this great faculty ; of its training and progress through the ages ; of the successive stages by which it has carried mankind forward on the high road of civilization ; of the industrial and fine arts it has produced, and of the thousand ways in which it has worked for the glory of God and the good of man. All the mechanical, chemical, and electrical forces now in operation for mankind have been developed through this reserved force of the intellect. Their history is the history

of idealism brought to bear upon the pure and simple facts of nature.

In all the mythologies and poetical conceptions of Greece, Rome, and other countries in the pagan ages, we see what characters and what characteristics made up the beau-ideals of their conception. They represented and deified the brute forces of humanity, the strength, courage, and feats of the warrior. Their highest qualities were the brute-force virtues, which then inspired and filled all that the imagination of society could grasp of good and glory. As these qualities were to that imagination the divinest that man could attain and illustrate, so they supplemented there actual, historical heroes with ideal beings who had exhibited these qualities to a superhuman degree of power and courage. Thus we can trace the progress of the human mind in its conception and estimation of the moral virtues by the character of the ideals it has created. In what are called the classic or heroic ages, these ideals were all of the same cast—they all represented the same qualities. They were all martial heroes, who fought *with* the gods or *against* them, or were held as divine in their origin and end.

It is a peculiar feature of inspired idealism, or of the fictitious characters wrought under the influence of divine revelation, that they illustrate what we may call the reactive virtues. They exhibit the culture of the human soul ; the training and development of its faculties of thought and feeling and moral action to the highest perfection that a poetical imagination can conceive. They erect before us the structure of a human character all glorious with truth and beauty in the highest conceivable perfection, and say to us, "Behold the man !" Behold the model for your own life and thoughts.

The character of Job will serve us as the highest ideal

which the Old Testament history gives us of that great virtue which the soul most needs as the anchor of its immortal hopes. It matters not when or where Job lived, or whether he ever lived at all, as a historical personage. He lives and will live for ever, as the good Samaritan or the Prodigal Son lives, with a vitality that broadens and strengthens with the ages. When that grandest and sublimest of human biographies was written, the great virtue his character impersonated was of the most vital value to the human soul. Patience even now, under the unsetting sunlight of a revealed immortality, is one of the greatest virtues a Christian can exercise. Even on the surest anchorage of his hopes, and in the brightest visions of his faith, there is a mystery in some of the sad experiences he is called to endure, which almost drifts him into the gurgling eddies of despair. But in Job we have a human soul tried by every conceivable vicissitude of affliction, with no anchorage within the veil to hold him in the flood of his woes ; with no ray of revealed immortality to light his faith to a happy world of existence beyond the grave. We see the quick succession of disasters that fall upon his life ; the sweeping visitation of God that crushes all his children to death in a moment ; the destruction of all his property ; the consuming and loathsome disease that lays him in the dust ; and, hardest of all to bear, his fall from the respect of princes to the contempt of beggars. We see how his faith in God is strained to the most desperate treason as the tempest of his afflictions blackens and beats upon him. We wonder if the next surge will part his anchor, and utterly drown him in despair. While mistaken friends reproach him with a concealed hypocrisy that has brought down these judgments upon him ; while his broken-spirited wife urges him to merit the afflictions he suffers, "to curse God and

die," and at the moment when we fear he will do it, we see him lift to heaven those plaintive eyes, half closed with the salt clay his tears have made in the dust ; we see him clasp those flayed and swollen hands ; we hear that choked and broken voice saying, in the accents of a sick child, "*Though he slay me, yet will I trust in Him.*"

Here, then, we have in Job one of the great ideals that God Himself has given to us, in the sublimest language ever written on earth since He wrote with his own fingers on Sinai the first penned syllables of any human tongue. Here we have a human impersonation of Patience, who will live to the last day of our race, and write his name on the last blank leaf of the long history of human affliction. The psalms and songs of David, and the inspired poetry of the Hebrew prophets, peopled the glorious future they predicted with splendid ideals, and anointed them with holy oil for their missions on the earth. What a halo of glory and heavenly grace David puts around the brow and the kingdom of Solomon, his son and successor ! What an ideal of *human* power and splendor, of kingly might and Hebrew dominion, the prophets presented to the Jewish mind in their Messiah ! And how their whole race to this day cling to that ideal as the unrealized fruition of their great hope of reconstruction and glory as a nation !

Next to the Bible in the production of sublime ideas, I think we must rank the creations of Shakespeare. His idealistic power swept over the whole life and record of nations, clean back to the dawn of Grecian history. His creative genius was not afraid to walk in its might and courage where Horace and Virgil bashful trod. He came ; he saw the 'sublimest ideals they had erected before an admiring world, and he was not afraid to take the originals of their heroes and heroines and impersonate them in

loftier conceptions of moral grandeur and beauty. He taught his genius to inhale the true spirit of past ages and nations, and to breathe the breath of each into the great characters he constructed out of its history. He made the heroes of the siege of Troy more Greek in mein, mind, form, and stature, than Homer could paint them. He made the grandest of all the Romans walk, speak, feel, and act more Roman in spirit and carriage than any historical characters that Roman poets or historians ever described. Like the sun, that reveals what lies hidden under the starlight, his genius passed over the great historical characters of twenty centuries, and showed them to the world radiant with qualities that never shone in them before. Half "the divinity that doth hedge about a king," kings to-day owe to Shakespeare. He did for them what no other writer who ever lived did or could do. He idealized them in personations of dignity which they never realized in actual life. Never kings walked and talked on earth with such majesty of deportment and utterance and sentiment as his sovereigns. The crowns he set upon their brows to this very day are brilliant with a luster that even republics admire.

I think it is safe to say, that no other writer, before or since his day, ever produced so many illustrations and distinctive characters as Shakespeare. Whatever historical basis he had to build upon, every character he constructed was a completely distinct creation. He never reproduced it in another. Then there is hardly a human condition, passion, or virtue which he did not embody in some vivid impersonation. Any thoughtful man, walking up and down the gallery of his embodiments, may write the name of its living spirit under every one of them. Who could doubt what to write under his Macbeth, Hamlet, Richard, Lear, Falstaff, Brutus, Shylock, Portia, Jes-

sica, or Juliet? But there is one characteristic common to all his creations. Although he himself belonged to the middle class of English society, he took from it none of his heroes or heroines. These he found alone in royal courts and in noble and gentle blood. But doubtless he had a reason for this predilection which the writers of the present day cannot plead. The England of which he wrote was the England of Norman pride and dominion. The half-despised and depressed Saxon masses had not yet developed a middle class of any intellectual or social stature. They only furnished the clowns, cowherds and swineherds and supernumeraries of the drama for Shakespeare and other writers, not only of his age but of later times. He wrote only for the aristocracy—for that was the only class that produced all his great characters, and could appreciate them and reward his genius. But the reading masses of the English-speaking race all round the globe have arisen to the level of his grandest conceptions, to perceive and enjoy their power, truth, and beauty. The sun of his genius has been two hundred years in coming to its meridian ; and for the first time in all this period it is now beginning to be seen in all its luster, even by the working classes of Christendom. He put such epigrammatic force into the noblest truths and sentiments of purity and beauty, that we often see them quoted as axioms of Holy Writ ; and sometimes persons have ascribed to Shakespeare some apothegm of Job, David, or Isaiah.

Coming down over a space of two hundred years to Sir Walter Scott, we have another circle of brilliant creations, produced by that great novelist. He wrote on the same level as Shakespeare. He wrote of the aristocracy and for the aristocracy, and for that very reason he was all the more popular with classes who love to look to a rank above their own for their ideals of heroic deeds and chivalric

virtues. All his life long he fascinated the reading ranks of society with such ideals, whether they were based on historical facts, or whether the pure fictions of his genius. In both he favored the genteel discrepancies of aristocratic life and softened the aspect of its easy moralities. Making the best of its moral and social habits, he brings out his leading figures with the glamour of a few brilliant vices, as if it would brighten the sheen of their virtues in the eyes of the world. And doubtless he was correct in his appreciation of the tastes of his age and generation. He knew that Leicester and Marmion would be insipid characters without the wine and relish of criminal passion, or moral obliquity. It would be a nice and difficult question to settle, whether vice or virtue supplied the most attractive characteristic of his creations. They presented both in a popular and brilliant aspect, and made both equally genteel and admirable. They entertained the fashionable public of the age with delicious pictures of high life and society. They were a luxury to the parlor and boudoir ; but it is very doubtful if they ever stirred a human sympathy to action to soften the rough pathways of poverty and suffering, or moved one to any heroic deeds of charity and benevolence to the friendless and fallen. We have no reason to believe they ever ameliorated the discipline of a prison or poor-house, or humanized a Draconic law, or generated a helpful influence in behalf of the industrial masses of the people. His characters and their life belonged to another world, to be regarded by the common people as distant and inaccessible objects of admiration, leaving no footprints for their humble feet to follow ; no deeds which they could imitate.

A host of other brilliant writers have followed Scott in these upper walks of social life, and hundreds probably will imitate his example for a generation to come. They

love to air their genius and build their castles on these serene heights of aristocratic society, and to show the lower world what ideals of romantic chivalry, of love, purity, and patriotism royal and noble and gentle blood can only produce. And the fact is worthy of notice, that every one of these writers belongs to the middle class of society, which, they seem to imply, is too poor in manly and womanly virtues to produce even the small and feeble basis of fact for ideals which their genius could make attractive to the reading world. And I think we almost owe it as an act of justice to the titled and hereditary nobility and gentry thus idealized, to remember that they themselves never belauded their own class by claiming the monopoly of such heroes and heroines, or by describing such characters as belonging to their own class alone. Even Disraeli, the author of *Lothair*, was born in the very middle class, and other writers who preceded him or imitate him in their aristocratic characters, began their literary life on the same level.

We now come to a writer who was to an unexplored world of human life what Columbus was to a new hemisphere of the earth. I say, unexplored in an honest sense of appreciation. It had been superficially glanced over to furnish low or comic actors on the stage of exalted characters, as foils to bring out their noble qualities in fuller relief. But Dickens, without previous chart or example to guide him, landed on this half-forgotten shore of human life, and, lighted by his own experience in its hardest and commonest walks, he presented to the world a set of characters out of common men, women, and children, which have doubtless made a deeper, a more lasting and healthful impression on the present age than all the ideals taken from the ranks of aristocratic and titled fashion for the last hundred years. There is no miry or thorny by-path

of poverty, there is no lane nor alley of hard and suffering life, in which he has not found the material and suggestion for some hero or heroine of minor virtue; some living impersonation of moral courage, faith, patience, gentleness, tenderness, love, or purity. There is no brilliant nor fashionable vice, no form of hypocrisy, or untruthful pretension; there is no iniquity established by a lord; no stingy habit, nor hard-hearted institution; no sham nor shameful inhumanity in private or public life, in school-house, poor-house, or prison-house, which he has not impersonated in his creations and shown to the world in their most repulsive aspects. I think it is not too much to say, that no writer of fiction ever made the public laugh with more healthy laughter, or weep with more healthy tears, than Charles Dickens. For he makes no one laugh at crime, or weep for experiences that are not true and frequent in common life. Thus he has set more of the practical sympathies of benevolence at work than any other novelist, living or dead. It is just as impossible to measure the ameliorating influence he brought to bear upon the spirit and discipline of prisons, poor-houses, schools, law courts, and other institutions in Great Britain, as it is to measure the value of a day's rain in summer on a dusty continent. His ideals met the urgent necessities of his age and country. He produced them in the right order of succession, and the public recognized in them impersonations of qualities and characters that were true to nature and common to society. His "Old Curiosity Shop" was full of vivid ideals that seem strange; but they were actual, living facts merely put under the microscopic power of his genius, which magnified but did not distort them. Hundreds of mothers, on both sides of the Atlantic, recognize the sweet, meek face of his little Nell in the little daughter they had loved and lost. His Quilp was detested,

hated, and avoided in every society. Who can tell the worth of his Pecksniff to an age much given to shams and pretentious seeming? Then, what novelist ever lighted the lower walks of common life with such helpful and attainable ideals as his Tom Pinch, Mark Tapley, Daniel Peggoty, his Cheap Jack, Little Dorrit, Barnaby Rudge, and other humble but brave heroes who battle with the hard lots of common men?

Turning to American writers, I think we must admit that no human ideal was ever created on this continent that so impressed the world, and, "like a blind Samson," so shook the pillars of our nation, as Harriet Beecher Stowe's Uncle Tom. Millions on both sides of the Atlantic saw him dying under the lash, the lacerated impersonation of the cruelties and degradation which slavery would and did inflict on human beings. For a whole year long, Uncle Tom stood up before every court in Europe, lifting his black and furrowed visage above all the admired ideals that the novelists of a hundred years had created. There was scarce a reading cottage family in England that did not give him the first place in its tearful sympathy with human suffering. Thus for weeks and months a representative of four millions of African slaves was raised from his low level and placed before half of Christendom in the very front rank of those ideal beings which the world's best genius has created out of the actual histories of human experience.

It may be said, to the credit of most American writers, that, if they have not followed Dickens on the same plan of human experience, they have not gone abroad to glean for ideals in the glorified preserves of royal or noble blood. They have taken their characters generally from the highest walks of American life, though such walks are frequently so far removed from the observation and experi-

ence of common men and women that one may well wonder in what sections of American society they are to be found.

But if *Old* England has given a Shakespeare to the world, to dramatize its grandest histories, and to enrich its foremost nations with the sublime statuary of his great ideals, *New* England has given, to a world as wide, a Longfellow, as the poet of the human heart and its unwritten and unspoken emotions and experiences. No two poets were ever sundered by such spaces of dissimilarity. No other two ever dropped into the world's mind thoughts so immortal, yet so different in their breathing force and generating life. Dryden supplies the best comparison between the great poet of human history and the world-beloved poet of the human heart.

"Let old Timotheus yield the prize,
Or both divide the crown;
He raised a mortal to the skies,
She drew an angel down."

Certainly no poet ever drew more angels down to the companionship, to the aid and comfort of common men and women, than Longfellow. No one ever idealized the experiences of their hearts and lives so truthfully, tenderly, and vividly. There is not a hope or faith that has stayed them in the beating flood of affliction which he has not impersonated in some character, whose face is like the face of a son or daughter at their own fireside. No other poet, living or dead, has shown us so many angel-beaten paths between the here and the hereafter, and lighted them with so many lamps all the way to the Celestial City. The critics and connoisseurs of scientific poetry tell us he cannot be ranked with the masters of the art, that he lacks nerve and force; that he does not thunder and lighten with mighty thoughts and grand conceptions,

half hidden and half revealed. This may be true. There is none of the majestic roll and flow of Tennyson's genius, nor the mystic and misty touch of Browning, nor the wild, weird strength of fancy-mad Swinburne. It is one of his simplest poems, in title, diction, figure, and flow. But no other poem ever written has so entered into the very blood and bone of the common reading world as those few words,—“The young man said to the Psalmist.” It is safe to say that no other poem has been committed to memory by so many thousands on both sides of the Atlantic; no other so often quoted or referred to, or, made the text or inspiration of so many parallel thoughts; none that is making its way into so many languages. As an illustration of its power to touch the universal heart of mankind with its truth and beauty, a single incident may suffice. A few years ago, it is said, the Secretary of the British Embassy at Peking translated “The Psalm of Life” into the common vernacular Chinese, and wrote it on the door-posts of the building. A mandarin of high rank, passing by, stopped to read it. He was struck with its sweetness and beauty even in such a translation, and he put it in the classic language of the country and sent it to Longfellow, written on a splendid Chinese fan.

If this were the only production of the poet, it would enshrine him for ever in its own beautiful immortality. It can never die. Its spirit and utterance must run parallel with the attributes of human nature in all the ages to come. It matters not on what level of life, or in what direction a man may shape his pilgrimage on earth, “The Psalm of Life” will tune his hope-beats to all the steps of the journey from childhood to old age. Never were simple words voiced with such instrumental music of every cadence and mode of expression. We hear the bugle of faith sound the reveille over a sleeping camp. We feel our own feet

beat time to the tread of the march, when the clarion of honest ambition sounds loud and clear over the bright morning of radiant hope. As the day deepens with human experience, we begin to hear the muffled drum "beating funeral marches to the grave." We see the obstinate past and the living present close in "the battle of life." We hear its trumpets and the shout of its heroes. Vivid images and brave voices of cheer thicken as we listen. Every line of the poem impersonates a glorious truth. They are all alive with human blood and breath. First, we have the psalmist himself, who has drawn out the young man's remonstrance. We know what manner of moralist he is, and what he has been saying to the young man. He is one of the old constitutional croakers, who has made "Hervey's Meditations among the Tombs" the daily food of his thoughts. His lips are weary with doleful Jeremiads over the shortness and vanity of life; just as if the *now* were the *for ever*, it would be the best heaven that God could create for the human soul. With his long, sallow face and warning voice, he has been pouring one of these old ditties of grief into the young man's ears. The young man has heard it before, as he hears it now. The better intuitions of his own heart dictate the reply. See how he turns the old man's mortality argument into stimulus to brave hope, duty, and action. See how he makes an honest human life stir the very earth with the footsteps of its heroic endeavor, singing its songs by night, and beating its foes by day. See how he calls to young and old to fill the heart with a great purpose, and bear it into the strife with a faith and courage that shall never wane nor waver. Mark how every succeeding verse of the poem echoes with the voices of cheer and hope and victory that come up to us out of the conflict.

Some clever critics have almost reproached Longfellow for singing so much in the minor mode of pathos—as if

he would dim the eyes of the reader to his lack of power by filling them with the dew of sympathy with some sad experience or emotion. They have even had the heart to insinuate that there was a method in assuming this pathetic mood. But all his poems prove that this tender sentiment of sympathy is the spontaneous and vital breath of his intense humanity. It pervades all his works like a living spirit. You may feel its pulse in every line. How tenderly it breathes in *Evangeline*, in *Hiawatha*, in his poems on slavery, "The Footsteps of Angels," "The Bridge," "The Goblet of Life," "The Reaper and the Flowers." Take his "Resignation," for example, and ask the thousands of bereaved parents on both sides of the Atlantic, who have dried their eyes over that poem while sitting silent under the shadow of the great affliction, whether they can believe that the spirit it breathes was a mere simulated sentiment of a poet, whose heart had never been touched with the sorrow he describes. It is the poet himself who stands in the doorway of his own-darkened home, and, with his back to the outside world, folds the hand of his weeping wife in his own, and speaks to her of the dear one gone to a brighter life, leaving fresh footprints all the way to the heavenly city. How beautifully and tenderly he unfolds the unbroken continuity of existence and growth, transforming death and all the accessories of the tomb into the dawning light and welcome home of the life immortal! What poem in the English language of the same length is so full of varied and vivid idealism? Mark the succession of images that runs through every verse; all combining their significance in the concluding sentiment.

What his glorious apostrophe to "The Ship of State" is to American patriots, "The Village Blacksmith" is to the great masses of the boundless commonwealth of labor. who read or hear its brave words of hope and cheer. I

have heard it sung to thousands of them in England, and they would burst out in an expression of enthusiasm that shook the building before the line was finished. They were sweat-faced men "with large and sinewy hands," who had but dim perception of artistic music, but the words of the poet were more than music to their souls; and when he drew the picture of the patient, brave, hopeful, self-reliant, and self-standing blacksmith, they hailed him as their highest beau-ideal of manly dignity and heroism. Notice how the whole description of this valiant artisan shapes itself into the great moral contained in the last verse.

No other living or modern poet has written on so many different subjects as Longfellow. What "distant voices seemed to say" to him in his woodland dreams, he has obeyed from his first to his last song. "All forms of sorrow and delight" he has sung as no other poet ever sang them. He could find in the humble life of French peasantry in Nova Scotia a heroine in Kirtle, whose beautiful graces will give her name and place in the heart of the world which Homer's Helen, Dante's Beatrice, or Tennyson's Guinevere will never hold nor attain. He did not need to set heaven ablaze with war and make its golden streets resound with the tread of mailed seraphs. He did not need to imitate the profane audacity of Milton, and put the unsanctified speech of human thoughts into the holy lips of God. He did not need to dramatise heaven and hell, to interchange their history, and alternate their *dramatis personæ* on the same theatrical stage. No, he found in the battle of common life heroes and heroines, more indigenous to humanity, whose faith, purity, truth, courage, and victories will ever be dearer and nearer and more helpful to the great, every-day world of living men and women than all the artistic characters in the *Paradise Lost*, or *Mort d'Arthur*.—*Canadian Monthly*.

THE MISSION OF GREAT SUFFERINGS IN THE
DEVELOPMENT OF INTERNATIONAL SYM-
PATHY AND BENEVOLENCE.

ST. PAUL'S CHARITY SERMONS TO GRECIAN IN BEHALF OF JEW-
ISH CHRISTIANS; EXAMPLES OF INTERNATIONAL GOOD WILL
AND GOOD WORKS; BENEVOLENT ASSOCIATIONS; THE IRISH
FAMINE AND ITS LESSONS.

The sufferings that touch the hearts of nations with international sympathy, benevolence, and benefaction have a mission of true moral sublimity, and rank among the foremost influences which the Universal Father of mankind has provided for their moral culture and social happiness.

One of the first and most distinctive fruits of Christianity was the production of international sympathy. To melt a passage through the icy boundaries of national self-hood; to perforate them, here and there, with a duct of kindly sentiment between peoples divided through all their history by multifarious antipathies; to lift upon grim bulwarks of caste-prejudice and international alienation that great doctrine of the Christian faith, the Universal Fatherhood of God and the Universal Brotherhood of Men, and to inspire in the hearts of men of different race and tongue this feeling of oneness, rearing it up into a capacity and habit of disinterested and broad benevolence, extending and working beyond limits which the lean charities of pagan civilization never crossed,—this was the master-work of the Christian religion operating upon men as communities.

The great Apostle to the Gentiles set this work to the seal and proof of his ministry. He was the first of the missionaries of the mighty Gospel he preached, to win

for it the first large and decisive triumph of this, its central principle. The Greeks and Jews had the feeling of nationality and race as intensely alive in their hearts as any two peoples of their period. It was strong and outspoken in the first converts to Christianity among them. Even the disciples who had walked longest with their Master on earth had it so vivid and invincible within them that, just after the Pentecost, they thought it almost contamination to eat bread with a converted Greek or Roman. How delicately, and even adroitly, Paul took advantage of a season of pinching want among the Jews to unite both grace and hunger in leveling this partition wall between them and the European churches! Who ever preached such charity sermons as he did in the Grecian cities? What a new expansion and vital application he gave to the doctrine in his speech to the cynical casuists of Athens in the midst of Mars Hill! There he enunciated the grand generality: "God hath made of one blood all nations of men;" and clinched the declaration with an apt quotation from Aratus, "one of your own poets." But in his sermons to the Greek churches he dwelt upon the more vital relationships of the Christian faith existing between all who had received it into their souls as a life of thought and action. He made them see and feel that God had not only made them of one blood, but of one spirit, whatever their country, color, and condition; that the first distinctive fruit of that spirit was love to the brethren of the great family circle thus formed, and good-will to men outside of its pale. How earnestly he sought among them these fruits of the spirit, as if they were to be the very crown jewels of his ministry. And how like such a jewel was every gift, however small, that he elicited from the Grecian Christians towards the relief of their Hebrew co-religionists at Jeru-

salem ! Who can say what delight he took into his heart with the thought of spreading, with these Gentile contributors, the tables of those famished, half-converted Jewish zealots who reprove Peter for eating bread with one of Caesar's converted captains ! The Jews ate of this manna of foreign sympathy from Macedonia and other Grecian districts gladly and thankfully ; and, as they ate, the scales of hereditary prejudice fell from their eyes, and they saw what Peter saw coming down from heaven ; they saw new visions of the life which their faith was to beget in the world, and felt indeed that in the great law and liberty of that faith there was neither Jew nor Gentile, bond nor free, nor caste nor color, but all were merged into one brotherhood.

Such a mission did the great Apostle make of a little suffering by famine in Judea. He called forth and organized the first expression of genuine international sympathy and benevolence. Monarchs and high potentates had made magnificent presents to each other, but these were mere exchanges of courtesy, scrupulously equal, and merely expressions of selfishness instead of benevolence. But the contributions of money, food, and clothing sent by the young churches of Gr  ce to their fellow Christians in Judea were doubtless the first, as well as the largest, tokens of good-will that any community of common men of one country had ever given to another of a different race and nation.

From this germ of international sympathy and benevolence, watered and fostered by Paul, we must leap over the intermediate space of many centuries without the slow process of its foliation and flowerage, or what fruits it bore in the wide interval. It would be difficult to find many proofs of its steadily increasing development in the Middle Ages. History has given but a scant, if any,

record of the sentiment which any great calamity in one country, by plague, flood, fire, or famine, produced among the people of another nation and language. It would not be an easy task even to get at the true measure of sympathy and practical benevolence which the earthquake that engulfed Lisbon awakened in England, France, or Germany toward the suffering city.

Doubtless many instances of this fellow-feeling between the people of different countries, on occasions of great suffering, might be found all the way back to the beginning of Christianity as a power among men, but we will cite only two or three cases that have come within the memory of those living, and which illustrate the growth, power, and beauty of international sympathy, and good will and good works. And here I must express a regret that we are shut up to the rather formal, legal, and ungenial term, *international*. It carries with it the idea of too much governmental machinery and political structure, and makes nations sound too much like *Powers*, to characterize the sentiment we are considering, or that feeling called forth among the common people in one country towards the people of another, by some great disaster or distress. *Interpopular* would express this sentiment more fully and truly if we could divest it of the universal sense given to the body of the word, and attach to the whole a meaning signifying a condition, circumstance, or sentiment existing between the masses of the people of two or more countries. But for lack of a term conveying exclusively and fully this signification, we must use the defective qualification,—*international*.

The first instance which we will cite of this international sympathy and good will, called forth by a great suffering, is one perhaps quite unknown, or forgotten, in Europe. It will not the less serve us as an illustration on that account.

Some time in the first quarter of the present century, a few years after the last war between Great Britain and the United States, intelligence reached Boston that the town of St. John's, Newfoundland, had been almost entirely burnt to ashes, and that the majority of the inhabitants were houseless, foodless, and without clothing. It was the very dead of winter. All communication by sea and land was suspended by snow and ice. But if hunger can eat through stone walls, humanity can break through ice to carry relief to the suffering. The news of the conflagration circulated through the city. Hundreds of men, women, and children were in sorest distress on that remote and unfrequented island. Could a more terrible calamity fall upon them alive than to be burnt out of house and home in the middle of such a winter, and in the middle of the night? Visions of infants and small children, of sick and aged invalids, plucked out of the crackling flames, half-dressed, into the cutting air at zero, came before the well-housed families of the city; and there was a search, as with lighted candles, in kitchen, cellar, and garret, for spare food and raiment, and things that would make for comfort to such sufferers. And there was a merchant who lent his ship for the work, and there was a hardy old sea-captain, with a brave and manly heart in him, who volunteered to sail through the fields of ice; and there were poorer men, as good and brave as he, who offered their hard hands to man the frosted ropes on the voyage. And the ship was loaded down with the diversified gifts of the city. Flour in barrels and sacks, vegetables massed in the hold, grown on a hundred New England hills,—clothing, warm and good as new, for every human size and form, and other things innumerable, each conveying the language of a kind thought from the giver, made up the lading of the

stout ship that was to wrestle with the winter all the way to Newfoundland. Out of Boston harbor it trod forth to sea against the champing ice ; and hundreds came down to the wharf to see its stiffened sails face the freezing wind, and the furrow its keel made between the floes. And as she moved away heavily and slowly, their voices surged out upon the morning air in lusty cheers, and the master and his men swung their tarpaulins and cheered again, like heroes going forth to battle. And battle they did, by night and day, against fierce northeasters ; and more than one of the old salts frosted his fingers at the frozen ropes at midnight, when the snow-storm was on.

At last they sighted from afar the half-destroyed town, and were sighted in turn. From out of the black desolation—all the blacker for the unstained snow drifted up to the outer rim of the burning's reach—the port-captain leveled his telescope at the strange apparition. It was not the spectre of a dream, though it looked like a ship of snow, with masts, spars, sails, and ropes of ice, shining like polished silver in the cold morning sun. Where does it come from, and why ? were the questions of crowds of spectators who had caught sight of it, and pressed upon the captain with their eager queries. Was it a pirate's craft, prowling about the ice-bound coast for prey ? It was pushing and crushing its way, yard by yard, toward the harbor, signaling for guide and help. The port-captain's boat pushed off and worked its way towards the strange vessel. "Ahoy, there !" shouted the man at the bar ; "what ship is that ?" "The Good Hope, from Boston, with something comfortable for your burnt-out people, sir." The pilot clambered up the slippery side of the vessel, and thought never a pilot before him had brought into port a ship so laden. All the walking population of the little city came down to the wharf to see the sight,—

and it was a goodly one to see, and a better one to feel, to the inner heart of its meaning. Never before, probably, was a whole population so deeply moved by an act of sympathy and good-will on the part of a distant and foreign people. The captain, with his brown cheeks blistered by the biting air, and his frost-bitten sailors, were greeted with a warmth that took the frost out of their limbs and let into their hearts the happiest sunlight that shines outside of heaven. They were taken into the best and kindest homes in the town, and cared for most tenderly, until the good ship's cargo was unladen and distributed by the authorities, among the sufferers by fire.

What, in real value to mankind, were the famous Argos and Jason's expedition, compared with the mission of that small ship, in mid-winter, to a suffering community of another nation? If it had gone on the most brilliant venture, and brought back a hundred golden fleeces, they were dishevelled strings of tow compared with the memory of the act it performed and the influences that act set in motion. "Behold what a fire a little matter kindleth!" says the proverb, and says it in reference to the bad feeling and mischief produced by small acts or expressions of malevolence. The converse is equally true. Behold what an area of human life is warmed and gladdened by a small act of generous sympathy and kindness! And what a growth of benevolent thoughts, deeds, and dispositions comes up out of the warmth thus diffused! How cheaply such influences can be brought to operate upon the hearts of sea-divided communities! For a whole generation that single vessel-load of contributions from the city of Boston was held in happy and grateful memory by the inhabitants of the Newfoundland town.

The local wants of England, America, and other countries went on with their beneficent work of opening

up corresponding and permanent local fountains of philanthropy in the form of benevolent associations. These gathered in the thousand little trickling streams of goodwill from individual hearts, just as "the sun draws water" from distant seas and distils it in vitalizing rains and dews upon the earth. New wants, or new-found lands of suffering, in classes or individuals, brought into existence new benevolent associations and efforts; and these again added their training influences upon the public mind; thus educating it in new dispositions and habits of sympathy and charity toward the suffering, of every grade of misfortune or affliction. Once in a decade or two the Father of all human families, great and small, brings, upon this people or that, a dispensation that has in itself a great mission of various ends. In the first place, it serves as a *sympathometer*, by which to measure the depth and capacity of the distributing fountains of benevolence filled by the thousand rivulets which these philanthropic societies and institutions have brought together. It proves, by palpable evidence, whether these fountains are full enough to overflow the dividing boundaries of nations and water the scorched land of suffering on the other side. Then such a dispensation, generally called a calamity by those who cannot see the bright side of its errand in the world, not only measures the breadth and depth of these national fountains of philanthropy, but it actually widens and deepens them. For it is one of the happiest and blesseddest arrangements which Providence has ordained in its government of the wide world of human mind and heart, that the most precious gifts to mankind are increased not by saving but by giving; not by hoarding but by outpouring. Thus the priceless fountain of a nation's benevolence, like that of knowledge, or of God's grace in a good man's heart, is filled by its *outlets*. The more it gives out the more it has to give.

As an illustration of these characteristics of genuine benevolence, we will take the Irish Famine in 1847. Before Providence applied the great sympathometer to the heart of Christendom, hundreds of benevolent societies, both in England and America, had been at work sowing, broad-cast, seeds of good-will and quick-thoughted charity with one hand and reaping rich sheaves of philanthropy with the other. And the sowing-hand scattered more in proportion than the sickle-hand reaped, for it sowed for the distant harvests of far-off years. So, when the Irish Famine came with its train of sufferings, it came at the harvest-time of rich benevolence in both countries. And we witnessed such an inpouring flood of sympathy and relief, overflowing the boundaries of nations, as the world never saw before. Indeed, the world would not have known what it had in its heart at the time had it not been for the Irish Famine. The whole of Christendom was touched to lively and generous sympathy towards the suffering island. Gifts came in from nearly all latitudes and longitudes of the globe: They were not confined to the English-speaking race thus scattered; for if this had been so, it might have been said, "it was all in the family," coming only from the fellow-feeling of blood-relations. No one event of this quality of experience, in the history of England, ever worked out so much good for her people. It flooded the country with a sympathy for suffering which the suns of a hundred years of continuous prosperity could not dry up. From palace to cottage, from prince to peasant, this generous sentiment flowed toward Ireland. And, what made the beauty, power, and value of the sentiment, it was not a momentary and transient feeling, expanded in one great impulsive effort to relieve a sudden and extraordinary suffering. It was not the rush of men and women

out of their comfortable homes at midnight to quench the flames of a neighbor's dwelling, and rescue his sleeping and helpless children from the fire. The calamity came slowly with its muttering sounds of warning. Its shadow settled down gently and gradually in thickening gloom upon the country. Had not the heart of the nation been previously trained to benevolent dispositions, this very premonition and continuity of suffering might have bred, first familiarity, then indifference, in regard to it. But with this preliminary training, the people had been prepared to meet the long distress with a stream of munificent benevolence that ran wide, deep, and full to the last.

Doubtless it would be difficult to find a single family in Great Britain, however poor, that did not send some little gift to the help of the suffering Irish. The British Parliament voted millions of pounds sterling to their relief, and many an infant school in the country villages voted their treasured mites of copper, letting playthings and sweetmeats "go by the board," that they might send a few penny loaves of bread to the starving children on the other island. And for weeks and months this discipline of the heart went on in its beneficent work. No great people in Christendom were ever before put to such a long term of schooling at once in the education of benevolent sympathy. When the famine came to an end, the stock of working, large-hearted, and quick-sighted philanthropy which it called into life in Great Britain doubtless quadrupled the amount existing before the dispensation. During the harvest months of the famine there was a glorious ingathering of the sheaves of goodwill; but these, rich and abundant as they were, and above all price, were small in value to mankind compared with the wide seeding of philanthropy for future reaping,

spread over the whole area of the empire during that season of softening suffering. It never will be known, until declared by the Great Father who keeps the record of cups of cold water given for the love of Him, how many thousands upon thousands of poor, sick sufferers by disease or poverty in Great Britain and her distant colonies have drunk and been comforted, since the Irish famine, at the fountains of benevolence which it opened up and set afLOW.

But this home result of the Irish Famine, after all its wide-reaching blessing, was not the most important and valuable one to mankind at large. It produced another of broader and even higher influence and worth. It touched the hearts of outside and distant peoples to a sentiment of their common humanity which was never before stirred in them to such fine issues. In America this fellow-feeling pervaded the whole population, north and south, white and black, bond and free. It spread from ocean to ocean, and moved to lively sympathy all the millions who spoke the English tongue on the continent. The very slaves in the south, at their rude cabin meals at night, thought and spoke of the hungry people somewhere beyond the sea, they knew not in what direction. And they came with their small gifts in their hands, and laid them among the general contributions, each with a heart full of kindly feeling towards the suffering. Never was there such a rummaging in cellars, garrets, wardrobes, and granaries in the United States, for things that would be comfortable to the hungry and needy. Little children, in their small ways of thinking, brought their cherry-faced dolls with the idea that these would speak comfort out of their bead eyes to the starving babies of Ireland. The bags and barrels of flour, wheat, and Indian corn, the butter, cheese, and bacon sent from

the prairie farmers of the Western States, were marvelous for number and heartiness of contribution. From a thousand pulpits, between the closing prayer and the benediction, a thousand congregations of different creeds were invited to lend a hand to the general charity in a few earnest and feeling words about the Universal Fatherhood of God, and the Universal Brotherhood of men.

The National Government and Congress were touched by the same impulse, and ordered out of their berths two great war ships to convey a portion of the people's offerings to Ireland. It was a pleasant sight to see those grim old frigates lay off their armor and put on the most peaceful civilian dress that any ships ever wore abroad. One of them was a frigate captured from the British navy in the last war between the two countries. Its port-holes, now showing double rows of limbered flour-barrels charged full to their heads and hoops with the best brand of wheat powder, once belched forth fire, smoke, and hissing bolts of destruction in the angry parlance of battle with its American opponent. Landseer's white lamb looking into a dove's nest in the mouth of a half-buried cannon does not make such a good picture of Peace as he might have made of those two frigates, washed, and shaved, and walking, with a good-natured sailor's roll, across the ocean, with all their huge pockets full of bacon, bread, and cheese for the hungry Irish. Then there was another ship that walked the sea on the same errand, which was manned in an interesting way. It went out of Boston, and never vessel from that or other port beat to quarters such a crew. One of the richest merchants* of the city, who had been a sea-captain in his middle manhood, donned his old tarpaulin and volunteered to act as commander. And several sea-captains, fresh from their ser-

* Robert B. Forbes.

vice, volunteered to serve under him as subordinate officers and mates. Officers in other ships went in this before the mast, all full of the inspiration of the great mission of benevolence.

Now, who can measure the value to the world of this flood of international sympathy and good-will which welled forth from the Irish Famine? The suns of all the years between that and this have not exhaled nor desiccated the fertilizing moisture which that flood left upon the lands it overspread. Its very sediment was a seeding of fruit-bearing philanthropy for a future harvest time for suffering and want, in which foreign and far-off populations should reap blessed sheaves into their bosoms when famine, fire, or pestilence came upon them. As a dispensation to the great human family, it was worth half the events which nations have gloried over for a dozen centuries. The proverb is as true and as apposite to them as to individuals, that it is better to go to the house of mourning than to the house of feasting. In going, as it were, arm in arm, each with a basket of provisions, to the famine-stricken families of Ireland, the two great Anglo-Saxon peoples not only acquired, and enjoyed, a new sense of their own fraternal relationships, but saw, and felt, and fostered the larger sentiment of the universal brotherhood of mankind. We shall see, as we proceed, that this is not a mere pleasant theory, easy to construct on the basis of a hopeful thought, nor a prophecy that leaps from one kindly act of international good-will sheer into the middle of the millennium. We shall, perhaps, be able to count the world-wide harvests seeded by the great suffering called the Irish famine.

There was another result or characteristic of this famine which deserves especial notice. It may be found in the lessons of patience which the subjects of the suffering

both learned and taught; a patience that can hardly be paralleled in history. There are many anxious sentiments and sayings abroad, coming down from different ages and circulating in different countries, which seem not only to admit, but indicate certain emergencies in which the common laws which regulate and protect society may be suspended, and even violated. War has always claimed and enforced its exceptional code under the old rule, *silent leges inter armas*; and the common laws of the country have always gone to the wall under this exception. One set of these proverbs, or sayings, seems to give an almost illimitable liberty of individual action under the sudden pressure of a great emergency. Among these we have, "Necessity knows no law," "Self-preservation is the first law of nature," and other axioms coming with an authority which few venture to question. This "first law of nature" has been brought into many a court to justify the proceedings of an individual or company of men who took the written law of the land into their own hands under the plea of necessity. Cases of this kind, that harrow up one's soul to think of, have often occurred. Men have put off in mid-ocean in a small boat from a sinking ship with scarce food enough for three days. And when hunger had nearly eaten their life away, they have cast lots to decide which should die to be eaten by his fellows. When, with the sharpest economy of these horrible meals, hunger gnaws again by night and day, and no help could be descried in the still solitudes of the boundless sea, the terrible lot was cast again, with one consent, and another victim died for the rest without lifting a hand to ward off the fatal blow.

A case was brought into an American court, not many years ago, in which the officers and crew of a small, overcrowded boat, escaping from a foundering ship, were in-

dicted for throwing overboard several of the terror-stricken passengers in order to keep afloat and save the majority. The law of self-preservation, or of inexorable necessity, was invoked and admitted, and the sailors were set at liberty, and legally justified in having resorted to such terrible means to save themselves and as many others as possible.

But if the law of self-preservation has been allowed to justify even the taking of life under a certain necessity, it has been admitted to a large license in the matter of taking property in emergencies far less severe. Grave judges in different countries, have declared from the bench that even a convicted and imprisoned criminal, in his effort to escape from jail, may seize a horse or boat to help him on his way, and yet not be indictable for stealing, because there was no *furtus animi* to be proved in the act. The fugitive from justice, though his original crime may have been burglary, and he a confirmed thief, yet did not take the horse or boat to appropriate it to himself, but merely to assist his escape, and then to be turned adrift when that end was attained, or could be attained by other means.

Now, these sayings and notions are as familiar to the masses as to the best educated portion of any community. They were known to the million pinched by starvation in Ireland. But all the authority which such traditional precepts could convey did not release the consciences of the poor, suffering multitudes from the innate sense of right, truth, and duty. Thousands died of famine in sight of cattle, sheep, swine, and poultry. On the way to death they laid violent hands on no man, and on no man's property. All who witnessed the different stages of the great calamity must have been struck with this unmurmuring, silent patience of the victims. As such an eye-witness, I must bear testimony to this trait of the famishing peas-

ants. I spent four days in Skibbereen, the most distressed district of Ireland. From morning till night I was out, exploring the dark habitations of hunger, and hunger's fever, and saw sights and heard sounds of the human voice which haunted my dreams for years afterwards. I went thither to see and describe on the spot the condition of the people, in the hope and belief that such a description and appeal from an American, writing from the midst of the misery, with low, moaning wail of famine in his ears, would tend to quicken and widen the feeling of sympathy in the United States, and to hasten their hand of help. I found among the famine-stricken a law written upon their hearts, deeper and more revered than the law of self-preservation, or "the first law of nature." One misty morning I lifted a piece of old tarpaulin from a form lying in a farmer's barn-yard. And there was the dead body of a man who had lain down there and died among the farmer's pigs and poultry, when a single chicken would have saved his life. But they were the property of another; and at death's door, with sweet life pleading within him with its thousand longings, he dared not slay and eat in the dark the smallest of the brood to save himself from death.

The next day I saw a haggard cabin, with its damp clay floor sunk two or three steps below the level of the earth around. It looked like a sepulchre, roofed with turf. It was that in very deed. A whole family had made it their tomb. The children's low, sickly wail in their straw softened down into faint breathings, and then ceased. The mother blessed death for their relief, and died by their side, too weak to lift the youngest to breathe its last in her arms. The father, with his last strength, crept to the door and nailed it fast to the post, and then laid down and died at the head of the group. It was the cheapest and

quickest grave he could make for himself and his family. And that night sleek cattle and sheep chewed their cuds in comfortable meditation around that silent home of the dead. They fed around it safe and quiet when hunger was eating out the life from that patient human family. That unlettered peasant father, when he heard his own little flock bleating in the straw for bread, took no kid from the farmer's flock without. He lifted his hand against no man's property, under the sharpest necessity that could press a human being to such an act.

This example of patient, uncomplaining suffering in multitudes who preferred that their own stout hands should wither away and palsy in death, rather than lift them for life against the property of their rich neighbors, is one of the results embraced in the mission of the Irish famine worthy of special notice and high estimation. One of its political results or influences is also worthy of consideration. A long and stirring agitation for a repeal of the union had preceded this momentous visitation. O'Connell had aroused the Irish people to an enthusiasm for independent nationality, which nothing but the eloquence and personal influence that inspired it could keep within the limits of the law. All the Englands that had lived and died since the great Harry's time were arraigned for the wrongs perpetrated on Ireland, and all the injuries and insults they inflicted were charged upon the living England of 1840. "Repeal! repeal!" was the loud and vehement cry of the Irish in all lands they inhabited, as well as on the island of their birth. How stoutly the stalwart tribune battled for the idea, shaking the very walls of the House of Commons with the thunder-claps of his eloquence. But God was not in the earthquake, but in the still small voice; in a power that had no voice; that passed over the land like a midnight mist of silence. There went abroad a

blighting breath that did not distain the earth it penetrated with its poison. It fell invisibly and silently upon Ireland's staff of life, and the staff rotted in the earth, and all who leaned upon it for life fell to the ground helpless and hopeless. That mysterious breathing, which stirred neither leaf nor stem in its work of death, silenced the great orator of repeal and the cry itself. While Parliament was appropriating millions of pounds sterling to the relief of the sister island, while the whole English nation was overflowing with sympathy, and pouring in their gifts upon the distressed districts in a flood of magnificent benevolence, O'Connell felt in his heart that there was a union between the two countries which a hundred Parliaments and a hundred political agitations could not repeal. What God had joined together by such liens, his puny hand could not put asunder. He felt something burning on the top of his head like unto a coal of fire, and it melted repeal out of his heart, and he uttered the old cry no more.

WALK FROM LONDON TO RICHMOND.

WALK ALONG THE THAMES; GROWTH OF LONDON; THOMSON'S SEASONS; BURIAL-PLACE OF THE NOTED POET; HIS MONUMENT; PEMBROKE PARK; QUEEN'S LAUNDRY; SCOTCHMAN'S ADVICE FOR AMERICA; ENGLISH ARISTOCRACY; VILLAGE FAIR.

I commenced my walk at Kew Bridge, and followed the Thames to Richmond by a foot-path close to the river, and winding with its course. Grand old trees put forth their arms over the walk all the way. Palace-like mansions, parks, lawns, pastures, and meadows alternated on both sides. An air of hereditary quiet, almost Sabbath-

like, pervaded the whole scene, as if the rushing tides of life had all set in upon the great heart of the empire, leaving these suburban sections at low ebb. It seemed unreal and strange to feel the pulse so low and even here,—so near to that great center of sleepless and boundless vitality. I passed the famous Sion House, one of the many mansions of the Duke of Northumberland. In the great park-pasture descending to the river two large herds of cattle were feeding, one of the Alderney the other of the black Scotch breed, presenting as striking a contrast as horned animals could well make. I passed villages with their backs to the river, with shabby out-houses staggering to the brink, jostling against each other with laps full of rubbish.

These villages once stood stoutly on their town individuality, and had all the feeling and aspect of what the Germans would call *Selbstständigkeit*, just as if planted among the wolds of Yorkshire. Once they were separated from London—and it was in the memory's reach of that old man under the yew there—by long stretches of wild country, of moor, and morass, bog and thicket, and miles of bramble and thorny gorse. It was a dangerous distance to travel at night; and even men called brave and steady-nerved waited for company to make the journey; for beggars with bludgeons and masked thieves on horseback had taken many a purse and many a human life on that poaching-ground of prowlers. But now London is after them with its seven-league jaws distended to their utmost grasp, swallowing them up one after the other with all their intervening spaces. It makes nothing of taking in a large town whole at a single meal, with all its independent histories, associations, institutions, churches, schools, street-names, and rural appurtenances.

In this terrible tractoration, or whale-mouth suction, the

great city is not wolfish in its greed. It does not masticate and inwardly digest the towns and villages it draws into its maw, nor transmute them into one indistinguishable mass of brick and mortar. It takes them in gently while they are asleep, and lets them sleep on, just as if nothing had happened. It lets them stand just where they stood before, only not alone as then. It is a silent absorption of the houseless spaces between. Before they get their eyes well open, the cows, sheep, donkeys, and geese are gone from those rough and furzy pastures, and all the once wild and breezy space is filled with the broad streets and three-story buildings of a brand-new city. And this new city, with its army of miners and sappers, works its outward way in every direction towards the distant hills hooded with groves. It swallows up the intervening meadows basking so gently in the sun, all smiling with their daisies and buttercups. It climbs the green slopes, and the rooks of the old family mansion among the trees sound the alarm, and utter rattling volleys of menace at the masons and their work. Thus it has gone on for centuries; thus it goes on now almost like a miracle compared with former progress. London is already a vast concrete of towns and villages, or rather a great luminous nebula of a hundred stars, all making one light, yet each a local shining, and wearing its own name, and occupying its own space. The suburban of one age becomes the mediurban of another—the outer the inner. Now London is taking to railway traveling, there is no telling where, or at what boundaries, it will finally bring up. Windsor Castle even may yet find itself surrounded by this ebbless outflow, and occupy the same local relation to the metropolis that Edinburgh Castle does to that city.

But, with all this greed of growth, even to an appetite

for subterranean extension, there are certain places of large circumference that London cannot "gobble up." They are the parks, play-grounds, and breathing-grounds of the people. There they are, and there they will stand for ever, as Daniel Webster said of two localities famous in American history. The railway is endeavoring to poach upon these preserves bequeathed to the million by foregone ages. It is working most insidiously to pare away a slice here, to bore a passage under the surface there; to come up for breathing in a deep cut occasionally like a spouting whale, and anon to tube its iron track over a foot-path or carriage-way. No one can realize what changes it may work in the course of these stealthy inroads.

Hyde Park itself may hear a whistle one of these days that shall startle the gentle equestrians of Rotten Row and their soft-haired steeds with the sharp and unwelcome thrill and tremor of a business age. *Procul O, procul este, profani!* from a thousand frightened voices will fail to bar the course of the terrible hexiped of the fiery eyes. Go he will, above ground or under ground. Where horses of flesh and blood canter, he will gallop. So they will have to compromise the matter, and give him a mole-walk a few fathoms under the green sward, with here and there a breathing-hole in these parks. But probably their shadows never will be less. The public mind grows more and more jealous of any let or lessening in the enjoyment they afford. So the surface of all these thousands of green and wooded acres, with their artificial rivers, lakes, and fountains, will be the inheritance of the people for all generations.

There are more than "seven Richmonds in the field." There are at least twenty or thirty towns of the name in America, one of which will rank in history, perhaps, with

Troy, Londonderry, or Sebastopol. But the venerable mother of all the corporate Richmonds in the world, sitting spectacled in her arm-chair on the Thames, quiet, composed, and placid, will always be held in kindly and genial estimation by well-read Americans. When the balances of human doings, and beings, and worths, and immortalities shall be fully made up, I am inclined to believe that the residence and writings here of James Thomson, that gentlest of Nature's bards, who sang the beauty of her months and years with a life and love never equaled before or since, will give to this old English town the most pleasant and lasting memory it will carry down through coming generations, even though the genial poet of "The Seasons" shall be known only by traditional reputation. I would not repeat, nor recall by suggestion, the thoughts submitted on the subject of biographs in a foregoing volume.

But of all the memories that a town or other locality acquires and perpetuates, none are so sunny, so full of speaking life, as the great remembrance of some man the world venerates or admires, who was born there, who there gave birth to some thousand-tongued immortality of thought, which has sent its like-producing speech into the souls of all subsequent generations. I stand on Richmond Hill, and look down on the town sloping up from the river. "Who are you?" "I am an American, a New England man, of average reading among a reading people." "Close that red guide-book; shut up the local history, and tell me what you ever read at home of this Richmond. How came you to know there was such a place, and what are you here for?" "Thomson's Seasons, sir, was the first book of poems I ever read; and I read it over and over again, when I was an apprentice girded with a leather apron. I read it by the forge-light against

the forge-chimney, where I planted it, open, in the coal-dust, and took short sips of its beauty while the iron was heating, and the sparks going up star-ward. And Thomson lived, and thought, and wrote here, and put Richmond in his 'Seasons.' Can you show me the house in which they were born and where he died? I would see that; for I know of no other here mentioned in the histories the great world reads. There may be a palace here in which Elizabeth or some other English Queen died; houses of statesmen and generals of great repute in her age, or before or after her day; but men from a far-off country, like me, are apt to overlook them without the microscope of local history. So will you please show me 'Thomson's House?'" "Yes, there it is, among the trees by the river."

His "Seasons" were my first love among the Pleiades of Poetry, and I went to that house by the river, as if it were still full of his breathing presence.

It is a large and comfortable mansion, now occupied by the venerable mother of Lord Shaftesbury, who, with the most sensitive appreciation of the haloed memories of the place, keeps the rooms in which the poet wrote and died in the same aspect and condition in which he left them. That little round table, standing on three legs, with its ebony-black disk turned up edge-ways, was his. By that small, shiny surface he sat by night and day, perhaps with "eyes in fine frenzy rolling" up at that old ceiling overhead, or at the wainscoted wall, fixed at the passing apparition of tall thoughts in the vasty sweep of his brilliant fancy. Bending over that table-rim, some of them he caught and photographed whole with his pen, to be admired by future generations; some doubtless escaped capture, darting off from the swift-winged visions of the mind. Who could stand in such a room, and speak in

the common business-voice of every-day life? or walk with a business step, even with the measured tread of one passing up and down the galleries of art or museums of natural history? That table was bequeathed to a servant before the world had begun to see what a wealth of golden thoughts had been wrought out on its scanty disk. It was bought back to this room from that servant, who threw into the bargain, or gave, as a free-will offering to the consecrated memory, the brass hooks on which the poet hung his hat and cane.

I went into the garden lawn, and sat down in the arbor, by a small unique, four-footed table, of still older seeming, on which he composed many of the sunniest pages of his "Summer," while the thrush and blackbird sang their roundelays about him. Over the roof of that arbor, and in the trees bending their branches above it, they and their successive generations have sung, without a break, the same summer songs that made accompanying music to his thoughts as he penned them down in that quiet retreat more than a century ago. Most of the trees in the grounds were younger than his "Summer," but there was one grand old cedar with its long arms stayed up, like those of Moses, over the walk. I looked at it with a reverential admiration, for it seemed to stretch out its broad hands over the lawn, palm downward, as if pronouncing a benediction on a spot so sacred to human memory.

I went to the old church, and there, almost behind the door, a plain brass tablet against the wall bore this inscription:—

In the Earth below this Tablet
are the Remains of

JAMES THOMSON,

Author of the beautiful poems 'The Seasons,'
and 'The Castle of Indolence;'

Who died at Richmond, on the 27th day of August, and was buried
here on the 29th, the Old Stile, 1748.

The Earl of Buchan, unwilling that so good a man and sweet a poet should be without a memorial, has denoted the place of his interment for the satisfaction of his admirers, in the year of our Lord 1792.

Father of Light and Life ! Thou good Supreme !
O, teach me what is good ! Teach me Thyself !
Save me from folly, vanity, and vice,
From every low pursuit, and feed my soul
With knowledge, conscious peace and virtue pure,
Sacred, substantial, never-fading bliss.—*Winter.*

All this is written in good, round letters in brass, and the poet's admirers everywhere should feel themselves indebted to his noble friend for much satisfaction for such a memorial. It was put up more than forty years after the interment ; a fact which may perhaps indicate how slowly the public mind at that period came to any admiring perception and appreciation of the great authors who have enriched the literary annals of England with their productions. "The grand old masters," of whom she boasts with a pride the outside world envies, lay long in unmonumented and briar-covered graves. Notice the suggestions peeping out of the foregoing inscription. It was put up by one who must have been very young, even if born, when Thomson gave his poems to the world. Nearly fifty years had elapsed since he was laid in that grave, and no monument had been erected to his memory. "Unwilling that so good a man and sweet a poet should be without a memorial" any longer, the Earl of Buchan had this erected over his last resting-place.

From the poet's I went to the "sage's seat ;" not the one spoken of by Thomson, but the seat of one of the living sages of England, in political erudition and experience. A friend took me up into the grand old Park to see the view from Richmond Hill. I would advise all Americans visiting London to put this point in their programme of enjoyment without fail ; for in its way it sur-

passes anything they will find in England. It does not equal in extent and variety of picturesque beauty the scenery of Belvoir Vale from Broughton Hill, nor the view Forthward from Stirling Castle, nor that from the top of the Herefordshire Beacon, near Malvern ; but, for several peculiar features, it is unique and grand. You stand on the convex summit of a crescent ridge, stretching out its arms as if to embrace the loveliest scene on the Thames ; or, to say in the language of Nature, " Behold the best picture I could make for you between its source and the sea." You look and believe it before you leave the view. A little world lies before you, rounded up from the broad-bottomed valley, and rimmed with trees of every stature, age, and leafage. Towns, villages, church towers and spires, mansion, park, cottage, and copse, and the grain fields, meadow and pasture lands of a county make the pictorial lining of this great nest. Sunny patches of the meandering Thames, like smiles of Nature, dropped here and there at some view-point of the landscape, mingle their quiet sheen in the scenery. Then the whole is permeated with silver threads of English history, covering the expanse from center to circumference with a wonderful texture of natural beauty and human being and interest.

After looking at this scene for a few minutes, we proceeded a mile or two in the Park. Passed Pembroke Lodge, the residence of Lord John Russell, as Americans will always call him, even should he become the Duke of Bedford some day. It is partitioned off from the great wooded territory, and surrounded and half concealed by a little world of shade and shrubbery of its own. It was pleasant to think that the present helmsman of the British Empire, who is to steer it between the Scylla and Charybdis of tempest-tossed nationalities, had such a quiet,

sweet-breathing retreat in which to get serenity of mind for his arduous duties. The flowers that breathe and bloom behind the thick tree-walls of that enclosure, the thrush and blackbird that chirrup and whistle over the lawn, even the pair of Alderney cows lying on their shadows, ruminating with peace and comfort in their eyes on the green slopes, may have much to do with the peace of the world in these troublous times ; carrying their influences into diplomatic correspondence, and softening the first draught of many a momentous dispatch with the second, sober thought of a calmer mind.

As I passed before the "sage's seat," and peeped through the thick, green shrubbery that surrounded it to get glimpses of the flowers, the lawn, and its walks, I could not but wish that the foreign secretary of every great nation were bound or biased to write his official letters to other powers on just such a table, under such an arbor, and to such accompaniments of flower-life and bird-music as Thomson had when he wrote the happiest pages of his "Seasons." It might have saved the world half-a-dozen wars during the last century, if the *diplomats* of Christendom had thus written their dispatches under "the sweet influences of the Pleiades" of Nature.

Richmond Park is one of nearly a dozen belonging to the nation which you will find on the Thames within twenty miles or so of the Parliament House in Westminster. It is not the largest, by any means, of the dozen ; but it is *twelve* miles in circumference, only occupying the space of an ordinary American township. It is studded with trees, many of which are of broader beam than the measure of their mainmasts ; oaks and elms centuries old, with the dimensions of huge apple-trees. Two conditions of growth seem to have contributed to this characteristic. In the first place, they were all planted with abundant

verge and scope for side-wise expansion, so were not constrained to take the American forest shape, which was not wanted. Then the soil was cold and watery for most of the year and hard and chapped during the rest of it. Nearly the whole surface is still in a rough state of nature, uneven with upland hummocks, and covered with a coarse, swampy grass. In a few years this wild aspect will be changed.

The process of under-draining has already commenced, and large spaces of the great enclosure have assumed a lawn-like evenness and verdure under this popular system of improvement. All these "woods and forests" in England, whether belonging to the Government or to individuals, have their respective rangers or head-shepherds, who keep watch and ward over them, trimming, thinning, and planting. Every park has its feeding nursery, in which young trees of every description are trained with care to go on guard and do duty as sentinels for a few centuries, in place of their superannuated ancestors. Trees that were once unknown to the rank and file of English woods are also being incorporated with the old veterans of the line, and show well in their new uniforms. I saw some young hawthorn trees here which illustrated strikingly what the commonest flowers may become under the process of scientific and assiduous cultivation. The natural flower is single-leaved and shallow, like our wild thorn or apple-blossom. But, from this delicate and persevering education, it had filled its cup overflowing full of sweet and crimson leafage, so that it was round and plump like a little dahlia. Thus, in a few years, the English hawthorn will come out in a new dress, breathing out upon the air three times the odor it could once emit, and showing three times the flowering it once wore in Spring.

The next place I visited was the Queen's Laundry. Some sensibilities too subtle and delicate to be put in the parlance of common life made me at first hesitate to approach "the divinity that doth hedge about a king," but a hundred-fold more sacredly a queen, by such a private, back-door access to those aspects of our common humanity and its necessities which I felt that royalty would prefer to bar against vulgar eyes, especially the eyes of a plain American republican like myself. It really seemed a thing beyond the beat of my propriety to venture near such a place, and see unabashed how thin is the dividing line that separates between a human nature in a diadem and another in a stove-pipe hat of a common mortal. Had it not been for the assurance that it was "all right" from one of Her Majesty's loyal lieges, I should have approached that great lavatory of royal linen more bashfully and modestly than that unfortunate young hunter in classic history walked into the presence of a distinguished goddess at an inopportune moment.

The Queen's Laundry, aside from its royal pedigree and purpose, will well repay the most rigid utilitarian for an attentive inspection. It is a large, plain building, solid, quiet, and comfortable, with a good show of lawn and shrubbery in front and rear. A small steam engine supplies all the motive and heating power employed in the process. As you see the machinery brought to bear upon the different operations, and then call to mind the primeval practice of the Paris washing-women, pounding out their linen upon a stone with a wooden mallet on the Seine, you realize, more fully than ever before, the wonderful progress and utilization of mechanical science in the most minute and domestic departments of human labor. The linen of all branches of the Royal family is sent here to be washed, from Windsor, Osborne, Buck-

ingham Palace, Marlborough House, and all the royal residences, except Balmoral. Thirty-four persons are constantly employed, besides the manager. They receive from eighteen to twenty-one shillings a week. When the Queen is at Windsor, twenty-four baskets, averaging 150 pounds each, are sent away *daily*, or 3600 pounds, equal to a ton and a-half of solid linen, making a heavy load for the stoutest yoke of "the King's cattle," or of our own American oxen. There is a mangle in operation which is undoubtedly the most perfect and expensive machine of the kind ever made. The bottom and upper plates are of solid glass. The former is seven feet in length, three feet and nine inches in width, and seven-eighths of an inch in thickness, resting upon a slate bed. Glass rollers were made to pass over the linen between these plates ; but under the heavy weight imposed upon them they produced a friction which rendered them useless ; so wooden rollers were substituted. The machine cost about £60, or 300 dollars.

The great table-cloths of the Royal Palaces are of patterns entirely original, and designed expressly for the Queen. This constitutes the main item of their cost, which is from £20 to £25. George IV., *le Grand Monarque* of English sovereigns for luxurious and florid show, had a table-cloth designed and manufactured for his royal guest-board which cost £700.

On leaving the establishment, the manager, a very intelligent and dignified Scotchman, referred, with a good deal of feeling, to the sad condition of affairs in America ; and, in the most sincere and honest manner, advised that, when the civil war was over, we should select some good and trusty man and make him a king, and be like England again. I suggested that we had no one in training for such a position, who would fill it with natural grace and

dignity ; and that if we really came to this, we should prefer Prince Alfred to any other candidate. This seemed to touch two sensibilities in him—a personal feeling towards the royal family he was serving in such an intimate capacity of usefulness, and that common sentiment of loyalty and patriotism which fills a true Briton's heart to the brim. He hesitated a moment, as if I had put him in a quandary between loyal affection and national ambition. To bridge the chasm between the North and the South with a throne, and reign over the largest half of the English-speaking race, was not a position for the young prince to be despised, in the mind of the canny Scotchman. I fancied the thought of it made a track of light across his face as it passed through his mind. But it was for a moment only. The flash of the idea faded away. He shook his head, not peremptorily, but hesitatingly, as if his thought said, "It has a good look, but—but I fear it would not do." What he really said was, "I dinna think we can spare him." It was a pleasant little incident at parting, which both of us will be likely to remember.

Having visited several other places of interest, I was tempted to an exhibition of extraordinary attraction. I had walked up and down a good number of national and private galleries, and roved admiringly through acres of paintings and groves of statuary, including the masterpieces of the old masters. I had admired the sublimest forms of man or angel ever cut in marble, or painted on canvas, and studied the graces of these almost divine creations, and wondered at the artist's gift to make the being of his hand speak for centuries, without blood or breath, so much human speech and life. Indeed, I had begun to think that I was becoming almost a connoisseur in these matters of art. I was just at that moment fresh

from four long visits to the collection of the Royal Academy, in London, made up of paintings of all the great British artists, in which life-size pictures of Princes and Princesses of the blood, Dukes and Duchesses, and of minor nobility figured in their finest robes and in their best features.

But I had never seen a collection of English aristocracy in living, moving, and speaking statuary, except at an inaccessible distance, as in the House of Lords at the prorogation of Parliament by the Queen. A capital opportunity now presented itself for enjoying this exhibition of high art and humanity. There was to be a grand "Fête Champêtre and Fancy Fair, in aid of the Funds of the Société Française de Bienfaisance," at the Orleans House, Twickenham, just over the Thames, opposite to Richmond. Never was a more attractive bill of fare held out, to tempt tuft-hunters, as well as men of benevolent dispositions, to an entertainment. In the first place, the whole aim and animus of the fête had the look and spirit of good-will and charity to a peculiar class of sufferers—needy Frenchmen in London of every stripe of political opinion—who were hard pressed by different forms of affliction and want. The fairest fingers in two nations had been at work for months on fancy articles of exquisite taste for these poor *émigrés*. And now these were to be sold for their benefit by French and English duchesses and countesses and marchionesses, and their fair daughters, "polished after the similitude of a palace." These brilliant and titled ladies were to stand behind the stalls of the bazaar and sell embroidered smoking-caps, dolls, ice-creams, and cigars, perhaps a handkerchief to bind about the brow of some plain John Smith, who might say "a princess wrought it me, or sold it me with a smile."

Then the fête was to come off at a remarkable focus of

attraction ; or at what may be called the representative residence of the late royal family of France, the Orleans House,—a noble English mansion with its beautiful English lawn, fitted up with the best grace of French taste and art. Thus the object, the artistry, and the *locale* were in themselves admirable and attractive. But these were evidently regarded the minor features of the exhibition. It was a living Loan-Court—a collection of voluntary contributions of living presences to make a spectacle worth a long journey and a long purse to see. It was a moving gallery of the élite of two nations' aristocracies, got up on the same basis as the Royal Academy of Paintings, with this difference, a fair countess came to it in all the grace and motion of life, instead of sending her portrait. It would have been a poor compliment to such contributors and contributions, and a poorer one still to the mere spectators, to have charged less than half a guinea for such a sight at close quarters. They ask a shilling at many a gallery to let you look at the mere inanimate copies of such originals, without motion, or change of expression ; but here the whole beauty of human life was to breathe, and glow, and bloom, and move before you with graces the painter could never portray on canvas. It was cheap at half a guinea. That was the price of one of the superbly embossed tickets in the morning ; but it was raised to fifteen shillings in the course of the day, in anticipation of the additional attraction of the presence of the Prince of Wales and his Alexandra the Dane. It was well worth five extra shillings to see the Royal pair to one who had stood half a day in the ground-swell of three millions of people on which they rode into London at their grand *entrée*, the 10th of March, and yet had failed to get a sight of their faces.

So, armed with the credentials of the *Société* on a card

eight inches by four, and embellished by a flourish of French flags and trumpets, and, numbered 894, I made my way on foot between lanes of people lining the road the whole distance to the park-gate of the Orleans House. The crowd by the road-side had really the best of the sight after all. For the whole *cortège* of the aristocracy and gentry, in splendid carriages, passed, one by one, leisurely by them, and they could pass judgment on each party and its equipage, and recognize the rank by the arms on the livery of the coachmen, postillions, or footmen. In many cases the name would circulate through the crowd with comments and critiques, as to character and appearance, quite interesting.

It was really a little elysium for such an assembly of rank, beauty, and fashion; and it was well filled with these three graces, especially with the last, which embellished, if it did not absorb, the other two. As shows the American or rhododendron Garden in Regent's Park in its fullest bloom, so showed the gossamer and ethereal flowerage of titled fashion on the delicate sweet-breathing lawn-ground of that garden, and against the deep-green shrubbery that surrounded it as a foil to bring out its little glories in the best relief. And here I was, in the midst of all this brilliant exhibition of high life, with the full intent and purpose to look at it, peer into it, and study it as a cold-blooded connoisseur of art! When I was hugging this preposterous delusion, it was a wonder that I had not extemporized on my way, out of a leaf of the *Illustrated News*, or from stiffer and coarser paper, one of those trumpet-shaped things used in galleries with the express thought of turning it up at the face of some beautiful countess moving before me, in order to get the finest lines of her countenance into the best perspective.

I did intend it, and it was a profane mistake to look

at all the graceful forms I might see in this aristocratic collection as if they were walking statuary of the purest Parian marble, and as if the bluest veins they showed, and all the rose and lily of breathing life about them, were only a human sculptor's work! And I, who hardly dared look a village school-girl in the face at twenty-one, was going to walk stealthily around the divinest of these forms and study it, as I would Power's Greek Slave! It was worse than Actæon's sin in me, and I blushed with the guilt of it at the first trial of the conceit; besides, I felt it was worse in an American than it could have been in any one else, to go into an assemblage like that with such a notion. It was not to be done, and I gave it up at the first attempt. You cannot deport yourself in that way before such presences. You cannot get into the drift and maze of such forms and faces; to be swept gently hither and thither by the ebb and flow of rustling dresses; to look at the loveliest light of happy eyes setting features of classic beauty all aglow in their best expression; to hear the musical murmur of mingled voices in cadences of the most refined modulation; to feel as it were the softest breathings of human life and its most charming mysteries making an atmosphere around you; you cannot see, hear, and inspire all this with the mere professional admiration of an artist or an amateur of art. And to the credit of my countrymen, I will believe that I am the first American that ever attempted it, and they will be glad I failed.

At six, there must have been at least a thousand persons in the grounds before the river front of the Orleans House. More than half this number represented the highest nobility of England and France. Many members of the family of Louis Phillippe were present, including the venerable queen-widow, to whom they all do an affectionate,

reverential, and beautiful homage, as if she filled a higher throne to them than the one her husband lost. Several marquees fashioned after the best French taste and art, had been erected for the stalls of the bazaar, and these presented a most brilliant exposition of fancy articles of every possible invention. Behind these stood as fascinating an array of saleswomen as ever performed business transactions in domestic manufactures over a counter. It was a unique and interesting sight to see such delicate, be-jewelled hands doing the minute details of trade with the even tenor of trained skill; making up parcels in grocery paper, with a grocer's sleight of hand; making change with quick precision; taking in and giving out the great, heavy, ugly, English copper pennies with unfeigned and imperturbable graciousness of manner; throwing into the smallest bargain the gratuity of two or three smiles of the first water, and half-a-dozen words done in a voice of the sweetest modulation, and all this while putting out the witching mesmerism of black eyes, and blue eyes, and eyes of every spellful influence, upon the passing crowd, to draw in purchasers.

It was a shame to think of statuary and painting before such a spectacle. I drove the thought out of me in a moment. There stood side by side behind the stalls French duchesses and English countesses dressed in the most *recherché* style of their respective fashions, all active, earnest, and natural, not playing at it with half-disguised affectation, but putting a heart in it with a wonderful vivacity of interest. Occasionally, a sylph-like creature in long, crimped, auburn tresses, and with a voice and look and motion that the stiffest cynic could not resist, would come out of the marquee and glide about in the crowd with a tray or basket of fancy articles seeking purchasers. O, Zephaniah Bigelow, with all your stern

notions of republican life, and the fresh air of your New Hampshire hills upon your face, it would have cost you such an effort as you never put forth to have looked into those eyes and said "No!" when she held out to you, between two such fingers as you never saw before, a real Havana for "only a shilling."

The Prince and Princess of Wales did not come to the fête after all the intimations and anticipations of their presence. For a full hour the walk from the great door of the house to the principal marquee was lined on each side by a wall of ladies and gentlemen, a dozen deep, to receive the royal visitors; but they did not make their appearance. But two or three representatives of the English blood royal were present in the persons of the Dowager-Duchess of Cambridge and her daughter, the Princess Mary, who is truly a magnificent woman in the grandest sense of stature, look, and motion. The Place de la Concorde in Paris is embellished with colossal female figures in stone, representing all the great provincial cities of France. Each has its distinctive face and features, as if it personated the peculiar individuality of the city whose name it bears. No one ever puts a continent or a smaller sub-division of the natural world in the masculine gender. If, therefore, the great commonwealth of civilized nations should have a common Place de la Concorde, and stud it with statues representing each of them by a female figure which should best embody its distinctive characteristics, no woman in the British Empire could be found to personate England so perfectly, in form and feature, and every aspect of expression, as the Princess Mary of Cambridge. A sculptor, transferring as much as possible of her to marble, could give to the impersonation only half the actual resemblance.

Never did I see England walking in the June month of

her maidenhood, with her round, rosy cheeks, radiant with its light, until I saw this daughter of hers moving, a rural, genial, laughing Juno, through those fairy-looking groups of delicate creatures on that lawn. Poor Hawthorne! I am glad you were not there with your iron pen to see it. She moved among them with a gentle and good-humored grandeur, with a sway and a swing gracefully proportionate to her stature, dropping down into their faces the most genial smiles from her own. And her face could be seen so far and so high, with the smiles on it, above the heads of the tallest ladies in the crowd, that every man, woman, and child on the grounds could see her, and did see her with admiration. An American, fresh from his own country, would have pointed her out in a moment, in the largest assembly of English ladies, as Uncle John Bull's pet daughter, with the most striking features of resemblance to him that could be given symmetrically to a female form and face. She would fill a throne splendidly; and she ought to be made the queen of some great and growing realm at the first proper vacancy that occurs.

The Orleans House, the residence of the Duke d'Aumale, was thrown open to the assembly, and its halls and galleries, and nearly the whole suite of splendid apartments were constantly filled with admirers of art well qualified to appreciate the great collection of paintings and statuary here arranged in the most exquisite taste. Some of the master-pieces of all the schools, French, English, Italian, and Spanish, were among the hundreds that lined the walls. There were more of the paintings of Murillo and Correggio than I had ever seen before in a private collection.

Take it all in all, it was the most interesting *réunion* I ever witnessed. As a spectacle it was worth a long

journey to see, even if the assembly had no other motive and end than to make a show of rank, grace, and fashion. But the whole was seasoned with such a savor of hearty benevolence and charity towards a large class of the most sensitive of sufferers ; there was such complete sympathy and co-operation between this French royal family and English nobility in the effort to relieve the wants of the French poor in London, whatever the cause of their poverty or the color of their political opinions, that the fête presented an aspect of good-will and gentle thought which enhanced, yet surpassed, its other attractions. Perhaps that fancy article sold at one of these stalls by an English marchioness to the venerable queen-widow of Louis Phillippe may have carried help and comfort to some sick French artisan in London, who was one of the hard-faced men in blouse that chased her royal husband from his throne. Perhaps some of the purchases of the Princess Mary fed the hungry children of some *proscrit* of the last French republic.

Returning to Richmond, I shouldered my knapsack again and made an evening walk to Kingston. On the way I witnessed another demonstration of "Merrie England." On Ham Common there was another *fête champêtre*, of humbler pretensions, but rich and rampant in rough fun. It was a regular village fair, looking like a great gipsy camp. Apparently there were more than a hundred vans, or large covered wagons, drawn up in streets, and a regiment of rustics extemporizing all kinds of sports, and music to match on all sorts of instruments. It was all got up evidently for a big frolic, though a small show of trade was kept up in rows of stalls or rude tables covered with the queerest complication of articles ever exposed for sale. These were mostly of that description paraded at our old-fashioned regimental musters in New

England. They were such as to tempt the eye and palate with immediate enjoyment. Confectionery of the most fanciful shapes and gaudy coloring predominated. Ginger nuts, lemonade, dolls, dried herrings, tin soldiery, pipes, cheese, and picture-books made up the main staple of the business transactions along the line of stands facing the road.

It was already in the dusk of the evening, and I could not stop to study this ancient institution of common life in England as I could have wished. But running my eye over it in different directions, I came to the conclusion that it was, pure and simple, one of the established merry-makings of the country that have come down as heirlooms of fun and frolic from past generations ; that the trade part of it was a mere pretence or an accident, or at best an expedient by which one-half of the rustic frolickers sought to pay their way at the expense of the other half. There was one feature of the fair I could not but notice especially. That was the large number of photographic establishments on wheels posted among the vans. Doubtless they had been busy all day, doing the brown faces of rustic beaux and belles, attitudinizing, aspecting, and trying, as the finest ladies and gentlemen of the land always do, to look as unnatural as possible before that mysterious blunderbuss aimed at your face and eyes loaded with sun-lightning. Truly the sun is becoming a painter of the million, and dispensing a world of cheap but truthful artistry. The day may come when every human face in a civilized country shall leave a duplicate behind it ; and every faithful dog and donkey in five shall do the same.

While yet in sight of the fair grounds, I overtook a couple of little boys who had spent the day on them. The smallest of the two was quite fagged out with the sports he had enjoyed. He was a little fellow scarcely

three feet high, and walked in the dusty road with the hobbling step of a boy with bare feet over the stiff stubble of a new-mown meadow. As I came abreast, he turned up his small, round, red face at me, and dabbing his hand to his forehead, asked me the time of day. So I walked with him all the way into Kingston, and he gave me the happiest description of the day's fun, suiting the action to the word and the word to the action, being an improvement on Hamlet's advice, which children alone might have taught that unhappy philosopher. The animation with which he pictured the scenes at the fair, in childhood's Saxon, was charming. He had brought into the field three ha'pennies, which he had earned by honest little jobbings about home the previous week. He went with his programme all made up before-hand, and he had carried it out to the letter. He had spread the value of his three ha'pennies over the whole day in even bits of enjoyment. Two of them had gone for cakes and confectionery, the other for a donkey-ride ; and that was "such fun !"

From the fair I led them off by a question or two into their every-day sports. The youngest was a little Izaak Walton in his way, and he entered into his feats with the fish-hook with a vividness of description most interesting. As I bade them good-night, I could not but think what charming volumes could be made out of the thoughts and talks of children taken by a short-hand writer in their own language. For a whole hour these little bare-footed youngsters took me back into the happiest years of boyhood life. At an hour's distance from the brilliant fête at Twickenham, they led me back through all the grave experiences of manhood, and seated me, fishing-pole in hand, by a meadow brook-bank in a New England village ; and I was looking again with a boy's eyes and a boy's

heart at the little speckled fishes sporting in the stream. What a dewless Sahara would be the walk of life without the companionship of children ! What a dull and monotonous tune would be the best music of the world without the treble of children's voices ! How slow and heavy the pulse of human happiness without the quick-breathing hopes, and thoughts and loves, and faiths and fears of children !—*Walk from London to Land's End.*

SOME OF THE RESULTS OF WAR.

IN THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE HEROES AND HEROINES OF PHILANTHROPY ; IN THE PRODUCTION OF FLORENCE NIGHTINGALES ; IN THE INCREASE OF BENEVOLENCE AND CHRISTIAN SYMPATHY ; IN THE CONTRIBUTION OF SUBSTANTIAL AID ; IN CHRISTIAN MINISTRATION, ETC.

Take it all in all, no seed-action in modern or other times ever germinated into such quick and widespread production as the deed of Florence Nightingale. Armies in all ages have had their camp-followers in large numbers, and generally degraded character, adding to the demoralization of the soldier's life. Every battle-field has had its followers,—hungry and screaming vultures above and human harpies below, hunting the arena of slaughter with equal keenness for the spoil, in portions for which the two parties did not compete with each other. To see a pure and virtuous woman walking among the wounded and dying a thousand miles distant from her refined and elegant home, ministering to them with the sweetest sympathy of sisterly tenderness, was a phenomenon of human charity which the world had not seen before. The world had sung songs about "The Wounded Hussar," and his

“Fair Adelaide,” “Highland Laddie,” and a hundred other real or fancy sketches, done in verse, of a woman’s devotion to her hero husband or lover on the field of battle. History, running back to the earliest annals of Greece and Rome, was full of such examples, and of such songs. But the world had never before seen a Florence Nightingale,—a refined and delicate woman, of high social position, who followed the army of her country into far-off foreign lands, not to nurse a wounded general of noble blood, her father, husband, or brother, but to walk up and down the rows of maimed and mangled soldiers in barrack hospitals, spreading over a regiment of haggard and prostrate men the light and dew of her loving watch and ward; moistening their fever-burnt lips in dead hours of night with soothing mixtures, in which her own soft accents and tender words made the best balm; taking up into holy charge from lips moving with their last utterance on earth, feeble farewell words for loved ones in far-off English homes; speaking words out of her eyes to poor wounded Russians, who drank the speech of them into their inmost souls, and looked up into her face as if it had been an angel’s, as she raised their heads to give them draughts, or to smooth their coarse pillows.

If any human good could be set off against the bloody doings of the sword, it were almost worth a small war to bring such an actress before the world as Florence Nightingale. No act in modern times so took hold of the universal heart as hers in the Crimean war. There was a great opening for it in the general experiences of mankind, and it filled the space with its life and beauty. It absorbed into itself, and put out from itself, in loveliest luster, all that heroic romance, in the poetry of bygone ages, had sung of woman’s nature in its highest capacities of feeling and action. This universal admiration, doubt-

less, increased greatly the reproductive power of her example. Flocks of Nightingales, in a few years, were winged and tongued for similar missions of mercy, and their sweet voices were songs in the night to sufferers prostrated with similar wounds. It may be said, and some may be ungenerous enough to say it, that they sallied forth in borrowed plumage ; that they were more moved by Florence Nightingale's reward of praise than by her single-hearted love of doing good. Perhaps this amiable ambition mingled with the motives of many who coveted a field of similar labor. There was many a girl of sixteen who set up in her thought the Crimean heroine of benevolence as the beau-ideal of female glory, and longed to try her small hand at the work. One I knew personally, whose young maiden aspirations towered to this height. In the very next war she would go out as a nurse. She had turned pale, and almost fainted at seeing a chicken killed ; but she was sure she could stand the sights of the camp hospital, and even assist the surgeon, or witness his severest operations. The terrible civil war in America broke out, and she saw, by accident, a man wounded in a western city. With other and older ladies she hastened to the spot, with her spirit braced up to its best courage, to stand the test of this actual experiment. She was even foremost with her small bottles of hartshorn and camphor. But when she saw the pale face of the man, and his blood oozing out slowly upon the sidewalk, her nature succumbed ; she recoiled ; she ran away and hid herself from the sight ; and in sadness and tears she gave up the long-cherished thought of following Florence Nightingale, even at a distance, in a work that brought her such a reward.

But the great civil war in America did not lack Florence Nightingales of as strong and tender hearts as hers. None ever waged saw so many of them in its train. Hundreds

from the best homes the country could produce, with all the delicate sensibilities of cultivated women, did bring themselves to walk, with self-possessed souls, over battle-fields fresh smoking with the red carnage of thousands scattered and bleeding over the blackened acres. Ere the ambulances began their work, while yet the unspent balls were rolling over the arena, these women—the veriest girls, many of them fresh from boarding-schools, kindled fires and made tea and gruel on the spot for the mangled victims of the sword ; then followed them to the hospitals and watched over them by day and night, week in, week out, for months. When the three days' fight at Gettysburg was over, twenty thousand young men, the flower of both North and South, were left on the field. The pursued and pursuing armies passed away from the terrible scene they had made on those square miles of carnage, leaving between them twenty regiments prostrate and bleeding on the earth. There, for days and nights many of them lay, before they could all be transported to a distant hospital. But their feeble cries did not waste their wail upon the midnight or mid-day air alone. Through all these burning and chilling hours of pain, in the scorching heat and pouring rain, these angels of human love and heaven's mercy walked among them in their sweet and gentle ministry,—a ministry which angels with wings could hardly perform. How varied and manifold in its tenderness ! Of the most thoughtful was this, to carry about with their cordials and restoratives pencil and paper, to take from the closing lips of the dying his name, town, and State, and his last words of remembrance for loved ones at home ; and then, closing his eyes tenderly, to write to the distant mother, wife, or sister the feeble utterances of the departed. And it gave a heavenly beauty to their work, and affinity to the Divine compassions, that these

gentle women saw nothing but the mutilated image of a common God stretched out upon the earth before them ; none else but the children of a common Father, and full communicants in a common humanity, in whatever uniform they lay, or whatever the color of their skin. Federal and confederate, deadly enemies, foot to foot a few hours before, now lay side by side, often with the negro soldier between them. And the voice of the Florence Nightingale that bent over them, was as kind in accent, and her hand as gentle in touch, to one as the other ; and sometimes more delicate in tenderness to the poor negro, as if in memory of his wrongs, and of the great inquisition into them that Providence was thus making before the world.

Never before was the benevolence of a nation so organized as that brought to bear upon the sufferings produced by this great war. It not only grew by that upon which it fed, but its growth was wonderfully vivified and expanded by the very machinery of its organization. From the central associations of the great cities, to thousands of sewing-circles plying their needles among the hill and valley villages of New England, and hamlets scattered over the prairies on both sides of the Mississippi, came the gifts of millions of hearts and homes to the widely-divided armies of the North. Little girls at schools made "housewives," which they stocked with needles, thread, and buttons for the soldiers, each pinning to her gift a few kind words of grateful good-will to the unknown man into whose hands it might fall. The Sanitary Commission and the Christian Commission made an army in themselves, following closely the fighting forces to every field of battle, with wagon trains loaded with clothing and comforts of every description, with Bibles, Testaments, and books and publications innumerable of Christian literature.

Among other means resorted to in order to supply the soldiers with comforts in the camp and field, as well as in the hospital, several bazaars or fairs were held in the large cities.* Never was a nation put under a deeper discipline of sympathy with suffering than the United States during the civil war. Notwithstanding its duration and intensity, it was a softening discipline. That was a hopeful and distinctive fact. The fighting of the Thirty Years' War was crowded into four in America, and the suffering of every day was in proportion. But it did not harden the heart of the nation by its severity and continuity. Up to the last engagement, the fountains of sympathy and tender-hearted benevolence poured forth their streams with no bated flow. The news of a great battle widened and deepened their current. The smallest New England village might fill a volume with the description of its emotions and actions at such times. In my own, a small town in Connecticut, I remember well a Sunday which was made memorable to us all by one of these events. It was a communion Sabbath, and as the different congregations were returning from the sacramental table, the news of the great and bloody battle of Antietam rang through the long

* A Scotch gentleman, in a very interesting little book entitled "America and her Army," thus describes the first of these fairs. After speaking of the usual fancy articles of needle-work and domestic manufacture, he says: "Hundreds of wagons came in with farm produce,—great loads of hay, tons of butter and cheese; cows were offered, and horses and mules. The poor man sent the poultry which had fed by his door; it was all he had to give. Reaping machines came in, threshing machines, pumps, plows, stoves, mill-stones, hundreds of kegs of nails, huge plates of wrought iron, hides, boots, native wine, steam engines, coal-oil by the thousand gallons. The loaded wagons came in long processions, toiling on from far-off country places. And as these prosaic looking farmers and mechanics plodded slowly past with their ungainly offerings, what was it that brought tears into hundreds of eyes little used to weeping?"

processions. From youngest to oldest, every one knew what such fighting meant. Thousands more of gaping wounds were bleeding on the field. In half an hour's space between the communion table and our own, we sat down to the latter and picked lint for the stanching of those new wounds. Through all that long, still Sabbath afternoon, down into the stiller evening, that was the occupation of nearly every family in the village. With voices low and subdued at thought of the work, we bent over it through those quiet hours. On the morrow, or the next, the sad details would come, and then we should know who of our lint-pickers that day would find themselves husbandless, fatherless, sonless, or brotherless.

There are two or three special aspects of this mission of suffering in America, which are worthy of thoughtful and particular consideration, as they illustrate strikingly the general principle which we are tracing through these varied experiences. The seeding of Florence Nightingale's work in the Crimea was vitally connected with the great harvest of tender-hearted philanthropy in the American struggle. Her example took wide and deep effect upon the kindly susceptibilities of American women. It did not of itself breathe into their souls the living spirit of benevolence, but guided it into the same field in which she won the reverence and admiration of Christendom. In a certain sense, she reproduced her kind in a hundred-fold multiplication on our continent. Hundreds of delicate women performed in southern hospitals all that she did at Scutari or Balaklava. They gave themselves to the same service, and with the same tender heart towards the suffering. And all of them had read the story of her labor of love, and thought of her while performing their own in the same department of benevolence.

The same connection was evident between other efforts

to ameliorate the physical condition of the soldiers in the Crimea and the operations of the Sanitary Commission during the civil war in America. . Some times there is a connection established by disjunctive conjunctions between conditions and actions, as well as in grammatical constructions. In fact, the sanitary lessons taught in the Crimea were mostly admonitory in their instruction, serving often as warning beacons planted on a dangerous reef, rather than guide lights inviting to a safe and desired haven. The American sanitarians made the best of them as such, and found them invaluable, as demonstrating what was to be avoided as well as adopted. The nation turned them to the same account as England would do if engaged in another war like that of Crimea. A large corps of sanitary engineers was sent before the northern armies to select healthy sites for their encampment, to see to the drainage, and make everything as safe and comfortable as possible ; to have ample medical stores, and everything necessary for the sick and wounded, as near at hand as practicable. To prevent delay, loads of these articles were packed and set apart, labelled "Stores for the next battle ;" and ere the next battle had ceased, these wagons appeared on the field. The efforts of this Sanitary Commission to prevent that dreadful plague of the soldiers, scurvy, were unparalleled in variety, ingenuity, and success. They put things together before the whole nation which were never before joined in such earnest importunity and importance. "Potatoes and onions for the whole army !" Vegetables, humanity, and patriotism ! were the cries they sent forth from sea to lake, and from river to mountain. They urged the appeal upon the people in this wise, also, that every barrel of potatoes was as good to the army as a soldier, for it saved a soldier's life. It was suggested to young ladies, who were prone to send handsomely-wrought

slippers and book-marks to their lovers in the army, that precious as such gifts were, fresh vegetables would be greatly preferred. The people responded to these appeals with such ship-loads and railway loads of field and garden vegetables as were never before seen in motion in the country. In addition to these vast contributions, the Commission established enormous gardens of its own in different parts of the country, to ensure a steady supply. These prodigious efforts kept scurvy from the northern armies, and were thus instrumental in saving thousands of lives.

Now, reverting to our old figure, this great Sanitary Commission cropped forth from the seeding in the Crimea,—for the seed there sown brought forth full thirty-fold. The connection was most direct and evident, as will be seen from the following facts: At the beginning of the war, a great central Women's Association was formed in New York, which expanded virtually into a national organization. At the same time two medical associations were formed for the benefit of the military hospitals. Delegates from these three associations proceeded to Washington to urge the government to appoint a commission to collect and apply the contributions of the people, and thus organize their benevolence towards the army. The very basis of their argument before the Secretary of War proves the force of the English example upon their minds. "It must be well known," they said, "that several such commissions *followed* the Crimean and Indian wars. The civilization and humanity of the age, and of the American people, demand such a commission should *precede* our second war of independence,—more sacred than the first. We wish to prevent the evils which England and France could only investigate and deplore. This war ought to be waged in a spirit of the highest intelligence and tenderness

for the health, comfort, and safety of our troops." Such were the origin and aim of the American Sanitary Commission, and the whole nation responded most generously to their appeals. It is estimated that the people, over and above all they paid in national, state, and local taxation for the war, contributed seventy millions of dollars for the comfort of their soldiers in the camp and field.

What the Sanitary Commission did for the physical, the Christian Commission did for the spiritual well-being of the army. They constituted a small army in themselves, and followed the soldiers to the very field of battle. Before the war had continued long, three thousand devoted men had given themselves to this heroism of christian philanthropy. Clergymen of all denominations obtained leave of absence from their flocks to serve in this work of love and self-sacrifice ; doctors, lawyers, merchants, and men representing all ranks and professions, threw themselves into it with heart and soul. The following brief description of the service they rendered is from the authority already quoted :

"The attack is made. Some men began to fall. Some are dead—smitten out of life as by a thunderbolt. Some are wounded ; they are seen to stagger towards the rear ; or they crawl, in the instinct of helplessness, to the poor shelters of log or fence ; or they lie motionless upon the ground ; or they struggle to sit erect, because the blood from their wounds would otherwise choke them. The delegates go to them as soon as possible, without undue exposure to their own lives, but, often, while the battle rages. They minister to the wounded when they lie upon the field. They assist in conveying them to the hospital. Everything has to be done for the poor sufferers. They are often filthy ; their clothes are matted with mud and gore ; the shoes have to be cut from their swollen feet.

They are washed and clothed in comfortable garments; the surgeons are assisted to dress their wounds; suitable food and drinks are prepared for them. Then they speak to the wounded and perhaps dying man about his soul. They write his last wishes, it may be, to his friends at home. They read and pray beside his cot, and supply him with reading matter, if able to use it for himself. They pour the consolation of the Gospel into the ear dulled by the near approach of death, and they reverently close the eyes of the dead."

The services performed by this Christian Commission constituted one of the most remarkable incidents connected with the war. No one can over-estimate their value in preventing the terrible demoralization attendant upon camp life. It has been ascertained that one-seventh of the male members of the different Christian churches in the northern States volunteered to serve in the army. In one western town the pastor and fifty-one men of a single church, "with knapsacks strapped upon their backs," went "marching on" to the war to the tune of "Old John Brown."

Several of the leading generals were religious men, and sometimes, as in the case of General Mitchell, the eminent and eloquent astronomer, addressed the soldiers from the pulpit. Commodore Foote, in absence of the chaplain, preached a regular sermon to his command from the text, "Let not your hearts be troubled." The Bibles, Testaments, and other religious books and publications distributed among the soldiers were almost innumerable, and were most gladly received. The hymn-books, containing the old songs of Zion, endeared to them by such home associations, were treasured as precious gifts. These thousands of them had sung in the choirs of quiet village churches; and these they now sang around their camp-

fires in spontaneous choirs, and often under the midnight sky, while resting on their arms. During the night which followed the battle of Shiloh, a wounded man, unable to rise from the ground, felt impelled, with such strength as he possessed, to sing a hymn. Another of the wounded near him caught up the strain, and then another, and another, till far and wide over the field, cumbered with dead and dying men, there arose a song of praise. . . .

Now there is one particular result that may be traced from these benevolent thoughts and labors which many will overlook or under-estimate. It was, from the beginning to the end of the war, a wide-spread sentiment in Europe that the United States made a too sacred thing of their union, and too great a crime of the attempt to destroy it ; that they exaggerated its value and structure when they regarded a blow at its life as not only high treason of ordinary guilt, but aggravated by more wickedness than ever before attached to the act in the history of the world. The Americans of the northern States did and do certainly hold the animus and attempt of the slave-holding section at that measure of crime ; as a rebellion such as Christendom never saw before for the magnitude of its dimensions, and the wickedness of its object. But European Christendom has noticed this fact with no little wonder—that, holding the rebellion at this estimate, the Americans, when victors, have not hung or banished one of its leaders or abettors. Since the war ended, not a drop of blood has fallen for the crime of lifting a hand against the life of the nation. The prisons are already emptied of the men who originated the attack. Now there is every reason to believe that this lenient feeling towards the southern States, which pervades the North so extensively, comes, in a large measure, from that flood of benevolent sympathy called forth to alleviate the great

sufferings caused by the war. The heart of the whole nation even, while burning with indignation at the attempt to destroy the union, was softened by the sentiments of humanity and kindly charity promoted by the efforts we have noticed.

But the almost immeasurable sufferings consequent upon the war did not produce a great vegetation of mere seedless or temporary benevolence. When the last wound shall have ceased to emit blood or tears, both the sentiment and machinery of philanthropy set in motion during the struggle will hold over, and act for good throughout the wide world. In the next war that shall shake death and desolation from its raven wings upon the nations, this great seeding of benevolence in America will show its reproductive vitality in the wake of the curse, and the same spirit and efforts for the physical and moral well-being of the suffering victims of the sword. Sanitary and Christian Commissions will recruit and raise their small armies among the noble-hearted of the land, and march afield with their Samaritan charities, dropping the healing oil of sympathy and consolation into wounded spirits, as well as binding up wounds that only bleed red, and yield to physical curatives. Nor can, nor will, the mission of these great sufferings stop here. The force of philanthropy they will call forth and organize will not always act on the defensive or remedial. As it gathers strength and breadth, it will not merely follow the footsteps of war to bind up the wounds it makes with the sword; it will confront war, and bar its pathway to the field of human slaughter with a remonstrance that must check the madness of governments or contending powers. These small angel-armies of Florence Nightingales, walking with tearful eyes, and voices soft and low, among the dying and the dead, will raise athwart the red roadway of Mars a cross that shall over-

power the corselet, and shame it in the dust. The day will come when those little hands, lifted against the destroyer, shall push against his dominion and power as the angels pushed against the Sodomites on the threshold of Lot. The day will come when the great ruling forces that guide the world shall no longer be in the earthquake, but in the 'still small voice'; in influences that breathe, but not blow; that move in the whisper, but not in the whirlwind; that overspread the great communities of mankind like a transforming inspiration from above. In the day when these softening influences shall come to their dominion and power, a French ironclad may founder in a single tear dimming Eugenie's eye at the thought of a threatening war and its woes."—*Mission of Great Sufferings*.

THE GREAT POLITICAL CHEESE.

CHESHIRE, MASS.; FEDERALISTS AND DEMOCRATS; ELDER LELAND; THOMAS JEFFERSON; HOW THE CHEESE WAS MADE; PARTY FEELING; CHEESE SENT TO WASHINGTON; ITS RECEPTION; ELDER LELAND'S RETURN, ETC.

How few English or American readers can see or hear the name *Cheshire* without thinking of the rich and golden cheese associated with it! The mind, at the mere mention of the word, darts off to those great doubloons of the dairy which so distinguish the famous pastoral county of England. So indissoluble is the association, that the eldest daughter of the county in America, Cheshire in Connecticut, a little Puritan town, felt, in taking and wearing the name, that, next to the religious faith of its English mother, it ought to do honor to her reputation as a

cheese-making community. And this it did. The Connecticut Cheshire was hardly a dozen years old when it became noted as a dairy town, and turned out cheeses which would have done credit to Old England's Cheshire. Nor was this all, nor the best. So fully and faithfully did the early settlers of the place cherish this relationship and association, that when a small colony of them pushed their way up into the hilly interior of Massachusetts, they not only called the town they planted and peopled there Cheshire, but they made it more famous still for cheese. One, the joint production of all the dairies in the town, was the greatest prodigy, probably, that was ever recorded in the history of milk and its manufacture ; especially taking the motive into consideration.

Early in the present century, to use a popular saying, "politics ran high" in America. The nation was hardly a dozen years old as an independent state. Its most vital institutions were in process of erection. There was a sharp division of opinion between the chief architects. One set were for building all the States into a rigid quadrangle, with the national capitol in the center overshadowing and dominating them all. These were the "Federalists." The Jeffersonian builders were for lowering the capitol by a story, and for giving the individual States more local independence and more unrestricted sunlight of liberty. These were called "Democrats ;" and the contest between the two parties waxed exceedingly fierce. From the first a religious element was thrown into it, and made it glow with the hottest combustion of theological odium. Thomas Jefferson, the great democratic leader, was charged with being an infidel of the French revolutionary school. Never did the "No Popery" tocsin stir a Protestant community to deeper emotion than did this war-cry against democrats and democracy in the New Eng-

land States. The Puritan pulpits thundered against them and their chief with all the large liberty of pulpit thunderbolts. Only elect Thomas Jefferson President of the United States, and there would be on *auto-da-fé* of all their Bibles, hymn-books, and sermons ; the altars of New England would be demolished, and all their religious institutions would be swept away by an inrushing and irresistible flood of French infidelity.

In the little town of Cheshire, nestling among the middle hills of Massachusetts, a counter voice of great power was lifted from its pulpit against this flood of obloquy and denunciation that rolled and roared against Jefferson and democracy. One of the most remarkable men that ever filled a pulpit stood up in this, and beat back the fierce onset of this odium against the great political chief he honored with unbounded trust and admiration. This was Elder John Leland, one of the most extraordinary preachers produced by those stirring times. He was a plain, blunt man, of keen common sense, trained for action by a combination of extraordinary circumstances to that extent that he could hardly be called a self-made man. His whole reading and thinking were concentrated upon two great books—the Bible and Human Nature. He knew by heart every chapter and verse of these two vital volumes of instruction. The rude and rough energy of his mind, which his religious faith did not soften, made him a kind of Boanerges in the New England village in which he was born. But these characteristics assumed a more pronounced type under the peculiar discipline to which he was subsequently subjected. He commenced preaching in Virginia while still a very young man ; and it was to him the pursuit of usefulness under difficulties, which few ministers in civilized, and few missionaries in uncivilized countries, ever met and overcame.

Society in Virginia and the other slave States at the time was morally in a kind of inchoate form, and "the poor whites" were more ignorant and demoralized than at any later period of their condition. To gather up a congregation of such a motley character, especially in the rural and thinly-settled districts, and to fix their attention upon religious truth or serious subjects of reflection, was a most arduous undertaking. At first, the young men, he said, would gather together in the large, square pews in the corners of the church and commence playing cards, being screened from general observation by the high, wooden boarding of their pews. To get their ears he had to resort to very eccentric anecdotes and illustrations, in which he managed to convey some religious instruction. What was at first a necessity became at last a habit; and his pulpit stories, and his odd, but impressive manner of telling them, soon attracted large congregations, and made him famous as a preacher throughout the State. He was a very sedate man, and his grave countenance never relaxed or changed expression when he was relating anecdotes that melted his audience into tears, or half convulsed them with suppressed laughter. Still he never fell into such wild oddities of manner or matter as distinguished the unique and unapproachable Lorenzo Dow; but, with all his eccentricities, he maintained to the last a consistent Christian character and deportment. Indeed, he said, towards the close of his life, that he never smiled but once in the pulpit, and the occasion was enough to justify a slight departure from the rigid rule of gravity. He was preaching on a very warm Sabbath in Virginia. The church was situated on a large green, and the great door, which was directly opposite the pulpit, was thrown wide open to admit the air. "I saw," said he, "a man come staggering along and take a seat on the steps directly in

front of me. He soon fell asleep, and commenced nodding. A large goat that was feeding on the green took it for a challenge, drew back, and prepared himself ; then, coming up with great force, he struck the poor man in the head and knocked him almost into the church. I then had to stop, for it broke the thread of my argument, and I could but smile, while I was recovering my equilibrium, and the poor drunkard was scrambling out of the way of his antagonist." Surely few clergymen could have blamed him for that temporary smile under the circumstances.

Such was the preacher who made an intimate acquaintance with Thomas Jefferson while he was in Virginia. The great father of American democracy reciprocated the elder's esteem, and unfolded to him his public life, and all the principles and opinions on which he sought to base the structure and institutions of the young public. Leland returned to New England, and settled down as pastor for life in Cheshire, Massachusetts. Soon after he commenced his ministry there, the country was shaken from north to south, and east to west, with the most vehement agitation that it has ever experienced. Jeffersonian Democracy or Hamiltonian Federalism was the question and issue depending upon the struggle. Leland threw himself into it with all the energy of his political convictions and mental life. He gave the Federal preachers a Roland for their Oliver, and more too. His pulpit shook with the thunder of his rough and ready eloquence. Never did a mesmerist so shape and control the will of a subject as he did the mind of his whole congregation and parish. The influence of his opinion and eloquence reached far out beyond the limits of the town, and impressed thousands. Cheshire, to a man, followed his lead, and followed his convictions long after he ceased to lead or live. For several generations they were born and they died Democrats

of the Jeffersonian school. No presidential election in America, before or since, ever evoked or represented more antagonism. The religious element was the most irrepressible and implacable of them all. The whole religious community, in New England especially, had recoiled from the principles and sentiments of the French revolutionists. Most of the New England ministers led, or sought to lead, their congregations against the enemy that was coming in like a flood. If the term may be allowed, they sandwiched the name of Jefferson between Voltaire and Tom Paine. Democrats and infidels became equal and interchangeable terms of opprobrium. But the Puritan politicians were outvoted, and Thomas Jefferson was elected President of the United States by a large and most jubilant majority.

No man had done more to bring about this result than Elder John Leland, of the little hill town of Cheshire, in Massachusetts. Besides influencing thousands of outsiders in the same direction, he had brought up his whole congregation and parish to vote for the father of American Democracy. He now resolved to set the seal of Cheshire to the election in a way to make the nation know there was such a town in the Republican Israel. He had only to propose the method to command the unanimous approbation and indorsement of his people. And he did propose it from the pulpit to a full congregation on the Sabbath. With a few earnest words he invited every man and woman who owned a cow, to bring every quart of milk given on a certain day, or all the curd it would make, to a great cider-mill belonging to their brave townsman, Captain John Brown, who was the first man to detect and denounce the treachery of Benedict Arnold, in the Revolution. No Federal cow was allowed to contribute a drop of milk to the offering, lest it should leaven the whole

lump with a distasteful savor. It was the most glorious day the sun ever shone upon before, or since, in Cheshire. Its brightest beams seemed to bless the day's work. With their best Sunday clothes, under their white tow frocks, came the men and boys of the town, down from the hills and up from the valleys, with their contingents to the great offering in pails and tubs. Mothers, wives, and all the rosy maidens of those rural homes, came in their white aprons and best calico dresses, to the sound of the church bell that called young and old, and rich and poor, to the great coöperative fabrication. In farm wagons, in Sunday wagons, and all kinds of four-wheeled and two-wheeled vehicles, they wended their way to the general rendezvous—all exuberant with the spirit of the occasion. It was not only a great, glad gathering of all the people of the town, but half of their yoked oxen and family horses; and these stepped off in the march with the animation of a holiday.

An enormous hoop had been prepared and placed upon the bed of the cider-press, which had been well purified for the work, and covered with a false bottom of the purest material. The hoop, resting on this, formed a huge cheese-box, or segment of a cistern, and was placed immediately under the three powerful wooden screws which turned up in the massive head-block above. A committee of arrangement met the contributors as they arrived, and conducted them to the great, white, shallow vat, into which they poured their proportions of curd, from the large tubs of the well-to-do dairyman to the six-quart pail of the poor owner of a single cow. When the last contribution was given in, a select committee of the most experienced dairy matrons of the town addressed themselves to the nice and delicate task of mixing, flavoring, and tinting such a mass of curd as was never brought to press before or since.

But the farmers' wives of Cheshire were equal to the responsibility and duty of their office. All was now ready for the *coup de grace* of the operation. The signal was given. The ponderous screws twisted themselves out from the huge beam overhead with even thread and line. And now the whey ran round the circular channels of the broad bed in little foamy, bubbling rivers. The machinery worked to a charm. The stoutest young farmers manned the long levers. The screws creaked, and posts and beams responded to the pressure with a sound between puff and groan. It was a complete success. The young men, in their shirt sleeves, with flushed and moistened faces, rested at the levers, for they had moved them to the last inch of their force. All the congregation, with the children in the middle, stood in a compact circle around the great press. The June sun brightened their faces with its most genial beams, and brought into the happiest illumination the thoughts that beat in their hearts. Then Elder Leland, standing upon a block of wood, and with his deep-lined face overlooking the whole assembly, spread out his great, toil-hardened hands, and looking steadfastly, with open eyes, heavenward, as if to see the pathway of his thanksgiving to God, and the return blessing on its descent, offered up the gladness and gratitude of his flock of the one earnest mind that had inspired them to that day's deed, and invoked the Divine favor upon it and the nation's leader for whom it was designed. Then followed a service as unique and impressive as any company of the Scotch Covenanters ever performed in their open-air conventicles in the Highland glens. "Let us further worship God," he said, "in a hymn suitable to the occasion." What the hymn was, whether it was really composed for the ceremony, could now hardly be ascertained. But, as was then the custom, the elder lined it off with his grave, sonorous voice ; that is, he read two lines at a

time, which the congregation sung ; then he gave out two more, thus cutting up the tune into equal bits with good breathing spaces between them. The tune was *Mear*, which was so common in New England worship that wherever and whenever public prayer was wont to be made, in church, school-house, or private dwelling, this was sure to be sung. It is a sober, staid, but brave tune, fitted for a slow march on the up-hill road of Christian life and duty, as the good people of New England found it in their experience.

Now, here was a scene worthy of the most graphic and perceptive pencil of the artist ; and no English artist could do it to the life, unless he had actually seen with his own eyes, or could photograph in his own fancy, the dress, looks, and *pose* of that village congregation singing that hymn around the great cheese-press of Cheshire. The outer circle of ox-carts, farm and Sunday wagons, the great red cattle that ruminated with half-shut eyes in the sun, and the horses tied in long ranks to the fences—all this background of the picture might well inspire and employ the painter's best genius. The occasion was not a sportful holiday. Nothing could more vividly and fully express the vigor of political life in the heart of a town's population. The youngest boys and girls that stood around that cheese-press knew the whole meaning of the demonstration, and had known it for six months and more. The earnest political discussion had run from the church steps to the hearth-stone of every house, however humble, up and down those hills and valleys. The boys at their winter school had taken sides to sharpen the warfare, although they all went with the elder and their parents in opinion. They shortened the appellations of the two political parties, and resolved themselves into *Dems* and *Feds*, though the most high-spirited boys were very loth to take the obnoxious name of *Feds*, even as a

make-believe. For two or three winter months at school, they had erected snow forts, and mounted upon their white walls the opponent flags of the two parties. From these they had sallied out into pitched battle. Many a young *Fed* and *Dem* had been brought down, or had the breath beaten out of his body in the cross fire of snow-balls, some of which had been dipped in water and frozen to ice in the preceding night. Amid shouts and jeers, and garments rolled in snow, the village youngsters had fought these political battles from day to day, and week to week ; and now they stood around the press with their parents and elder brothers, with as clear a perception and with as deep an interest as the best-read politicians of the town could have and feel in the demonstration. Such was the congregation in the midst of which Elder John Leland stood up and dedicated to the great political chief, Thomas Jefferson, President of the United States, the greatest cheese ever put to press in the New World or the Old. He then dismissed his flock with the benediction, with as solemn an air as if they had been laying the foundation of a church ; and they all filed away to their homes as decorously and thoughtfully as if they had attended religious service.

When the cheese was well dried and ready for use, it weighed *sixteen hundred pounds*. It could not be safely conveyed on wheels to its destination. About the middle of the following winter, when there was a good depth of snow all over the country, the great Cheshire was placed on a sleigh, and Elder Leland was commissioned to take the reins and drive it all the way to Washington. The distance was full five hundred miles, requiring a journey of three weeks. The news of this political testimonial had spread far and wide, and the elder was hailed with varying acclamations in the towns through which he passed, especially in those where he put up for the night.

The Federals squibbed him, of course, with their satirical witticisms ; but they caught a Tartar in the elder, who was more than a match for them in that line of humor.

Arriving at Washington, he proceeded immediately to the White House, and presented his people's gift to President Jefferson, in a speech which the elder only could make. He gave him some of the details of the battle they had fought for his election and reputation ; how they had defended him from the odium and malicious slanders of the Puritans, and how they all, old and young, gloried in his triumph. He presented the cheese to him as a token of their profound respect, as their seal-manual to the popular ratification of his election. It was the unanimous and co-operative production of the democrats of Cheshire, and every cow belonging to the party had contributed to it.

The President responded with deep and earnest feeling to this remarkable gift, coming from the heart of a New England population ; receiving it as a token of his fidelity to the equal and inalienable rights of individual men and States. This portion of his speech has been preserved : " I will cause this auspicious event to be placed upon the records of our nation, and it will ever shine amid its glorious archives. I shall ever esteem it among the most happy incidents of my life. And now, my much respected, reverend friend, I will, by the consent and in the presence of my most honored council, have this cheese cut, and you will take back with you a portion of it, with my hearty thanks, and present it to your people, that they may all have a taste. Tell them never to falter in the principles they have so nobly defended. They have successfully come to the rescue of our beloved country in the time of her great peril. I wish them health and

prosperity, and may milk in great abundance never cease to flow to the latest posterity."

The steward of the President passed a long, glittering knife through the cheese, and cut out a deep and golden wedge in the presence of Mr. Jefferson, the heads of the department, foreign ministers, and many other eminent personages. It was of a most beautiful annatto color, a little variegated in appearance, owing to the great variety of curds composing it; and as it was served up to the company with bread, all complimented it for its richness, flavor, and tint; and it was considered the most perfect specimen of cheese ever exhibited at the White House. The elder was introduced to all the members of the distinguished party, who warmly testified their admiration of such a token of regard to the chief magistrate of the nation from him and his people.

Having thus accomplished his interesting mission, Elder Leland set out on his return journey to Massachusetts. The great cheese and its reception had already become noised abroad, and he made a kind of triumphal march all the way back to Cheshire. On reaching home, there was another meeting, hardly second in attendance and interest to that around Captain Brown's cider-mill in the summer. The elder recounted to his parishioners all the incidents of his reception, and presented to them the thanks of the President. Then they all partook of the great yellow wedge of their cheese, which they ate with double relish as the President's gift to them, as well as theirs to him. Thus the little hill town of Cheshire ratified, signed, and sealed the election of Thomas Jefferson, who has been called justly the Father of American Democracy. It was a seal worthy the intelligence, patriotism, and industry of a New England dairy town, and one which its successive generations will speak of with just pride and congratulations.

THE DIGNITY AND COMFORT OF THE FARMER'S
LIFE.THE FARMER A UTILITARIAN; HIS PLEASURES AND HIS PERSONAL
COMFORTS; POETIC AND PATRIOTIC TENDENCIES OF HIS OCCUPA-
TION; HIS READING, ETC.

Persons in certain professions or businesses are full of what the French call *esprit de corps*. They pride themselves on the dignity of their occupation. There is the banker: see with what self-complacency and self-estimation he stands behind the cashier's counter, or in the director's chair, and decides, like a grave judge, upon the value and discountability of that I O U, handed over with timorous deference and trembling expectancy by a small trader, manufacturer, or farmer. With what a grace-dispensing air the money is counted out to the applicant, as if the ten or twelve per cent. per annum interest charged him did not diminish his debt of humble gratitude for such a dispensation! There are the three grades of merchants,—the Importer, the Factor, and Retailer. Every mother's son of them is full of the spirit of his order, and prides himself on the rank of his position. In all countries, an aristocratic vein runs through the sentiment of their profession. In the aristocracy of trade, the Importers are the *Dukes*, the Wholesale Dealers the *Earls*, and the Retailers the *Baronets* of the order. You will find traces of this sentiment in the smallest log-cabin grocery in Nebraska, as well as in the largest marble-palace warehouse in New York.

Now, I am not going to find fault with this animating sense of dignity which pervades the classes we have noticed. But I would say, in the fullest assurance of belief, that no class of men on earth have a better right to dis-

tinctive *esprit de corps*, or to an elevating sense of the dignity of their occupation, than the owners and tillers of the soil. To say that, humanly speaking, they stand at the fountain-head of all sustenance for man and beast, that they are the bankers God has chosen for discounting food and the raw materials of raiment and shelter to all the millions of His children upon earth, may sound like an old and hackneyed truism. To say that the productions of their industry constitute the prime values of the world's wealth, and that, without them, diamonds would be of no more worth than common pebbles, would be to run into questions of political economy, and it would not be proper to run in that direction on this occasion. But there is a sentiment that well becomes the honest, intelligent, and industrious farmer; not an idle pride of order, but a grateful and gladdening appreciation of the dignity of his occupation, of its elevating tendencies and surroundings.

There are but three *poets* in the family of man, using the term in its literal Greek significance, or that which conveys the idea of *creating*. If the intelligent, cultivated farmer is not the first, he is not the last of the trio. What the word-poet does with the spoken language of thought, the farmer does with the physical syllables of creation, or its green acres given to man. Take the grandest epic of any language or age, and place it side by side with the great agricultural poem of the American continent; contrast the prose material of the one with the prose material of the other; take the elements that Homer found ready prepared for his pen, and those the American farmer found ready for his plow, and then compare the merits of the two superstructures, and say which of the two epic poems should rank first in human estimation. The painter is a *poet*, in its literal signification, because he can *create* as well as imitate a landscape. But what he can do to can-

vas with his pencil, the farmer can do on the broad earth with his plow. The best colors of the rainbow, the softest, choicest dews that come down out of heaven, sunbeams, moonbeams, and starbeams, and balmy south blowings, summer showers and lightnings, come and commingle on his easel of themselves, and make a picture of his corn-fields which the painter, with his oils and chemical preparations, cannot rival.

Look at Old England. There is landscape-painting for you that will beat Landseer's "all hollow," the painting of the *plow*, done with artistic touches of exquisite beauty. Look at that hill, declining so gently into the meadow, with its grass so green, soft, and silky, that the great pied cows are mirrored in it more distinctly than in water. What was that hill three centuries ago? What was it before the artistry of the farmer's broad hand touched it with his toil? Covered with coarse brakes or briers, doubtless the lair of reptiles and noisome vermin. Is it not a *painting* now, of as fine order of genius as ever hung in a royal gallery? See those green hedges running over it, from base to base, breathing and blooming with sweet-brier blossoms and hawthorn flowers. See the grouping and contrast of colors, of light and shade, which those fields present. There is one of wheat, yellowing to harvest. How the vivid greenness of the oat-field adjoining contrasts with it! Next comes one in fallow, with its lake-colored furrows lying as even and as straight as if turned by machinery. Then comes a field of barley, followed by one of English beans all in their gorgeous flower, looking like a little Eden of *forget-me-nots*; then the meadow, with its tall grass so thick, soft, and green. Every one of these fields, surrounded by its hawthorn hedge, looks like a framed landscape-painting, hung against that hill by an artist in a way to make the whole a gallery of living pic-

tures arranged to show their contrasts with the greatest effect upon the traveler. Old England is one continuous gallery of this agricultural artistry ; and she will, doubtless, for a century to come, be the normal school of the world for the education of landscape-painters with the plow.

There is no country in the world that can be made more picturesque by the artistry of agriculture than New England, New York, and Pennsylvania, notwithstanding our long winters ; in no country, not in England at least, are the hills more grand and varied, and the valleys more extensive and adapted to a greater diversity of vegetation. Now, in all this, I would not advocate *picture-farming*, or the collocation of crops merely to produce an artistic effect, or a landscape-painting, which people passing may stop to admire. No farmer in England ever did that, or thought of doing it. All this scenic effect in that country is merely an accidental result of profitable industry. It comes from that rotation of crops that *pays* best. It is a gratuitous drapery which nature throws around the best cultivated fields as a token of her approbation and co-partnership.

But there is a higher dignity than that of poetry or painting that attaches to the farmer's profession ; a dignity which should make him walk as erect and look the blue heavens as proudly in the face as any man who treads the earth. No industry to which human hands were ever set since the first pair were made is deserving of higher estimation than his. For, of all the toilers of the earth, he stands in the closest co partnership with Divine Providence in its realm of nature. See now the conditions of the co-partnership, the capital which each invests in one summer's crop. Here, for example, is a cultivated farm of one hundred acres of land. The Creator might

have made that land bear stout crops of wheat and corn all of itself, without man's help ; but He did not, and would not. He condescended to admit man to a partnership with Him, in variegating the verdure of those acres, in covering them with waving grain and yellow harvests. He would not let nature produce any crops for human sustenance without the co-working of human sinews. The wheel of the seasons might turn on for ever, scattering rain, dew, light, and heat, and every germinating influence ; but, unless it was *belted* on to man's industry, it would not turn out a sheaf of wheat or a loaf of bread.

But see what comes of the connection, when a pair or two of hands and hoping hearts join their activities to the revolutions of that wheel. How generously nature divides with man the honor and joy of the crop ! How she works with all the sublime and minute economies of the season in this partnership of toil ! The very shape of the earth's orbit, and all its million-miled march-stages around the sun, as well as the fine dew-distillery of the evening sky, are brought to bear upon the production of those fields. See how the light and heat are graduated to the growth of those acres of Indian corn. See the temperature that nurses it into the blade, then into the stalk, then into the silken settings of the ear. See what purple curtains are hung around the horizon ; what drying, jocund, fall winds blow ; what a ruddy-faced sun glows upon the ripening ears, reddening them to Indian summer tints, as they peer from the white lace drapery that enfolded them ! Look at that sight, and never more let a murmur of discontent stir your lips when you talk of merchants, manufacturers, or joint-stock companies, or any other occupation or profession whatever. Joint-stock companies, indeed ! What company of that sort ever formed on earth can compare

with the joint-stock company that carries on the smallest farm? What a firm of active partners have we here! What a diversity of capital is invested in the enterprise! What sympathy and co-working! Where falls one drop from the moistened brow of the farmer, there fall a thousand of germinating dew from heaven; and the combination touches the life of every plant and blade with a new vitality and verdure.

There is another quality of the farmer's position which should be noticed in this connection. Of all the utilitarian producers who work for human comfort, he is the only one who feels an interest in the productions of his industry above, and independent of, their *money* value. The manufacturer sees in his wares the representatives of so many dollars. They are mostly the production of a single day, or of a week at longest. In this short period, twenty-five per cent. of human, and seventy-five of machine, labor have brought them from inception to perfection, ready for market, all labeled, packed, cased, or baled. Doubtless he feels no little satisfaction at the quality as well as value of his goods, and estimates the worth which their high reputation may realize to him. To this extent, no further, goes out his heart-interest towards them. As he walks among his well-corded bales or banded boxes, the main chance is in his eye and in his mind. There is no impulse to a cozy patting, or any expression of attachment to them, by word or look. Reduce bale, box, or package to its constituent and positive value, and you have, as the *residuum*, a certain number of red cents.

Now let us turn to the farmer and his productions. Every animal he houses in winter, and pastures in summer; every crop of grain, grass, or roots of different names; every tree that flowers for him in spring or fruits in autumn, radiates outward from his heart in so many concentric

circles of attachment, and it attaches itself to them by nicely-graduated sentiments of interest. They are a concentric extension of his family relations ; and they all resemble, in growth and development, the family characteristics. They all have an infancy to be nurtured with tenderness, care, hope, and faith. The first circle of his family relationships, outside the human one of wife and children, of which he is the center, is the barn-yard community of his horses, cattle, sheep, etc. Look at the family *horse*, a little grayish about the eyes with age, but still called the *colt*, most likely. He was young when the farmer set his first baby-boy on his back for a ride around the yard. For ten years or more that homely horse has borne the brunt and burden of family service. His very neigh, as he hears the farmer stirring in the morning, is a voice half human to every member of the family circle, and has a speech in it the youngest child understands. Half a dozen infants, within that period, have been held up in those broad, thick hands to "pat pony" on the neck, or dabble their little fingers in his mane.

What recognitions of sympathy have passed between him and his master in toiling, burning hours of summer, or when plunging through drifted snows towards a common home in winter ; in the stable, in the field, and on the road ! Does not the owner of that horse see in him a worth that copper cents cannot represent ? Then there is that pair of broad-horned Devonshire oxen. They were born under his roof—his barn-roof, which is socially a continuation of that under which his children were born. They are six years old, of the same age as his second boy. His mother weaned him and his father weaned them at the same time. How many morning and evening hours he gave to the work ! And now they are large, staid, dignified oxen, with necks hardened to the yoke. Their

great round eyes beam with intelligence and honesty. As he unchains them from the plow, and lets down for them the pasture bars, the uncouth and odd words he utters, by way of benediction, may not be in the dictionary, but they bring a new light to those horned faces, like the sunshine of gladness. There is something more than the sheer value of coined copper in those oxen which he sees and feels. So it is with the remoter circles of his interests and relationships—with the trees he plants, whose life is to outlast his own and bear fruit for his children. They have their infancy and their nursing. Almost next to the baby's footing the carpet space erect for the first time is the ripening of the first apple, peach, or pear on one of those little trees he has tended and nursed with such care. So it is with the growth, gathering, and enjoyment of all his crops. The shortest-lived one of the whole requires three months or more of skillful cultivation. Thus, all he sows and reaps has a resemblance to the different stages of human existence, and begets within him an interest in his productions unknown to the banker, merchant, and manufacturer.

There is another point of view in which the farmer's position and occupation may be considered to his advantage. The strongest love of country attaches itself to the home he makes for himself and his children. Here the most enduring forms of fervid patriotism have their birth and culture. What a country would be if it were one continuous city, and fed from foreign lands, we know not ; for no such case has ever existed. But it would be impossible to conceive how strong local attachments could ever be formed under such circumstances ; and where they do not exist the love of country must be a weak and uncertain sentiment. Take one of our large cities, for example, and walk for half a mile along a street of "brown stone fronts,"

or of stately brick houses, all after the same pattern, in-somuch that a child born in one of them could not distinguish it from a dozen others without the help of its nurse or companion who can read the number. Here are houses, inside and out, as much like each other as if cast in the same mould. One may be a little nearer the end of the street than the other, and that may tend to individualize it from the rest. But how is a child to throw the tendrils of its young affections around such a residence, and cling to it with growing attachment through life? If traveling in distant lands in young manhood, how is he going to individualize No. 10 from No. 11 or 12, and make it as distinct from all other earthly localities as his own being is from all other forms of human existence? What a small object for his yearning affections, that stream homeward over the ocean, is the engraved plate over his father's door, differing only in one figure from its fellow on either side! Then add to this faint and undeveloped localization the contingency of rentage and removal, two or three times in a dozen years, to other brick houses of the same mould, and you have the poorest school under the sun for the education of home attachments and strong-hearted patriotism.

Now, turn to the farmer, wherever he owns and tills the soil, especially in New England and the Middle States; go where you will, however few or many the acres he calls his own, whether they lie in valley, on hill-side, or mountain, his home is as strongly individualized from that of his neighbor as his own face is from that of the same man. His homestead stands out distinct, in prominent features, from all other inhabited localities on earth. It is marked with rocks, nooks, and dells that differ from all others ever grouped within a mile's circuit. The very brook that threads the meadows with its rippling music runs through

his with a different curve, under differently-jutting banks, making different coves for the little speckled and red-gilled fishes, which his children watch with eager-eyed interest, as if they belonged to the farm as much as the pied calves in the pasture, or the chickens in the barn-yard, or the honey-bees by the garden-wall. The very birds and squirrels that house themselves on the great walnut tree on one side, and the cherry tree on the other, are regarded as a part of the family circle by his boys. The mountain or valley scenery from his door, or from the opening in his orchard, is all unlike the view that any other point commands in the whole country round.

Here, then, is a home that the heart, in infancy or age, in joy and affliction, in all the vicissitudes of human life, can cling to, with a separate object of every one of its thousand tendrils to clasp in yearning embrace. Here is a home that it can individualize, and grasp in its dreams in far-off countries. His youngest child, before it can pronounce the word, recognizes, with its short-sighted vision, this birthplace of its existence; and its little bead-eyes and baby-hands and voice run out after it, beaming and bounding and twittering with gladness in its mother's arms as they return from a visit to their nearest neighbor's. The love of country—that patriotism that endures to the end, though that end be on the scaffold—grows with the growth and strengthens with the strength of these home attachments. In view of these results and characteristics of his occupation, who has a right to say that the farmer is not entitled to rank himself in the very vanguard of society?—to feel that he stands as near as any living man to the great virtues and destinies of the nation?

There is an aspect of the farmer's position seldom noticed, though it is well worthy of thoughtful attention. I have already adverted to his co-partnerships. Let me

now ask you to consider those virtuous companionships of nature, those peculiar surroundings, designed to shape his character, and make him the noblest work of God,—*an honest man*. It is not a fancy, but a fact, proved by the character and experience of mankind, reaching back to that early day when Jacob tended the flocks and herds of double-dealing Laban. Not only sheep and cattle, but men, are greatly affected and modified by their surroundings, animate and inanimate.* In building a house, we must have base lines, or perpendicular lines, or standards, to square and measure by. In building up a strong, well-compacted moral character, we must have also a great variety of outward circumstances to give a shaping bias to the structure ; not only written precepts of unerring wisdom, and instructive examples of great human lives, but *material* measures and models, contrasts and comparisons, drawn from the lower orders of creation. For illustration : after counting in, at its full value, every moral element that mingles in the character of the people of England, it is easy to notice a peculiarity which must have come from one of these material surroundings. There is no wood on the face of the earth so enduring, so iron-hearted, brave, and unbending as the old English *Oak*.

There is no people in the world so distinguished for hardy, invincible, everlasting *pluck* as the English race, especially in grappling with the elements, in wrestling down the wrath and fury of the ocean with their ships, in spanning straits, leveling mountains, and in other similar enterprises. All their old indomitable houses have a show of *pluck* about them, as if they said to Time, "Now do your worst for three centuries to come, and see what impression you can make upon us." You see this *pluck* illustrated in the very wheels of pleasure carriages and

pony phaetons, which are as broad rimmed and heavy as those of our horse-carts and stage-coaches. After allowing all that any one ought to claim for the higher grade of shaping influences, I believe that this peculiar *pluck*-characteristic comes, to a large extent, from the influence of the English *Oak* upon the mind of that people, from generation to generation. There it stands from a thousand years, with its heart of iron, and its leaves green with the dew of youth—a perpetual model and illustration of all that is unbending, strong, and sturdy in tempest and trial. Generation after generation unconsciously *square* to it in building up a character. Their most animating songs refer to its virtues. "*Hearts of Oak!*" has been sung or shouted by British soldiers and sailors in the breach of stormed cities and on the reddened billows at Aboukir and Trafalgar. "I am a chip of heart of oak" is another stirring battle-cry in the conflict with the elements or with human enemies. Now, can any one believe that the English people would ever have had this peculiar characteristic so fully developed, if all the trees of their island had been *poplar*, *palm*, or *palmetto*? What heroic inspirations to noble daring could come out of a song beginning with, "*Ye hearts of poplar!*" "*I am a chip of willow!*" Just think of it! of the effect of such comparisons upon the mind!

Now, then, if the farmer is not the most stable, honest, truthful, upright man in the community, it is because he sins against his surroundings, as well as against those moral precepts and obligations which are addressed to him in common with his neighbors of other occupations. In the first place, there are the broad, blue heavens above his head, with all their glorious purities, from morning till night, in spring, summer, autumn, and winter. He has more opportunity and occasion to study their features

than any other living man. He plows, sows, and reaps by them. They are his weather-manual, and he peers into their cloud-leaves for hints and instructions. The sweep and revolution of planets, and all the sublime phenomena of the sky-world, are familiarly associated in his mind with seed-time and harvest. No one has such a variety of inducements "to look erect at heaven" so frequently, so inquiringly as he. Then he is out all day, and returns at night, in the companionship of birds and bees, that teach and illustrate the happiness of honest and hopeful industry, and sing him their best songs to cheer his own. Then there are his horses, cattle, sheep, and dog, with their large and honest eyes, all illustrating faithfulness, truth, and patience. These are virtuous surroundings of a human life. They are outside helps to the formation of that sterling, honest, well-rounded character which should distinguish the farmer, and raise him in the estimation of the community.

Let us next glance at his personal comforts and capacities of enjoyment as compared with those of other positions. His face is tanned and swart. His hands are broad and hard, with large blunt fingers. He wears heavy boots in summer, of cow-hide, stiff and strong, with heels shod with stout iron nails. Grant that he may walk a little clumsily in haying and harvest, and his shirt-sleeves be a little autumnal in shading in hoeing time. Make the worst of all of that, and then compare these external appearances, at their most unfavorable contrast, with those of the merchant, manufacturer, and men of indoor occupation. There is something as an offset on the page of personal comforts which may be quoted to his advantage. We have all heard of persons called *epicures*, men who make it the study of their lives to please their palates with the most delicious viands and drinks ; men who would

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hunt a whole day for a couple of tender birds, weighing an ounce each when dressed ; who are great amateurs in *juleps* of different flavor, and *punches* iced and seasoned after an *elite* fashion. Now compare all the relish with which such men pamper their appetites with the personal enjoyments of that man of the bronze face who earns and eats his bread by the sweat of his brow. Why, the fabled deities of Olympus, who breakfasted on ambrosia and nectar juleps, never knew anything of the pleasure of appetite compared with the farmer.

See him now with his boys on a cloudless July day in the meadow. See the strong and graceful sway of those stalwart arms as they swing their sharp and crooked scythes through the serried ranks of herdsgrass and clover, tinted with daisies and buttercups, and moistened by the last drops of dew that shall freshen them under the morning sun. Listen to the crisp ring of those long-curved blades, as at each stroke they gather against their keen edges a three-foot sweep of standing grass, and lay it down on the clean-shaven sward, each severed stalk breathing out its life of fragrance on the morning air. Of all human activities and employments, what one compares, for manly strength and grace of motion, with the mower's steady swing and tread through his meadows? It is the poetry of labor, the crowning epic of human industry. Never are dews so pearly and pure, never is the air of heaven perfumed with such fragrance, never sing the birds with such ecstasy in their little palpitating hearts, as in haying time. Did you ever note the happy things at this peculiar season? How they bring out their best songs, and sing "Sweet Home," "Over the Daisies," "On the Cherry Tree," "The Bumble Bee's Anthem," "The Bobolink's Waltz," "The Moss Nest," and other popular bird-airs from the old masters that sung to Eve in Eden! Master

Bobolink is the Monsieur Julien of the meadow-choir, and does up the facetious with inimitable grace and special gusto in haying time. He never flies across the meadow so many times a day as when he hears the morning clip and cling of the scythe. He always brings out his best songs for the mowers, in his most loquacious and incomprehensible Dutch. Sticking to the court dress of the middle ages, with the white lappets of his coat touched up with the early dew, what a song he pours down into the farmer's ears, as he swaggers through the air, playing off, in his roguery, the half-drunken harlequin!

So much for bird and brook music provided for the farmer, by which to regulate the beats of his industry. Now look at him at one of his epicurean enjoyments, at the half-past nine morning luncheon. Luncheon! I hope you all know the meaning of that delicious institution of agricultural labor. If not, you may learn a little of its significance at the sight under that widespread elm. The farmer and his sons have girdled that meadow with twenty swaths, and they are now seated in a circle on the soft, cool grass under that ample shade. See him now remove the white cloth from the top of that basket, and spread it over the circular space they enclose. See him lift out one by one the articles of food and refreshment the good wife and mother at home has put up with such neatness and care,—bread and butter, cold meats, a few pieces of pie, and dried beef cut in thin and even slices. Then there is a plate of pickled beans or cucumbers just struck through. Just think of the six appetites that encircled that basket before it was uncovered, and of the appetites they became at the sight and savor of those delicious morsels! Talk of *epicures*! of broiled woodcock, and pies of pheasant tongues! What is all that, with its highest seasoning, compared with the relish with which three hours' mowing

has seasoned these bits of common food to that ruddy-browed farmer and his sons? The ambrosia of the idle deities of Olympus was mere bean-porridge compared with the dainty luxury of brown bread to the man who grows and eats it by the sweat of his brow. It is in this seasoning of toil that Nature and Providence bless the humblest food to the farmer with a relish unknown to the epicures of regal courts.

Drink is it? juleps? nectarine punches, and other artistic mixtures to delight the taste? Look into that deep, dark well, with the cold water just perceptible. That is a more delicious drink to the farmer than was ever distilled from nectar for Jupiter. He wants no golden or silver goblet to drink it from. The "old oaken bucket," swinging on its iron swivel, is better to him than all the chased ware of luxury. See him at the windlass or well-sweep, with his face red and dusty, and his mouth, eyes, and throat chafed with hay-seed. Here the big-bottomed bucket bump against the moss-covered stones as it descends. There is the splash, and the cold, gurgling sound at the filling; and now it slowly ascends, with a spray of water-drops dashing against the wall, every one giving a new edge to the farmer's thirst. There it is, standing on the curb before him, and it mirrors the moistened and reddened face which bends to the draught. There is a drink for you that nature has distilled for the farmer's lips the like of which fabled Olympus never knew.

So with sleep. How many thousands of men clothed in fine linen, and faring sumptuously every day, in the most gorgeous abodes that wealth can furnish, would give half their fortunes for the deep enjoyment of the farmer's slumber!

Let us now consider that aspect of the farmer's position which he is most apt to view in a disparaging light, to his

own disadvantage and discomfort. No impression has been more hurtful to his mind than the ungrateful notion that his earnings are small, slow, and hard, when compared with those of other occupations. The disturbing question often creeps into his heart and comes to his lips, how many merchants and manufacturers make more money in one year than he can in ten with all his close economy and hard toil. Who can tell? He cannot, nor can we. Their number may be quite large, but not half so large as the list of merchants and manufacturers each of whom has lost more in a single month than all the farmers in ten miles square for fifty years. There is something on the other side of the account current of these occupations. The principle of *compensation* runs through and underlies all their issues. In the scrub race for riches, a few will win the prizes at the end of the course. They will record their names among the *upper ten*, or the lower twenty. But the hundreds who started with them, and swamped their hopes and fortunes in utter bankruptcy, are hardly noticed by an incidental mention. If there were not some, if there were not *many* men of great wealth in these precarious and hazardous occupations, the odds against their line of business would be greatly disproportionate compared with the farmer's gains. He greatly underrates the comfort and dignity of his own position to envy them. Wherein has Providence ordained that his condition should equal theirs? How does the compensation principle of nature's laws work in his behalf, to equalize the long run of his life with their average career? It does in this way: it makes his earnings sure, however slow they may be. Are his yearly returns smaller than theirs? They are merely less the *discount* that Providence charges him as compensation for guaranteeing to him a safe and steady income; for sheltering his earthly all against the sudden hazards

and sweeping ruin to which the merchant is exposed every year of his business life ; for shutting out of his lot the heart-wearying perils of protested paper, bank payments, and the thousand annoyances of expanded credit and fraudulent debtors. Think of that. How can he have the heart to murmur at the discount he must allow from his yearly income for all these blessed exemptions ? Slow earnings ! small fortunes ! O, neighbor Broadback, never give place to that ungrateful thought for a single moment. It is unworthy of you. It suggests a most unjust comparison with the lot of others not half so favored as your own. " Did I not agree with you for a penny a day ? " asked the master of the vineyard, in Scripture, of the envious and complaining laborer. When a similar murmur nestles among your morning, noonday, or evening thoughts, realize that Providence puts the same question to you, slightly altered : " Did I not engage to protect you against those harrowing anxieties, those daily perils of property which eat into the souls of men of other occupations, and enslave them all their lives long to the fear of poverty and the love of riches ? Did I not invest your little earthly all in the bank of nature, which never suspended a dividend to a human stockholder since the first dew-drop fell on the trees of Eden ? When the paper banks of cities contracted or suspended their issues, when fortunes built upon fictions crumbled to the dust, and alarm and ruin reigned in all the great centers of trade, were not your deposits safe ? Did nature contract its dividends to you by a single dew-drop ? by a single sunbeam ? by scanting the issues of a single rain-cloud ? Did the disaster that overwhelmed thousands of merchants, manufacturers, and bankers touch the sustenance of your family by a single kernel of corn ? Did one blade of it pale and droop in your field for all the withering of ostentatious wealth you witnessed at a distance ? "

But I am confident that this murmuring at slow earnings has been largely cured by the experiences of the past year ; that the most complaining farmer, seeing the sudden crash and ruin to which the mercantile and manufacturing interests are exposed, has come to a clear perception of the comfort and dignity of his position ; that he feels more than reconciled to that discount charged on his income, as an offset for the guaranty of Providence against the corroding cares, hazards, and dangers through which a comparative few obtain large fortunes by other occupations.

There are a great many kinds of property that constitute wealth, its equivalent or representative. Take those fortunes which farmers are most tempted to envy, and you will find hay, wood, and stubble alternating in them from bottom to top, or values which are fictitious, arbitrary, and precarious. A breath of suspicion, a whisper on 'Change, may wither some of these elements of wealth in a moment. They are appropriately and expressively called *fancy stocks* ; and millions of money and tens of millions of *promises* to pay are invested in them. They are soap bubbles, brilliant with the gorgeous hues of money of all metals, but they collapse to a sediment of froth at the first adverse wind. Then there is another set of *securities*, ranking higher in the scale of reality, but based upon mutable values and subject to sudden and sweeping deterioration. They include shares in joint-stock companies, and in speculating enterprises, in which one stakes his money almost on a game of chance. In these two classes of reputed property we have the hay and stubble of wealth. Next comes the *wood* element, or the ownership and rentage of city buildings, corner lots, "brown stone fronts," and the like. This is so substantial and permanent in seeming that it is called *real* estate. But it

is not fairly entitled to that term. It may produce a large income to the owner in times of reckless speculation, luxurious living, and expensive show. But in times of depression and financial collapse, it may not produce the taxes upon it. The whole of it yields no positive or independent values to the occupant. The rentage is an outgo to him, a bill of expense, to be charged over against the profits he may derive from his capital and labor invested in other species of property. The owner pockets money earned on the wrong, the unproductive, the debit side of the debtor's ledger. I repeat, therefore, that such property is not strictly entitled to the term *real estate*, because it is not positively and independently *reproductive*. It may be so much more substantial and safe, in the long run, than *fancy stocks* and paper bonds of moonshine companies, embellished with beautifully-engraved *vignettes*, as to be called *real* in comparison ; but the only *real* property, in an absolute sense, is that represented by cultivated farms.

It is in this intrinsic value of land, plowed, sown, and reaped for generations, that the farmer has the advantage over every other property-owner in the community. All his hard-soiled acres are on the right side of the ledger. His revenues from them are positive values to himself and to the world around him. They are food for man and beast ; vital sustenance, without which money would have no value and wealth no existence. The productions of his farm are real, absolute, and independent, in positive worth, of all the fluctuations to which mercantile property and stocks of every kind are subject. His lands will not burn nor blow away, nor founder in the tempest. There they are for ever, softened and moistened by the same rain and dew, warmed to green and exuberant life by the same sunbeams, ready to give back to the tiller's hand manifold

rewards for his toil. If he and his descendants deal honestly with them, they never weary nor wane, but wax more abundant in production for a thousand years. Go to old England, to the parts settled and cultivated by the rural Saxons ten centuries ago. From the time they first turned the virgin sod with their rude wooden plows to the present moment, those lands have become more and more productive in their revenues, until, at this moment, they stand unrivalled on the globe. A thousand consecutive harvests have not exhausted but enriched them. There is a *real* estate for you. Go to that old Saxon farm in Sussex, on which some follower of Hengist or Horsa *squatted* before the English language was born; reckon up the value of its thousand harvests, including that which has just been gathered, and compare the productive value of those acres to mankind with the worth of *fancy stocks*, or the rent of a brown stone front, or of a marble palace for the sale of calicoes. The only estate which Divine Providence ordained to be a real and everlasting value, in the material world, it has entrusted, as the highest honor of human industry, to the stewardship and occupancy of the farmer.

After all that has been said, felt, and secretly murmured of the slow earnings and small properties of American farmers, after all the disparaging comparisons with merchants, manufacturers, and bankers, which they have been in the habit of arraying against themselves, they constitute, if they did but realize it, the great aristocratic democracy of the country. Please admit the term—an *aristocratic* democracy—the *hoi polloi* of even fortune; the independent owners and tillers of nearly all the productive acres of this great continent; that fast-anchored yeomanry that mediate between Providence and all other classes of the community, and feed them daily with the productions of

their industry. It is for this mission and position that I would say to them : Cultivate and cherish a proper sense of your dignity. Give up the habit of dividing yourselves into individual atoms, and comparing yourselves, thus isolated, with men of city wealth and standing, with the Girards, Astors, and the merchant princes of commerce. You see what comes of such comparisons—first, a depressing sense of disparity of fortune ; then a sense of littleness and insignificance, which is all unworthy of you. Don't take off your hat in obsequious reverence to the Girards, Astors, or any speculating capitalists of the country. Who were they, or who are the men that have succeeded them, in the ranks of wealth ? they are the oligarchy, are they, that own all the banks, warehouses, factories, and shipping of the nation ? Grant that. But why should this show of wealth impress you with a sense of inferiority as a class ? Empty the vaults of all those banks into one great depository, and all the goods in those warehouses, and all the bales, wrought and unwrought, in those factories, and all the value of those ships, and the worth of all the city lots and edifices from one end of the Union to the other ; take an inventory of all the real and personal estates of all other classes in the land, and compare it all with the active, indestructible wealth of the farmers of America, and see how small it is in comparative value. Why, the whole continent, with all its millions upon millions of cultivated acres, belongs to the farmers.

See how the plow is breaking up the measureless solitudes of the Western World. To watch the movement of one share, the process seems slow. To watch the growth of one farmer's estate, the accumulation seems slow. But unite farmer to farmer, and measure the furrows they turn, the harvests they reap, the homes they build, the wealth they win as a class, and you will have an approximate idea

of their relative position in society. See how the noiseless, industrial hosts are subduing hill, valley, and prairie from ocean to ocean. I believe the farmer can still wield the axe who felled the first tree north of the Ohio. Middle-aged men can remember when the whole population of Northern Illinois was gathered at night within one picket-fort for protection against the Indians ; when all the great fertile world west of the Mississippi was, virtually, an unexplored country. See how the farmer's plow has turned and overturned, until millions have followed in its wake, and planted great and populous States, with cities, towns, and villages of almost fabulous growth. The plow moves on in its God-honored mission and might, turning *back furrows* against the Rocky Mountains on either side. All the vast space between those mountains and the Mississippi is but one land or *stretch* for the farmer yeomanry of America ; all west of those mountains to the Pacific is but another. The child, doubtless, lives who will see, ere his locks are gray, both these almost measureless intervals turned by the farmer's share, and reaped by his sickle. What chiefly gives power and position to the aristocracy of Great Britain? Why, the ownership of the land of that island. Well, the farmers of America own a continent, containing the space and agricultural capacity of a hundred such islands ; and they will own it to the end of time. Without any laws of primogeniture, all the arable acres of the northern half of the New World will be their possession and heritage.

Class-feeling is un-American, undemocratic. Still, the farmers of America, in justice to themselves, should be animated with that *esprit de corps*, with that sense of the dignity of their occupation and position, that shall raise them above all self-disparaging comparisons with other

classes of the community, measured by any standard whatever.

We have noticed several distinguished aspects of the farmer's position,—the dignity, comfort, poetry, and patriotic tendencies of his life and occupation. What he has been in past years of self-depression as a citizen is no criterion whereby to measure the mental status and stamina to which he ought and is yet to attain. Surrounded by such influences, standing in such relations to Nature, Providence, and his fellows of other occupations ; living and laboring, from morning until night, in such close companionship with the seasons, with all the beautiful economies and picturesque sceneries of creation ; with all the living literature of its glory-bound volume turned over by day-leaves before his eyes ; with all these perpetual and gratuitous teachings of the outward world on one hand, and with all the fountains of human literature which stream towards him on the other, he sins against his duty and privilege if he does not reach and sustain the best-rounded mental character, the strongest stature of sterling common sense and general knowledge, of any member of the community.

“Let by-gones be by-gones.” “Let the dead past bury its dead.” Let the farmer put off the fetters of its associations and measurements as Samson put from his limbs the hampering cords of the Philistines. Let him come forth and stand in the sunlight of this mighty present that is dawning upon the world, and take his true position in its dignities and duties, as a man best qualified to fill them by his large compass of practical and varied knowledge. Shall the cockney upstarts of fashion, luxury, and city-life call him a *clodhopper* hereafter ?—*him*, a prime landlord of this great and beautiful creation, on whom its Almighty Architect has conferred such high trusts, and such pre-

eminent means and motives of self-culture and elevation? He a "*clodhopper*," whom God has put to the highest school of heart-and-mind education ever opened on earth? "Let by-gones be by-gones," I say again. Let the obsolete standards of the past be buried with it as the tomahawk and scalping-knife of Indian warriors are buried with them. Look at the educating agencies and influences which the present has brought to the American farmer. We have glanced at the schooling which Nature gives him in her three quarters' term of outdoor instruction from seed-time to the ingathering of his year's harvest. When his barns, cellar, and garret are filled with the produce of his fields, Nature looks abroad for a few days with the ruddy smile of Indian summer, as if she said to the Earth, "Well done; thou hast been faithful to man. Wrap thy white mantle around thee, and enter upon thy winter's rest; while man, whom thou hast so bountifully fed and clothed for his daily toil, shall enter upon his, and gather, until spring, intellectual strength and enjoyment from the living world of thought which the printed page of its varied literature shall bring to him at his fireside." To all men the God of Providence and grace has given one day in seven for rest and religious devotion. To the farmer, He has not only given this day with a peculiar relish for its enjoyment, but also the three winter months of the year, in which to store his mind from those boundless sources of knowledge which the Press has brought to his door. In the first place, the literature connected with his occupation exceeds, in extent and variety, that of all other industrial professions in the world,—a literature to which great and cultivated minds, in all civilized countries, are contributing their best thoughts and learning.

Doubtless there have been more gifted pens and tongues employed upon the subject of agriculture within

the last five years than there were, half a century ago, upon all the other sciences, arts, and occupations put together. Just glance at the contributions which these three autumnal months will bring to the storehouse of this agricultural literature. Think of the thousands of town, county, State, and national affairs, conventions, and *conversazioni* that have taken place in Europe and America since the first of last September, of the thousands of eloquent orations and elaborate essays these occasions have brought forth. And "a chiel was amang ye takin' notes," and, "faith, he has printed them, too," for the farmers of the world. The "chiel" of the printing press—the man who, with his alternating bits of inked pewter, gives ubiquitous immortality to human thoughts—was at them all, and he has *printed* them. He has printed for the farmer's library the grand oration of William Ewart Gladstone at old England's Chester—the most splendid orator in Europe; the deep-thoughted and brilliant essay of Ralph Waldo Emerson, at Old Massachusetts' Concord; and hundreds upon hundreds of other speeches on the same subject. Glance at the millions of these new pages contributed to the farmer's instruction and enjoyment. See how all the "*ologies*, *onomies*, and *osophies*" of the world of science pour their treasures into this annual offering to his mind. See with what gifts they do homage to the first human occupation inside and outside of Eden. See how these sciences and arts—these Oriental Magi of the intellectual world—bring their frankincense and myrrh to the cradle of the great primeval industry in reverence for its mission on earth. See them come, with God's great Bible leading the procession, and lighting the way. Here is chemistry with its crucible, geology with its hammer, and astronomy with its telescope, followed by all the *ologies* both great and small, each opening its cabinet of jewels for the general offering.

Thus, the *professional* literature provided for the farmer, or that pertaining to his occupation, embraces a vast range of varied and elevating knowledge. But all this is merely the literature of his *manual*, of his hand-book, which he may consult daily in seed-time and harvest, just as the mariner consults his chart and navigation-manual while guiding his vessel across the sea. The farmer need not give his winter months, with their long evenings, to this agricultural, this professional reading, but to every department of general literature that can interest, cultivate, and expand his mind. In this respect he has an advantage over all who are called *professional* men. The lawyer, physician, the college professor, and even the minister, must each confine himself mainly to professional reading, in order to fit himself for the position he fills. Not so with the farmer. The rainy days and corner moments of the spring, summer, and autumn months will suffice generally for the perusal of those books and periodicals containing the principles and suggestions he is to apply to his occupation, leaving his winter for the enjoyment of works of history, poetry, *belles lettres*, and general literature. It is for this peculiar advantage that the farmer of the present and the future day ought to be the best read man in the community, the best fitted, by a wide range of practical knowledge, for those civil posts and duties to which such knowledge is indispensable.

Then there is another circumstance which enhances the value of this advantage. No man in the community can establish and maintain such a regular routine of reading as the farmer. He generally resides at some distance from the thickly-settled town or village, and is less subject to those interruptions to which men of the city are exposed. His books and periodicals are profitable and enjoyable substitutes for the social life and entertainments

which occupy so many evening hours in the cities. Evening after evening, for consecutive months, he can sit down to the companionship of these books, and commune with the most brilliant minds of all ages, and feel his own illumined and enlarged by every evening's fellowship with their thoughts.

I would earnestly press this regular system of reading upon the farmer as that source of enjoyment which flows more freely for him than for men of other occupations. I would say to him : Regulate your business so as to take full advantage of this enjoyment. Do not let late night work in the field, or on the road, rob you of these reading hours. Make them stand among the first values of your life. Let the thoughts you harvest from the printed page rank in duty and worth next to the golden sheaves of wheat you garner into your barns. Take a lesson of life from the old adage, "It is the last ounce that breaks the camel's back." It is the late hour that breaks the farmer's, and makes the drudgery of his occupation. It is the extra effort and the extra time that bend his constitution and sap the sinews of his life. It is the last, extra acquisition of property he cannot enjoy that virtually enslaves him to unrequited toil.

One word in regard to the acquisition of books, and I have done. Everybody is familiar with the saying of the poor cottage-renter in Ireland, "The pig pays the rent." The poorest occupant of a mud-walled cabin in that country manages to buy a young pig, and to feed it to the value of fifteen or twenty dollars, without feeling very sensibly the little daily expenditure. I would say to every farmer : Adopt the same economy in regard to the ownership, or rentage, of useful literature for yourself and family. Do for the God-built temple of your mind what the poor Irish peasant does for his mud-walled cottage. Set apart some-

thing that shall yield a certain revenue every year for books. Adopt his source of income, if you please, for nothing could be more easy, convenient, and sure. Take a young pig early in March, or April, of every year, and say, "what this shall bring in the market next Christmas shall go for books." With honest feeding, it will buy at Christmas twenty volumes of useful and entertaining reading for your winter evenings. In a few years you will have a library for your home that would do honor to any professional or literary man at the nation's capital. Take in your children as partners with you in all the enjoyments and anticipations which that library-pig will purchase, and you may be certain that they will feed it with extra care to make it buy at Christmas a thousand extra leaves of literature for their enlightenment and profit. Is there any young farmer, or farmer's son, just entering upon agricultural life for himself? Let me urge him to adopt this simple plan at the outset, and watch the process and result, and see if he does not realize all I have predicted. Come, now; just try it at once; try it this year; commence this very month; and what a library you will have at Christmas for the evenings of next winter!—*Lectures and Speeches.*

ENGLISH AND AMERICAN BIRDS.

THE LARK; THE ROBIN; THE ROOK AND JACKDAW; BIRDS NOT TO BE MOLESTED IN ENGLAND; MORE NUMEROUS THAN IN AMERICA; AMERICAN BIRDS SURPASS IN BEAUTY OF DRESS.

"Do you ne'er think what wondrous beings these?
Do you ne'er think who made them, and who taught
The dialect they speak, whose melodies
Alone are the interpreters of thought?"

Whose household words are songs in many keys,
Sweeter than instrument of man e'er caught !
Whose habitations in the tree-tops, even,
Are half-way houses on the road to heaven."

LONGFELLOW.

Having spent a couple of hours very pleasantly at Tiptree Hall, I turned my face in a northerly direction for a walk through the best agricultural section of Essex. While passing through a grass field, recently mown, a lark flew up from almost under my feet. And there, partially overarched by a tuft of clover, was her little all of earth—a snug, warm nest with two small eggs in it, about the size and color of those of the ground-chipping-bird of New England, which is nearer the English lark than any other American bird. I bent down to look at them with an interest that only an American could feel. To him the lark is to the bird-world's companionship and music what the angels are to the spirit land. He has read and dreamed of both from his childhood up. He has believed in both poetically and pleasantly, sometimes almost positively, as real and beautiful individualities. He almost credits the poet of his own country, who speaks of hearing "the downward beat of angel wings." In his facile faith in the substance of picturesque and happy shadows, he sometimes tries to believe that the *phoenix* may have been, in some age and country, a real, living bird, of flesh and blood and genuine feathers, with long, strong wings, capable of performing the strange psychological feats ascribed to it in that most edifying picture emblazoned on the arms of Banking Companies, Insurance Offices, and Quack Doctors.

He is not sure that dying swans have not sung a mournful hymn over their last moments, under an affecting and human sense of their mortality. He has believed in the English lark to the same point of pleasing credulity.

Why should he not give its existence the same faith? The history of its life is as old as the English alphabet, and older still. It sang over the dark and hideous lairs of the bloody Druids centuries before Julius Cæsar was born, and they doubtless had a pleasant name for it, unless true music was hateful to their ears. It sang, without loss or change of a single note of this morning's song, to the Roman legions as they marched, or made roads in Britain. It sang the same voluntaries to the Saxons, Danes, and Normans, through the long ages, and, perhaps, tended to soften their antagonisms, and hasten their blending into one great and mighty people. How the name and song of this happiest of earthly birds ran through all the rhyme and romance of English poetry, and of English rural life, ever since there was an England! Take away its history and its song from her daisy-eyed meadows and shaded lanes, and hedges breathing and blooming with sweet-brier leaves and hawthorn flowers—from her thatched cottages, veiled with ivy—from the morning tread of the reapers, and the mower's lunch of bread and cheese under the meadow elm, and you take away a living and beautiful spirit more charming than music. You take away from English poetry one of its pleiades, and bereave it of a companionship more intimate than that of the nearest neighborhood of the stars above. How the lark's life and song blend, in the rhyme of the poet, with "the sheen of silver fountains leaping to the sea," with morning sunbeams and noontide thoughts, with the sweetest breathing flowers, and softest breezes, and busiest bees, and greenest leaves, and happiest human industries, loves, hopes, and aspirations!

The American has read and heard of all this from his youth up to the day of setting his foot, for the first time, on English ground. He has tried to believe it, as in

things seen, temporal and tangible. But in doing this he has to contend with a sense or suspicion of unreality—a feeling that there has been great poetical exaggeration in the matter. A patent fact lies at the bottom of this incredulity. The forefathers of New England carried no wild birds with them to sing about their cabin-homes in the New World. But they found beautiful and happy birds on that wild continent, as well-dressed, as graceful in form and motion, and of as fine taste for music and other accomplishments, as if they and their ancestors had sung before the courts of Europe for twenty generations. These sang their sweet songs of welcome to the Pilgrims as they landed from the “May-Flower.” These sang to them cheerily, through the first years and the later years of their stern trials and tribulations. These built their nests where the blue eyes of the first white children born in the land could peer in upon the speckled eggs with wonder and delight. What wonder that those strong-hearted puritan fathers and mothers, who

“Made the aisles of the dim woods ring
With the anthems of the free,”

should love the fellowship of these native singers of the field and forest, and give them names their hearts loved in the old home land beyond the sea! They did not consult Linnæus, nor any musty Latin genealogy of Old World birds, at the christening of these songsters. There was a good family resemblance in many cases. The blustering partridge, brooding over her young in the thicket, was very nearly like the same bird in England. For the mellow-throated thrush of the old land they found a mate in the new, of the same size, color, and general habits, though less musical. The blackbird was nearly the same in many respects, though the smaller American

wore a pair of red epaulettes. The swallows had their coat tails cut after the same old English pattern, and built their nests after the same model, and twittered under the eaves with the same ecstasy, and played the same antics in the air. But the two dearest home-birds of the fatherland had no family relations nor counterparts in America; and the pilgrim fathers and their children could not make their humble homes happy without the lark and the robin, at least in name and association; so they looked about them for substitutes. There was a plump, full-chested bird, in a chocolate-colored vest, with bluish dress coat, that would mount the highest tree-top in early spring, and play his flute by the hour for very joy to see the snow melt and the buds swell again. There was such a rollicking happiness in his loud, clear notes, and he apparently sang them in such sympathy with human fellowships, and hopes, and homes, and he was such a cheery and confiding denizen of the orchard and garden withal, that he became at once the pet bird of old and young, and was called the *robin*; and well would it be if its English namesake possessed its sterling virtues; for, with all its pleasant traits and world-wide reputation, the English robin is a pretentious, arrogant busybody, characteristically pugilistic and troublesome in the winged society of England. In form, dress, deportment, disposition, and in voice and taste for vocal music, the American robin surpasses the English most decidedly. In this our grave forefathers did more than justice to the home-bird they missed on Plymouth Rock. In this generous tribute of their affection for it, they perhaps condoned for mating the English lark so incongruously; but it was true their choice was very limited. To match the *prima donna carissima* of English field and sky, it was necessary to select a meadow bird, with some other features of

resemblance. It would never do to give the cherished name and association to one that lived in the forest, or built its nest in the tree-tops or house-tops, or to one that was black, yellow, or red. Having to conciliate all these conditions, and do the best with the material at hand, they pitched upon a rather large, brownish bird, in a drab waistcoat, slightly mottled, and with a loud, cracked voice, which nobody ever liked. So it never became a favorite, even to those who first gave it the name of lark. It was not its only defect that it lacked an ear and voice for music. There is always a scolding accent that marks its conversation with other birds in the brightest mornings of June. He is very noisy, but never merry nor musical. Indeed, compared with the notes of the English lark, his are like the vehement ejaculations of a maternal duck in distress.

Take it all in all, no bird in either hemisphere equals the English lark in heart or voice, for both unite to make it the sweetest, happiest, the welcomest singer that was ever winged, like the high angels of God's love. It is the living ecstasy of joy when it mounts up into its "glorious privacy of light." On the earth it is timid, silent, and bashful, as if not at home, and not sure of its right to be there at all. It is rather homely withal, having nothing in feather, feature, or form to attract notice. It is seemingly made to be heard, not seen, reversing the old axiom addressed to children when getting voicy. Its mission is music, and it floods a thousand acres of the blue sky with it several times a day. Out of that palpitating speck of living joy there wells forth a sea of twittering ecstasy upon the morning and evening air. It does not ascend by gyrations, like the eagle or birds of prey. It mounts up like a human aspiration. It seems to spread out its wings and to be lifted straight upwards out of sight by

the afflatus of its own happy heart. To pour out this in undulating rivulets of rhapsody is apparently the only motive of its ascension. This it is that has made it so loved of all generations. It is the singing angel of man's nearest heaven, whose vital breath is music. Its sweet warbling is only the metrical palpitation of its life of joy. It goes up over the roof-trees of the rural hamlet on the wings of its song, as if to train the human soul to trial flights heavenward. Never did the Creator put a voice of such volume into so small a living thing. It is a marvel—almost a miracle. In a still hour you can hear it at nearly a mile's distance. When its form is lost in the hazy lace-work of the sun's rays above, it pours down upon you all the thrilling semitones of its song as distinctly as if it were warbling to you in your window.

The only American bird that could star it with the English lark, and win any admiration at a popular concert by its side, is our favorite comic singer, the *Bobolink*. I have thought often, when listening to British birds at their morning rehearsals, what a sensation would ensue if Master Bob, in his odd-fashioned bib and tucker, should swagger into their midst, singing one of those Low-Dutch voluntaries which he loves to pour down into the ears of our mowers in haying time. Not only would such an apparition and overture throw the best-trained orchestra of Old World birds into amazement or confusion, but astonish all the human listeners at an English concert. With what a wonderment would one of these blooming, country milkmaids look at the droll harlequin, and listen to those familiar words of his, set to his own music :

Go to milk ! go to milk !
Oh, Miss Phillisey,
Dear Miss Phillisey,
What will Willie say
If you don't go to milk !

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No cheese, no cheese,
No butter nor cheese
If you don't go to milk.

It is a wonder that in these days of refined civilization, when Jenny Lind, Grisi, Patti, and other celebrated European singers, some of them from very warm climates, are transported to America to delight our Upper-Tendom, that there should be no persistent and successful effort to introduce the English lark into our out-door orchestra of singing-birds. No European voice would be more welcome to the American million. It would be a great gain to the nation, and be helpful to our religious devotions, as well as to our secular satisfactions. In several of our Sabbath hymns there is poetical reference to the lark and its song. For instance, that favorite psalm of gratitude for returning Spring opens with these lines :

“ The winter is over and gone ;
The thrush whistles sweet on the spray,
The turtle breathes forth her soft moan,
The *lark* mounts on high and warbles away.”

Now not one American man, woman, or child in a thousand ever heard or saw an English lark, and how is he, she, or it to sing the last line of the foregoing verse with the spirit and understanding due to an exercise of devotion? The American lark never mounts higher than the top of a meadow elm, on which it see-saws, and screams, or quacks, till it is tired ; then draws a bee-line for another tree, or a fence-post, never even undulating on the voyage. It may be said, truly enough, that the hymn was written in England. Still, if sung in America from generation to generation, we ought to have the English lark with us, for our children to see and hear, lest they may be tempted to believe that other and more serious similes in our Sabbath hymns are founded on fancy instead of fact.

Nor would it be straining the point, nor be dealing in poetical fancies, if we should predicate upon the introduction of the English lark into American society a supplementary influence much needed to unify and nationalize the heterogeneous elements of our population. Men, women, and children, speaking all the languages and representing all the countries and races of Europe, are streaming in upon us weekly in widening currents. The rapidity with which they become assimilated to the native population is remarkable. But there is one element from abroad that does not Americanize itself so easily—and that, curiously, is one the most American that comes from Europe—in other words, the *English*. They find with us everything as English as it can possibly be out of England—their language, their laws, their literature, their very bibles, psalm-books, psalm-tunes, the same faith and forms of worship, the same common histories, memories, affinities, affections, and general structure of social life and public institutions; yet they are generally the very last to be and feel at home in America. A Norwegian mountaineer, in his deerskin doublet, and with a dozen English words picked up on the voyage, will *Americanize* himself more in one year on an Illinois prairie, than an intelligent, middle-class Englishman will do in ten, in the best society of Massachusetts. Now, I am not dallying with a facetious fantasy when I express the opinion that the life and song of the English lark in America, superadded to the other institutions and influences indicated, would go a great way in fusing this hitherto insoluble element, and blending it harmoniously with the best vitalities of the nation. And this consummation would well repay a special and extraordinary effort. Perhaps this expedient would be the most successful of all that remain untried. A single incident will prove that it is more than a mere theory. Here it is, in substance :

Some years ago, when the Australian gold fever was hot in the veins of thousands, and fleets of ships were conveying them to that far-off, uncultivated world, a poor old woman landed with the great multitude of rough and reckless men, who were fired, almost to frenzy, by dreams of ponderous nuggets and golden fortunes. For these they left behind them all the enjoyments, endearments, all the softening sanctities and surroundings of home and social life in England. For these they left mothers wives, sisters, and daughters. There they were, thinly tented in the rain, and the dew, and the mist,—a busy, boisterous, womanless camp of diggers and grubbers, roughing-and-tumbling it in the scramble for gold mites, with no quiet Sabbath breaks, nor Sabbath songs, nor Sabbath bells to measure off and sweeten a season of rest. Well, the poor widow, who had her cabin within a few miles of “the diggings,” brought with her but few comforts from the old home-land—a few simple articles of furniture, the bible and psalm-book of her youth, and an English lark to sing to her solitude the songs that had cheered her on the other side of the globe. And the little thing did it with all the fervor of its first notes in the English sky. In her cottage window it sang to her, hour by hour, at her labor, with a voice never heard before on that wild continent. The strange birds of the land came circling around in their gorgeous plumage to hear it. Even four-footed animals, of grim countenance, paused to hear it. Then, one by one, came other listeners. They came reverently, and their voices softened into silence as they listened. Hard-visaged men, bare-breasted and unshaven, came and stood gently as girls; and tears came out upon many a tanned and sun-blistered cheek as the little bird warbled forth the silvery treble of its song about the green hedges, the meadow streams, the

cottage homes, and all the sunny memories of the fatherland. And they came near unto the lone widow with pebbles of gold in their hard and horny hands, and asked her to sell them the bird, that it might sing to them while they were bending to the pick and spade. She was poor, and the gold was heavy; yet she could not sell the warbling joy of her life. But she told them that they might come whenever they would to hear it sing. So, on Sabbath days, having no other preacher nor teacher, nor sanctuary privilege, they came down in large companies from their gold-pits, and listened to the devotional hymns of the lark, and became better and happier men for its music.

Seriously, it may be urged that the refined tastes, arts, and genius of the present day do not develop themselves symmetrically or simultaneously in this matter. Here are connoisseurs and enthusiasts in vegetable nature hunting up and down all the earth's continents for rare trees, plants, shrubs, and flowers. They are bringing them to England and America in shiploads, to such extent and variety, that nearly all the dead languages and many of the living are ransacked to furnish names for them. Llamas, dromedaries, Cashmere goats, and other strange animals, are brought, thousands of miles by sea and land, to be acclimatized and domesticated to these northern countries. Artificial lakes are made for the cultivation of fish caught in antipodean streams. That is all pleasant and hopeful and proper. The more of that sort of thing the better. But why not do the other thing, too? Vatte-mare made it the mission of his life to induce people of different countries to exchange books, or unneeded duplicates of literature. We need an Audubon, or Wilson, not to make new collections of feathered skeletons, and new volumes on ornithology, but to effect an exchange of

living birds between Europe and America ; not for caging, not for zoological gardens and museums, but for singing their free songs in our fields and forests. There is no doubt that the English lark would thrive and sing as well in America as in this country. And our bobolink would be as easily acclimatized in Europe. Who could estimate the pleasure which such an exchange in the bird-world would give to millions on both sides of the Atlantic ?

There are some English birds which we could not introduce into the feathered society of America, any more than we could import a score of British Dukes and Duchesses, with all their hereditary dignities and grand surroundings, into the very heart and center of our democracy. For instance, the grave and aristocratic rooks, if transported to our country, would turn up their noses and caw with contempt at our institutions—even at our oldest buildings and most solemn and dignified oaks. It is very doubtful if they would be conciliated into any respect for the Capitol or the White House at Washington. They have an intuitive and most discriminating perception of antiquity, and their adhesion to it is invincible. Whether they came in with the Normans, or before, history does not say. One thing would seem evident. They are older than the Order of the Garter, and belonged to feudalism. They are the living spirits of feudalism, which have survived its human retainers by several hundred years, and now represent the defunct institution as pretentiously as in King Stephen's day. They are as fond of old Norman castles, cathedrals, and churches as the very ivy itself, and cling to them with as much pertinacity. For several hundred generations of bird-life, they and their ancestors have colonized their sable communities in the baronial park-trees of England, and their descendants promise to abide for as many generations to

come. In size, form, and color they differ but little from the American crow, but are swifter on the wing, with greater "gift of the gab," and less dignified in general deportment, though more given to aristocratic airs. Although they emigrated from France long before "*La Démocratie Sociale*" was ever heard of in that country, they may be considered the founders of the *Socialistic* theory and practice ; and to this day they live and move in *phalansteries*, which succeed far better than those attempted by the American "*Fourierites*" some years ago. As in human communities, the collision of mind with mind contributes fortuitous scintillations of intelligence to their general enlightenment, so gregarious animals, birds, and bees seem to acquire especial quick-wittedness from similar intercourse. The English rook, therefore, is more astute, subtle, and cunning than our American crow, and some of his feats of legerdemain are quite vulpine.

The jackdaw is to the rook what the Esquimaux is to the Algonquin Indian—of the same form, color, and general habits, but smaller in size. They are as fond of ancient abbeys and churches as were ever the monks of old. Indeed, they have many monkish habits and predilections, and chatter over their Latin rituals in the storied towers of old Norman cathedrals, and in the belfries of ivy-webbed churches in as vivacious confusion.

There is no country in the world of the same size that has so many birds in it as England ; and there are none so musical and merry. They all sing here congregational-wise, just as the people do in the churches and chapels of all religious denominations. As these buildings were fashioned in early times after the Gothic order of elm and oak-tree architecture, so the human worshipers therein imitated the birds, as well as the branches, of those trees, and learned to sing their Sabbath hymns

together, young and old, rich and poor, in the same general uprising and blending of multitudinous voices. I believe everything that has wings sings in England. And well it might, for here it is safe from shot, stones, snares, and other destructives. "Young England" is not allowed to sport with fire-arms, after the fashion of our American boys. You hear no juvenile popping at the small birds of the meadow, thicket, or hedgerow, in spring, summer, or autumn. After traveling and sojourning nearly ten years in the country, I have never seen a boy throw a stone at a sparrow, or climb a tree for a bird's nest. The only birds that are not expected to die a natural death are the pheasant, partridge, grouse, and woodcock; and these are to be killed according to the strictest laws and customs, at a certain season of the year, and then only by titled or wealthy men who hold their vested interest in the sport among the most rigid and sacred rights of property. Thus law, custom, public sentiment, climate, soil, and production all combine to give bird-life a development in England that it attains in no other country. In no other land is it so multitudinous and musical; in none is there such ample and varied provision for housing and homing it. Every field is a great bird's nest. The thick, green hedge that surrounds it, and the hedge-trees arising at one or two rods' intervals, afford nesting and refuge for myriads of these meadow singers. The groves and thickets are full of them and their music; so full, indeed, that sometimes every leaf seems to pulsate with a little piping voice in the general concert. Nor are they confined to the fields, groves, and hedges of the quiet country. If the census of the sparrows alone in London could be taken, they would count up to a larger figure than all the birds of a New England county would reach. Then there is another interesting feature of this companionship.

A great deal of it lasts through the entire year. There are ten times as many birds in England as in America in the winter. Here the fields are green through the coldest months. No deep and drifting snows cover a frozen earth for ten or twelve weeks, as with us. There is plenty of shelter and seeds for birds that can stand an occasional frost or wintry storm, and a great number of them remain the whole year around the English home, steady.

If such a difference were a full compensation, our North American birds make up in dress what they fall short of English birds in voice and musical talent. The robin redbreast, and the goldfinch come out in brighter colors than any other beaux and belles of the season here; but the latter is only a slender-waisted brunette, and the former a plump, strutting little coxcomb, in a mahogany-colored waistcoat. There is nothing here approaching in vivid colors the New England yellow-bird, hang-bird, red-bird, indigo-bird, or even the blue-bird. In this, as well as other differences, Nature adjusts the system of compensation which is designed to equalize the conditions of different countries.

Walk from London to John O'Groat's.

TRUE BROTHERHOOD.

SIR JOHN FRANKLIN'S FATE AND ITS MORAL INFLUENCE AND RESULTS; THE FINNS AND THEIR SUFFERINGS; JOSEPH STURGE AND HIS MISSION OF CHARITY.

Let us briefly consider the influence upon Christendom of a case of suffering, attended with circumstances which

have seldom, if ever, marked a disaster to human lives in modern times. For several centuries the North Pole had thrown its iceberg gauntlets at the feet of the world's science and civilization, and challenged them to explore its frigid arcana. Many a bold sea-captain, with his hardy tars, had accepted the challenge, and pushed their frosty prows against the bulwarks of everlasting winter, built around the earth's axle, as if to keep its bearing cold and free from friction. The history of these polar navigators has made more than a score of volumes of deep and exciting interest. Many have been the ships crushed to pieces between the drifting mountains. Many have been the men of different race who have been cast, wrecked and bruised, upon the interminable Sahara of snow. Many have made their graves beneath its white and freezing drifts. Still, brave hearted men have been found, from decade to decade, eager to face the fierce dangers of these expeditions. Among the most dauntless of them all was Franklin with his heroic band. Abstractly, his life and theirs were worth no more to them and to the world than that of many a small frigate's captain and crew who have gone down under the broadsides of larger ships, and whose loss made no deep nor lasting sensation in the mind even of their own nation.

But all the ships sunk in wars, with thousands of sailors as brave as his, never produced such an impression upon Christendom as the fate of Franklin and his men. No one human experience, perhaps, ever before touched the heart-strings of humanity to such generous vibration. The world made him a man and a brother, indeed, of the nearest relationship. No one human life so interwove with its fibers the nations in the web of brotherhood. Each adopted him as if he were the first-born of its commonwealth. They hastened with this sentiment to his

rescue. They scaled the ice-works of the Polar Sea to find and save him and his men. English, American, French, Russian, and Dane mounted the frozen heights to pluck him from his grim prison. His noble wife fired the chivalry of both hemispheres with the eloquent pathos of her appeal. What deeds of daring and suffering were volunteered by men of different countries to search out and save that handful of English sailors! What beautiful sympathies their mysterious fate set beating and breathing in the heart of Christendom! What rivulets of generous sentiment is set running through the great communities of the world!

If Franklin and his men did not succeed in making their way to the North Pole of the earth, they gave to the world a better discovery,—the pole of Humanity nearest heaven, with its fixed star of hope and promise. The mission of his great suffering will doubtless be felt to future ages, stirring men to deeds of noble and daring philanthropy. Who can estimate the diversified germination of the seed—thoughts and seed-acts strown broadcast in the fitting out, and in the path of, these expeditions? Who can tell how many life-boats have been launched around the storm-beaten coast of the British isle, as the flowering and fruitage of that heroic and generous sympathy which Franklin's great suffering inspired and awoke? Who can say what a new class of wreckers it will give to the nations which hunted for his footprints in the white wilds of eternal winter?

Examples of international sympathy and benevolence followed each other in quickening succession after the Irish famine, and evidently under the influences set in motion by that event. One of the most interesting and unique of these occurred soon after the Crimean war. In the course of that gigantic struggle, war showed out its old inalienable nature,—the unregenerate malignities

of its animus, acts, and machinery of destruction. It proved that it could not be Christianized, civilized, nor softened by the kindlier influences of an enlightened age. It claimed its old prerogative, exercised in pagan times, to inflict the greatest possible injury on the enemy, wherever or by whatever he can be reached; to storm the citadel with the wail of famine in the outside cabins of the poor whom the citadel cannot protect from ravage; to starve non-combatant populations, that the sight and cry of their misery may compel their governments to succumb; to enfeeble the fighting power of a country by destroying the private property and means of sustenance of its laboring men. Nations claiming the highest Christian civilization, in the very last wars they have waged, have found that the religion they profess has not been able to wrest this rule of the sword from the hand of war when once drawn.

England with an army and navy claiming, perhaps justly, to be more Christian in their composition than the similar forces of any other power in Europe, found the attributes of war unchanged and unchangeable in the conflict with Russia. Her fleets in the Baltic found Cronstadt impregnable, and the pathway to the heart of the great northern power blocked up by that formidable fortress. Being unable to reach the citadel, they resorted to the traditional and common tactics of war, and sought to weaken the heart by slashing at the extremities of the empire. They pounced upon the small-winged vessels of the Finns and sunk or burned them by whole flocks. The simple fishermen, who knew not the cause of the war, and had taken no part in it, saw their little craft, and their all of wealth, destroyed in one fell swoop by the mighty ships bearing the British flag. It was like a raid of kites upon helpless broods of starlings. Their cargoes of salt for curing fish, which they had brought

from such distance and at such expense, went down to make more brine in the sea.

Many of their larger vessels, laden with timber, pitch, and resin, were burned at their moorings, and wooden piers were set on fire to make the destruction more complete. Several of their villages were laid in black and smouldering heaps by the thundering broadsides of the war-ships; and amazement, misery, and desolation were spread along the coast and high up the inland of the peasant country. What had the simple people done to bring down upon themselves such sudden and sweeping destruction? They had no arms to defend themselves, nor power nor skill to use them if they had them. Why should Christian England overwhelm them with such fierce desolation? A little while before, the English Bible Society had sent them thousands of copies of the Gospel of Jesus Christ in their own language, and they had taken the gift as a token of English good-will and kindness towards them. Did these great and terrible ships of war come from the same people who sent them the Holy Bibles? Poor peasants! it was probably the first time they had tasted the tender mercies of war, and they were sorely amazed and perplexed in their distress.

And there were thousands upon thousands of good and true men in England equally perplexed and saddened in mind at the destruction and wretchedness thus brought upon the poor Finlanders. One of these, good Joseph Sturge, who had made a journey to St. Petersburg to avert the war, was stirred to the depths of his great and good heart in behalf of the sufferers. Before many months had elapsed after the bloody conflict had ended, his broad, serene face, lighted by God's love as brightly as the moon at its full is lighted from the sun, was seen shining in the darkened homes of the Finland fishermen.

Not a word of their language could he speak, not a word of his could they ; and only a common sailor, who knew little of both, stood between them in this communion. But they understood the language of his heart, and he the language of theirs, with but little verbal interpretation. For days and weeks this good Quaker Samaritan went around among the ruins his countrymen had made along the Bothnian coast, binding up the wounds they had set a-bleeding ; soothing them with healing drops of the Samaritan's oil, and, with purse longer than his Christian prototype's, making the widow's heart to sing for joy at his coming, and little orphans to look up into his broad, serene, and beaming face, and wonder if it were not the very face of the great Father come down from above, or if it did not much resemble it in brightness and goodness. And some of the youngest, in their half-baby thoughts, guessed timidly that he was the living Bible, walking about under a broad-brimmed hat, and that the paper Bibles that came just before the awful cannons came that blew their parent's homes to pieces, were all dead books, or had no good life in them, or the ships would not have set their houses on fire and blown their chapels down as they did. Poor children ! they often step out wildly with their first thoughts, just as they do with their feet.

Thus good Joseph Sturge walked about in the fishing villages and hamlets of Finland, plucking out the thorns from memories that were beginning to fester against his country, and leaving in their stead the germs of a better remembrance. To this beautiful work of philanthropy he and his brother gave £1000, and other members of the Society of Friends in England nearly ten times as much more. This was the last mission of the good man's benevolence, and it fittingly ended a life filled from beginning to end with great acts of good-will to mankind.

Mission of Great Sufferings.

AFFECTING STORY OF A DOG.

A little incident * came to my knowledge here, which is well worthy of a place among those long records of touching affection and fidelity which dogs of all ages and countries have given to mankind as helping influences in the shaping of human lives and dispositions. I was sitting at the breakfast table of a friend who is a druggist, when he was called into the shop by a neighbor who had come for medical advice and aid in a very remarkable and affecting case. He described it briefly and simply, but it would fill a volume of beautiful meaning.

His family dog had incidentally made the acquaintance of a little bandy-legged, sunny-haired toddling, the young darling of a neighbor on the other side of the street. While lying on the door-stone, with his dreamy eyes peering out, this way and that, in short speculations, he had noticed this little thing, sometimes at the chamber-window and sometimes on the pavement, extemporizing those small entertainments which infant minds enjoy. Now, from time immemorial, there has always been a spontaneous affinity of fellowship between children and large, shaggy, honest-eyed dogs, generally commencing when both go on all fours. Whoever has watched the countenance of a great Newfoundlander, or St. Bernard, while looking from the hearth-side at a chubby, chirpy, perky baby wriggling across the floor on its hands and feet, in those frog-like hitchings which the first and last children born into the world have begun to walk it in ;—whoever has thoughtfully looked into such a dog's face at such a

* This interesting and affecting story is told by Mr. Burritt, and is founded on an incident that occurred at the town of Truro, during his "Walk from London to Land's End."—ED.

sight, so proud and joyful to mothers, young and old, must have noticed an expression of intelligence and sympathy more than human. That is the dog's day of honor and gladness in the family circle. There he is on the floor with his master's youngest child on an equal footing. He sees and feels it ; let no one doubt that. Here and now they are both quadrupeds in faculties and manner of motion. He loves to see the mother take the little being from her bosom and place it back upward on the carpet, and bubble over with inarticulate raptures to see it work itself along from one figure to another. Don't put a selfish thought into that dog's mind. Don't say that he feels an unworthy pleasure in the proof that every grand emperor, and every man that ever walked the earth since Adam, had to serve his babyhood's apprenticeship on the floor on all fours, and move over it in a fashion which might well move the sympathy of a puppy of the same age, or any other little quadruped of benevolent disposition. No, a real Newfoundlander is too generous for comparisons so derogatory to his master's humanity. It is not with the sympathy of pity but of love that he watches the movements of the little being on the carpet, or in its mother's arms. He longs and loves to take part in bringing it on. He loves to feel its little, short, fat arms buried in the long hair of his neck ; its soft, white fingers clasping his long ears. What tugging and touzling, and pinching and pulling at the tail he will take, all in the fun and frolic of the daily gambol, and never whine or wince even with a pain that would make the father of the child cry out and put a bitten finger to his mouth ! And what member of the family circle is prouder or happier than he when that child finishes his long apprenticeship as a quadruped, and stands for the first time upright on what were once its hind-feet, and makes two steps forward before its

limpsy body loses its balance, and it comes down again to its original condition in a squashy concussion with its forehead against the floor? Doesn't he, with all the intelligible speech of eye and tail, say just what the father says, with more fun in his face: "Don't cry, Teddy! up and try it again!" With what tenderness and delight he turns saddle-horse and carriage-horse for the little thing when it is first taken outdoors to see the birds and hear them sing, and be introduced to the old Mully "with her crumpled horns," to Jenny the pony, and to the feathered bipeds of the barn-yard circle! Of all the eyes watching that child up to boyhood, whose are fixed on him oftener, longer, and fondlier, than those now beginning to look out dimly from under the gray eye-brows of that old house-dog? The youth, full of life and vigor, does not remember the time when he crept on his hands and feet across the floor; but the old dog, napping longer at the fireside now than then, remembers it, and follows him with all his first love and truthfulness; follows him, often hesitatingly and wistfully at a distance, even when told to go back in a tone that goes to his heart. That eye follows him last as he recedes from sight, and greets him first on his return. Its look at its last closing is full of its first love; and if it were permitted to open again in paradise it would glisten there in the light of that love unquenched by the grave.

This dog was endowed with the nature that does honor to his kind and good to a higher race. Lying there by the door-stone, or making short morning trots up and down the side walk, he espied this little child on the other side of the street. If the truth were known, I am sure that it would be found that the child's father had no dog for his home, and the dog's owner had no child for his. This was probably the secret of their first acquaintance. Their sympathies and affinities worked in them to the same im-

pulse. The dog, on one of his walks on that side of the street, met the baby turn-out, and looked over the rim of the little basket-carriage, and looked, as a loving dog can look, straight into a pair of baby eyes, peering upward with quering wonder at the blue world above. It was the face he had seen against the nursery window from the opposite side. Of course, seeing such a hairy face with its tender eyes, come suddenly between its own and the sun, the child cocked up a fat foot, crowed, bit a thumb, smiled and said "good morning!" as well as it could. The dog understood it, any way. Human friendships and loves as long as eternity have often commenced on as small a beginning of incident; and so began the beautiful sympathy and companionship between this intelligent, affectionate creature and the infant child of his owner's neighbor just where the line of demarcation between the two races of beings is the thinnest and most obscure. Little by little, day by day, and week by week, this companionship went on, growing with the growth and strengthening with the strength of the little one. The dog, doubtless because his master had no young child of his own, came at last to transfer, frequently, his watch and ward to the door-stone on the other side of the street; to follow as a guard of honor the baby's carriage on its daily airings, darting proud and warning looks at all the breed of barkers on the way that seemed impertinent or inquisitive. He assisted at the inauguration of its first perpendicular footing of two yards of the garden-walk. He led the way down the aisle, barking his great round barks of joy, and waving the little one on with the proudly-curved standard of his tail. With what delight he gave himself up to all the pettings, pinchings, and pullings, and little rude rompings, and rough-and-tumbings, that those baby-hands could disport themselves with! Thus grew their mutual attachments. And to this it had grown, when one day, as the dog lay in watch

and ward by the door-stone, the child, peering out of the window above, lost its balance and fell head-foremost upon the stone pavement below. It never breathed again. It was taken up out of the puddle of blood with fractured skull, motionless and dead. The red drops of the young life had bespattered the feet and face of the dog as he sprang to the rescue. His heart died out within him, in one long, whining moan of grief. From that moment he had refused to eat. He refused to be comforted by his master's voice, and by his master's home. Day by day, and night by night, he lay upon the spot where the child fell, with his shaggy throat pressed closely to the pavement, as if he would warm to life again the blood that had stained it.

This was the neighbor's errand. He told it all in few and simple words ; but, opened to their full significance, they meant the whole history of the incident I have given. He had came to my friend, the druggist, for a prescription for his dog—something to bring back his appetite, something to

Minister to a mind diseased,

* * * * *

Cleanse the stuff'd bosom of that perilous stuff,
Which weighs upon the heart.

It may possibly be true. Some believe it. The Saint of Patmos saw in his vision of the New Jerusalem horses and other beasts taking part in the services and adorations of the Heavenly City. Perhaps such dogs as these will not be shut out of that happy immortality. One would like to hope that they might be admitted to it, if it were reverent to entertain such a wish. Doubtless there will be room enough in it, and scope and verge enough on the banks of the river of life for them to bask in without getting in the way, or abstracting from the happiness of their saved and sainted masters taken up to that haven on a smaller footing of personal merit.

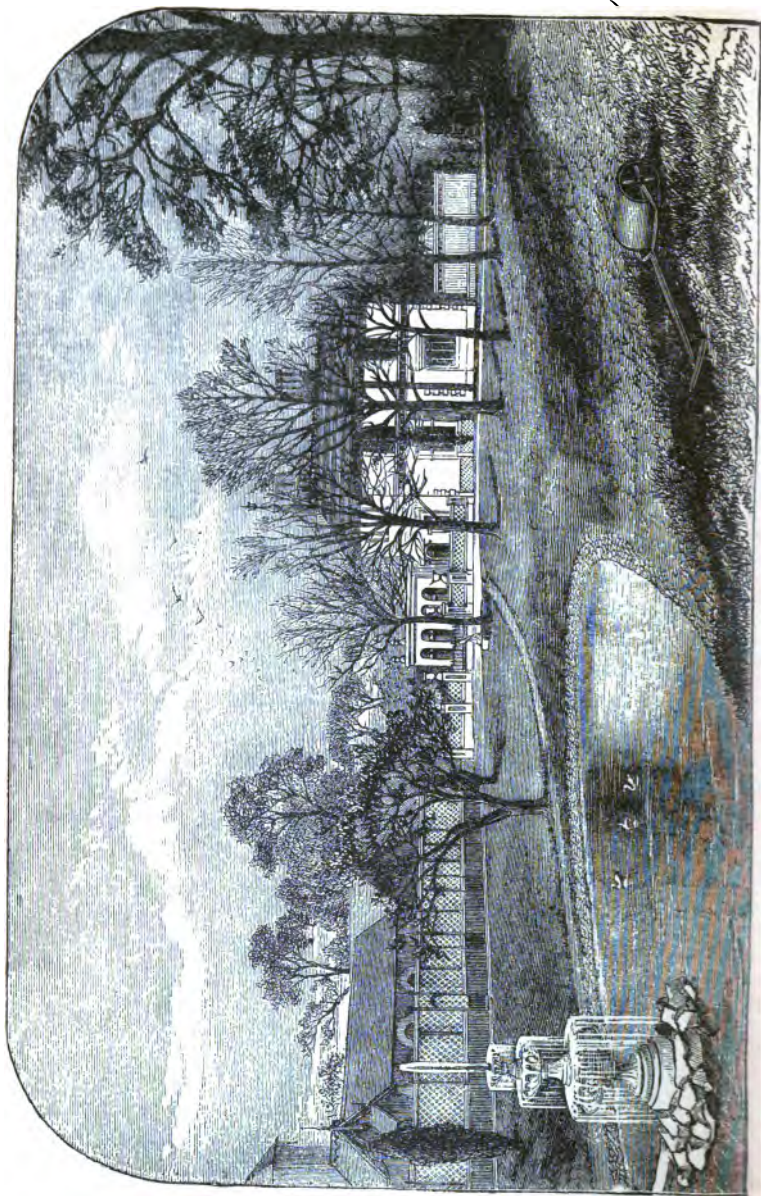
A VISIT TO THE QUEEN'S DAIRY.

A little beyond Abingdon I came out upon the line of my walk *from* London ; thus virtually completing the tour. I therefore proceeded directly to Windsor to visit the Queen's Dairy, the only remaining object of interest that I was desirous of referring to in my notes. I had obtained a ticket of admission through the good offices of our minister at St. James's, and was highly gratified at being thus enabled to see an establishment of which I had often heard.

"*The Queen's Dairy!*" How Saxon and homelike sounds that term! The Queen's cows "with crumpled horns"; brindle cows, spotted, red-faced, white-faced, mottled, brown, and dun, coming in from pasture at eve with whisking tails, and eyes soft, gentle, round, and honest. The Queen's milk-maids, with rosy cheeks, patting the meditating *mullics* with white, soft hands and voices of kind accent. The Queen's milk-pails, with her crown mark upon them all, so pure and sweet in their polished hoops. The Queen's milk-pans, shelved in long rows, with the cream-lily's golden leaf, like another *Victoria Regina*, overlaying the luscious deep an inch or two below the brim. The Queen's churns, so surpassing all that Dutch housewifery ever dreamed of in purification and polish of wood and brass. The Queen herself, in straw bonnet and thick-soled shoes, walking up and down the dairy-room, dropping happy and smiling looks into pails and pans of milk and cream; perhaps anon stamping a roll of new-made butter with her wife's seal manual for the royal table; thinking the while of dairies and pastures far and near—of Alderneys, Devonshires, Herefords, and Shorthorns, and of their comparative graces and merits.

The Queen's Dairy! The very name seems to link her queenhood to the happiest and homeliest experiences of rural life ; to attach her, by a sensible lien of industrial sympathy, to all the farmers' wives in the British Empire ; to introduce her into the daily fellowship of their feelings and interests ; to morning and evening walks on their rustic levels of care, learning what milk, butter, and cheese mean, and all the minute details of their production.

The milk-room of the dairy is represented, in the accompanying sketch, in the one-story wing of the main building. For its uses, and for the associations attaching to them, it is perfection in itself. Its internal structure and arrangements are exquisite in every feature and fitting. To say that it is a little marble temple, "polished after the similitude of a palace," would convey a sense of its cool whiteness and purity, but not its aspect of softness. The walls, the long marble tables, the fountains, the statuary of rustic life, and all the finely-sculptured allegories look as if wrought from new milk petrified just as the cream began to rise to the surface. Or as if, looking into the basined pools of the soft white fluid circling around the interior, like great fluent pearls strung for a bracelet, they had gradually assimilated themselves to the medium that reflected their faces, and had taken up both its softness of look and sweetness of savor. It was truly a beautiful sight, that would dazzle and delight the eyes of our Orange county dairy-women. The pans or dishes are of oblong shape, with a lip to them, which saves many an unlucky splash in pouring their contents into other vessels. Then they are all made of the finest stone china, with gilt edges, each holding two gallons, and costing a guinea, or five dollars. There were ninety-two of them, placed in double rows on the long marble tables, which run around the room over a flowing sheet of clear spring water rippling in



THE QUEEN'S DAIRY AND AVIARY.

its wide marble channel. Thus the milk-pans alone cost full 2,500 dollars.

No description I could give would convey any adequate idea of the refined taste, fertile genius, and exquisite art brought to bear upon this little palace. In no other structure he left behind him, can you see so much of Prince Albert's entire as in this. It is his last and best. And for this reason Americans will regard it with peculiar interest. It is a pleasant impression current with us, that his last work with the pen was to soften some rather severe and energetic expression in a diplomatic communication addressed to our Government by his own. Whether that be true or not, a great portion of our people believe it to be so, and treasure his memory in that belief. This beautiful dairy was a fitting work to end the active and wide-reaching utilities of his useful life. He gave to it the full swing and sway of his taste and genius ; and the best conceptions of both are blended here in the happiest harmonies. I was told that in the minutest detail of the structure and its adornments the design was his own. The seasons of the year and their occupations are put in sculptured pictures, chaste, delicate, simple, and natural as life. The family record is mounted in the porcelain walls in medalion faces by twos and by ones. First, the happy couples of the royal circle, beginning with the Queen and Prince, followed by those of their two eldest daughters with their husbands, succeeded by the younger and unmarried children. It seemed to me a happy thought, and full of pleasant illustration of his character, thus to link their lives to the beautiful economies of nature and to the every-day industries of a toiling world, typified in the pictures of these interests, so delicately graven in the same walls.

It is no wonder that this is a favorite resort to the Queen, not only because it was the last work of her husband, but

also because it best reflects the most cherished features of his character. She visits it very frequently with her children, who look with lively wonderment at all the processes that produce butter. I was told by the head dairy-woman that the youngest were delighted at the permission to turn the crank of the barrel-churn, and would tug at it for full fifteen minutes at a time, till their faces were hot and flushed with the exercise, and their hair flashed over their eyes at every round. I was rather surprised to find the pails, tubs, etc., so common and simple. They were very solid and heavy, and thoroughly English in their shape and weight. The milk-pails especially were of this character, being about as heavy when empty as ours when full. They seemed to be made of solid English oak, nearly half an inch thick, with iron bails, apparently wrought on the anvil, like the old-fashioned bails of our brass kettles. But, with all this solidity of wood and iron, they were pearly pure and neat. Still, a New Englander would naturally wish that some of our mountain-town factories would send Her Majesty a set of their beautiful, seamless, white cedar pails, so light and pretty in face and form. I am sure she would appreciate and approve the difference in their favor.

Of the cows, there were ten Alderneys in milk ; the rest were pure or graded Shorthorns. The difference in the richness of their milk may be seen in the fact that two gallons of the former produce one quart of cream, while the same quantity of the latter yields only one pint. The whole dairy produces twenty-seven pounds of butter daily. I was a little surprised to learn, on questioning the mistress of the establishment, that they always mixed the milk of the cows, and that she had never sent to the Queen's table a single roll of pure Alderney butter. Thus, with ten cows, of that lineage, milked daily, it is doubtful if they

have ever been allowed to present her a luxury which thousands of her liege subjects enjoy.

The Aviary is as perfect in its way as the dairy, and is opposite to it on the other side of the roadway. It gives the most elegant and comfortable housing to almost every kind of feathered biped known to ornithology. The pipers and paddlers of all countries are represented by elite delegates in the flutter and splutter of this happified convention. The provision for the paddlers is delightful and delicious to them. The large basin in front of the Aviary, with the fountain playing in the center, is the very elysium of spoon-bills of every name, shape, and size, ranging from the stateliest swan to the little tufted duckling trailing its shadow across the water, as if he had caught it at a dive and was afraid he would lose it. It is a constitutional monarchy of birds, in happy, and perhaps instinctive, harmony with the British Constitution. The royal family, the different orders of the aristocracy, the peers, commons, and plebs, all seem to have been taught their places and prerogatives, and to move on together pleasantly like a well-regulated human society of the European pattern.

Prince Albert did not play at farming merely to follow the fashion of agricultural amateurs, or to kill time with an occupation for some of its tedious hours. He put a downright earnest and honest heart into it, as a business which gives full scope to science, art, and enthusiasm. He was a prince among farmers, as well as among peers, in practical leadership, as his many agricultural addresses and experiments clearly show. The model farms he established at Windsor are the result of the principles and improvements he advocated carried out to their best working. Ordinary farmers may not be able to erect such stabling and housing for cattle as the *Home Farm* provides, in which the cows of the Queen's Dairy are watched and

tended in winter. But no farmer can walk up and down the pavement between the stalls, look at their construction, and all the arrangements for feeding, bedding, watering, and ventilating, without carrying away ideas that may be turned to good account, though on a smaller and cheaper scale. For myself, I can hardly conceive of anything more perfect than these arrangements. And they are all practical, solid, and utilitarian, with little expended on mere show. The cows were nearly all in the pasture when I visited their stabling; but a good number of calves were in the stalls, or boxes, of different breeds and ages, all looking as bright and sleek as possible. I was struck with the eclectic character of the names they bore. The floral and fairy kingdoms of nature, heroes and heroines of ancient mythology, history, and poetry, supplied most of this interesting nomenclature; and this made it all the more interesting to me to see that *Uncle Tom's Cabin* had furnished two or three names, and that "Eva" and "Topsy" had their place in the rank of chosen celebrities.—*Walk from London to Land's End.*

THE POWER OF EXPRESSION, OR BREATHING A LIVING SOUL INTO DEAD WORDS.

"Can these dry bones live?" asked the seer of old, on seeing a valley strewn with them. "Can these dry bones live? Did they ever live?" many a reader has asked of himself, on looking over a book-valley filled with lifeless, disjointed words. Yes, many sentences of commonplace words and thin and weak ideas, which, in cold, inanimate type, seem dead to the reader, have thrilled and stirred hundreds to the deepest emotion when listening to them as they fell burning from the tongue. Words are

the veins, but not the vital fluid, of mental life. As in the case of the dry bones the prophet saw, a living spirit must pass over and through them before they glow, and breathe, and throb with life. Spoken words are often delivered upon the mind of the listener with the temporary force and impression which the written cannot produce upon the reader. In the first place, listening to a public speaker is a congregate exercise, and he can play upon the sympathy of a hundred minds drinking in the same thoughts at the same moment. Even if they were all blind, and could not see each other's faces as they listened, they would be conscious of the tide of feeling that the speaker was raising in the invisible assembly. Thus he has a peculiar advantage over the writer in this simple sentiment of sympathy in a compact congregation of hearers ; for, in ninety-nine cases in a hundred, the author's words fall upon the mind of an isolated reader without any accessory charm or force that the tongue can give, or ear receive. Then, if the preacher or orator has an impressive or well-modulated voice, he can give to his words a power which type cannot reproduce, or save from evanescence. But the great, capital advantage he has over the writer, though transient, is in the projectile force of feeling he can throw into his words through his voice, eyes, face, and action. Many a speaker, by the very mesmerism of his own heart-power, has raised dead words from the ground and made them electrify a great audience with their startling life. I have seen this effect produced under a great variety of circumstances, and with the simplest words. I once attended a negro church service in Virginia, where a large chapel was filled with slaves of every age. One of their fellow-members had died the week before, and a colored brother on the platform was "improving the occasion." He had gradually brought the congre-

gation to a certain level of emotion by his simple and pathetic tribute of affectionate regard for the deceased. When he had raised them to a sympathetic point, from which they could have easily subsided to a calmer feeling without new explosive force on his part, he turned himself half round from the audience and uttered the simple words—"Jimmy lies dere in he grabe." Could those maimed words live? a classical scholar might ask. Yes, they did live, with a vitality and power that might well have astonished the prophet who saw the dry bones stir with animation. They filled the walls of the house as with a mighty rushing wind of human emotion, with sobs of sympathy and ejaculations of intense feeling. Half the audience rose to their feet, and several men and women waved their arms, with uprolled eyes, as if swimming up to heaven in their ecstasy. "Jimmy lies dere in he grabe!" were the simple words through which he produced this effect. They were the veins through which he transfused three hundred human hearts with the vital fluid of the feeling which filled his own to this passionate outburst. How cold they look in type! Who would read them with any interest above the general sentiment which the bare statement is calculated to inspire? They come to the reader's mind in their bald and isolated meaning, abstracted from every accessory or surrounding circumstance that affected their utterance. No printed words could convey an idea of that outburst of feeling which forced itself into that simple exclamation, of the tremor of his voice, of the expression of his countenance, as the white tears ran down his black face. He stepped to the left edge of the platform as he half turned from the audience. He bent his form and placed a hand on each knee; he stretched out his neck as if to look over the sharp edge of the grave; for a silent moment he trembled from head to foot, in every joint and in every hair of

his head ; then, with a voice tremulous with melting pathos, as if his tears were dropping upon the dead face of their departed friend, he sobbed out, " Jimmy lies dere in he grave ! " Never before did I hear six words uttered with such a projectile force of feeling, or that produced such an effect upon an audience.

Another instance I will notice to illustrate the effect which mere heart-power in the speaker may give, even to words that they may have no intellectual meaning to an audience. The Peace Congress in Paris, in 1849, was perhaps the first public meeting in France in which French, English, Americans, Germans, Spaniards, and Italians ever assembled together to discuss principles and topics in which they felt a common interest. Those of us especially who had labored for months to bring about this great reunion were much exercised with doubt as to the result of assembling within the same walls, and on the same platform, hearers and speakers who did not understand each other's language. This doubt was increased by the apprehension of one or two French members of the Committee of Arrangements, that many of their countrymen, after listening for a few minutes to an English speech they could not understand, would arise and leave the house, out of sheer weariness of mind. Richard Cobden was the only English-speaking member who could address the assembly in French. So, when our first orator arose to speak, we watched, from the platform, the faces of the French auditors with lively concern. It was the Rev. John Burnet of London, a man of much genius and power as a speaker, with a flow and a glow of rich Irish wit and accent, which always made him a great favorite at home. He had not proceeded a minute before we could perceive the action of the subtle force of sympathy upon the French portion of the assembly. Although not one in ten could understand

the meaning of his words in print, they came to them from his lips with a force of feeling that affected them deeply. And when, in the middle of his speech, he brought out a noble sentiment towards their nation, the whole English and American portion of the audience arose and gave three great cheers, that made the roof tremble. From that moment to the end of the last session the electric current of sympathy between speaker and hearer was complete, even without intelligible language as a conductor. On the second day, when an eloquent, impassioned English popular orator was in his peroration, he threw a fervor and force of feeling into a climax sentence which perfectly electrified the French audience. The whole gallery of them, at a great distance from the platform, arose, and scores of ladies waved their handkerchiefs in the enthusiasm of their delight and admiration, though probably not one in twenty could understand a word of English. I was sitting by the side of a French member of the committee on the platform, whom I had met from day to day, and knew to be unable to read or understand English. He was swaying and tremulous with emotion, and the tears were coursing down his cheeks "like rain-drops from eaves of reeds." I asked him, in a whisper of surprise, if he understood the speaker. "Non, mais je le comprends ici" ("No, but I understand him here"), said he, laying his hand upon his heart. Here was a striking illustration of the heart-power that may be thrown into common words, for those that produced this wonderful effect would not move any thoughtful reader when cold and laid out in type.

Still, notwithstanding the advantage the orator or speaker possesses in being able to breathe a living soul into dry words, to give them, as it were, his own eyes, face, voice, and action, the writer often wields a higher power, because it is everlasting and unchanging. Men have writ-

ten, who, from their lightning-tipped pens, have thrown into a few simple words a current of electric feeling which has shot through forty centuries and a hundred human generations, thrilling the sympathies of men of almost every race, tongue, and age. There is the cry of tender and manly distress which Esau uttered at the knees of his old blind father, when he lifted up his voice and wept, and said, in broken articulation, "Bless me also, O my father!" All the intervening centuries, and all the moral mutations affecting humanity, have not attenuated the pulse of those words. Whoever wrote them threw into them a projectile force of feeling that will thrill the last reader that peruses them on earth. Judah's plea for Benjamin before Joseph, in Egypt, young David's words to Saul on going forth to meet Goliath, and his lament over Absalom, have an in-breathed life and power which will last as long as human language.

Even what may be called artificial feeling has given written words a power that has moved millions for more than two thousand years. All the theaters built and filled in Greece, Rome, France, England, and America originated in this inbreathing power, which actors, trained high in emotional education, could throw into sentences penned by some quiet writer, perhaps, in his garret or kitchen. How these great tragedians have walked through the book-valleys of dry words and breathed them into thrilling life! "What is he to Hecuba, or Hecuba to him?" What? why all that Hecuba was to herself in the wildest storm-bursts of her grief. His tears, though counterfeit, were as wet as hers. His heart played the bitter discords of woe upon its torn or twisted strings as sadly as hers. His voice broke with the sobbing cadences of sorrow as touchingly as hers. His face and form quivered with all the agonies of her despair. If she had stood up before the audi-

ence in all the affecting personality of her experience, she could not have acted out her distress and grief with more life and power.

It is true these trained actors of feeling avail themselves of other accessories than their emotional or elocutionary faculties. They enhance the force and effect of their impersonations by various kinds of scenic auxiliaries to give them all the vividness of real life. But many of them, without any of the trappings of the stage, have breathed a power into simple and familiar words which has made the hearts of listeners almost stand still in the intensity of their sympathy. I conclude with one illustration of this faculty.

The Lord's Prayer contains sixty-five simple words, and no other threescore-and-five have ever been together on so many human lips. For a thousand years they have been the household, the cradle words of Christendom. Children innumerable, in both hemispheres, have been taught to say them in their first lessons in articulate speech. They have been the prayer of all ages and conditions; uttered by mitred bishops in grand cathedrals, and lisped by poor men's children, with closed eyes, in cots of straw at night. The feet of forty generations, as it were, have passed over them, until, to some indifferent minds, their life may seem to have been trodden out of them. Indeed, one often hears them from the pulpit as if they were worn out by repetition. A few pretentiously-educated minds may even ask their secret thoughts, "Can these dry words live?" Yes, they have been made to live with overpowering vitality.

J. Brutus Booth, the celebrated tragedian, was a man who threw into his impersonations an amount of heart and soul which his originals could scarcely have equaled. He did Richard III. to the life, and more. He had made human

passions, emotions, and experiences his life's study. He could not only act, but *feel* rage, love, despair, hate, ambition, fury, hope, and revenge with a depth and force that half amazed his auditors. He could transmute himself into the hero of his impersonation, and he could breathe a power into other men's written words which perhaps was never surpassed. And, what is rather remarkable, when he was inclined to give illustrations of this faculty to private circles of friends, he nearly always selected some passage from Job, David, or Isaiah, or other holy men of old. When an aspiring young professor of Harvard University went to him by night to ask a little advice or instruction in qualifying himself for an orator, the veteran tragedian opened the Bible and read a few verses from Isaiah in a way that made the Cambridge scholar tremble with awe, as if the prophet had risen from the dead and were uttering his sublime visions in his ears. He was then residing in Baltimore, and a pious, urbane old gentleman of the city, hearing of his wonderful power of elocution, one day invited him to dinner, although strongly deprecating the stage and all theatrical performances. A large company sat down to the table, and on returning to the drawing-room, one of them requested Booth, as a special favor to them all, to repeat the Lord's Prayer. He signified his willingness to gratify them, and all eyes were fixed upon him. He slowly and reverentially arose from his chair, trembling with the burden of two great conceptions. He had to realize the character, attributes, and presence of the Almighty Being he was to address. He was to transform himself into a poor, sinning, stumbling, benighted, needy suppliant,—offering homage, asking bread, pardon, light, and guidance. Says one of the company present, "It was wonderful to watch the play of emotions that convulsed his countenance. He became deathly pale,

and his eyes, turned tremblingly upwards, were wet with tears. As yet he had not spoken. The silence could be felt; it had become absolutely painful, until at last the spell was broken as if by an electric shock, as his rich-toned voice, from white lips, syllabled forth 'Our Father which art in heaven,' etc., with a pathos and fervid solemnity that thrilled all hearts. He finished; the silence continued; not a voice was heard nor a muscle moved in his rapt audience, until, from a remote corner of the room, a subdued sob was heard, and the old gentleman, the host, stepped forward, with streaming eyes and tottering frame, and seized Booth by the hand. 'Sir,' said he, in broken accents, 'you have afforded me a pleasure for which my whole future life will feel grateful. I am an old man, and every day from boyhood to the present time I thought I had repeated the Lord's Prayer; but I never heard it before, never!' 'You are right,' replied Booth: 'to read that prayer as it should be read caused me the severest study and labor for thirty years, and I am far from being satisfied with my rendering of that wonderful production. Hardly one person in ten thousand comprehends how much beauty, tenderness, and grandeur can be condensed in a space so small, and in words so simple. That prayer itself sufficiently illustrates the truth of the Bible, and stamps upon it the seal of divinity.' So great was the effect produced," says our informant, "that conversation was sustained but a short time longer, in subdued monosyllables, and almost entirely ceased; and soon after, at an early hour, the company broke up and retired to their several homes, with sad faces and full hearts."

"Can these words live?" Let any man who thinks, and almost says, that they have lost their life by repetition, ask any one of the company that listened to Mr. Booth on that evening to say what is his opinion on the question.

But some conscientious persons may possibly object that the effect he produced was dramatic ; that he only gave to the words the force of artificial or acted feeling. Suppose this be granted : if artificial or counterfeit feeling could produce such effect, what impression ought not *genuine* emotion, in the utterance of that simple and beautiful prayer, to produce on an audience ?

LICHFIELD.—ITS CATHEDRAL AND GREAT MEN.

Lichfield is the clasp-jewel of the gold-and-green embroidered zone of the Black Country. Its cathedral* is an edifice of which a whole nation might be proud, if possessing no other monument of beautiful architecture. The century-plant, that puts forth its white blossom only at the end of a hundred years, has its special reputation and place in the floral kingdom. This Staffordshire cathedral is a millennium plant, which has unfolded the exquisite petals and leaves of its great and beautiful blossom of architecture at the end of ten centuries of steady growing. Tradition claims it to have been planted by King Oswy, twelve hundred years ago, on soil watered by the blood of Christian martyrs under Diocletian. The city takes its name from this tradition, which signifies *Aceldama, or Field of Corses*.

It would have been a good and thoughtful act on the part of past generations if they had preserved for us at

* Mr. Burritt was greatly interested in examining the great cathedrals of Europe, and this selection is given as indicating his interest, and descriptive power.



LICHFIELD CATHEDRAL.

least one completely Saxon cathedral of the earliest structure in England ; for instance, one like that built here by King Oswy in the middle of the seventh century. Doubtless it was as large as a modern one-story chapel, with wattle walls and thatched roof. That was the germ of this magnificent fabric. It grew slowly in the ice-storms and wild tempests of those Saxon centuries. The village planted around it was very small and grew slowly and feebly. Even as late as towards the close of the eleventh century, the little church was so small, and mean in structure and accommodation, that the bishop transferred the see to Chester, and his successor carried it to Coventry. But bishop Clinton, about fifty years later, brought it back to Lichfield, and began, on the site of the old Saxon building, the present edifice. He seems to have been the first architectural Solomon that put hand to the work with some of Solomon's eye to beauty and grandeur. For ten times the length of time occupied in erecting the famous Jewish Temple has this of Christian worship been in building. And, on studying all the features of its exterior and interior symmetries, one might well feel that four hundred years were not too long a period for producing the fabric to its present perfection. If such a building could be erected in a century, to the finest and last line of the sculptor's chisel, even an amateur of architecture might walk up and down under its lofty arches and roofage with but a forced sentiment of veneration. But the rime of age and history, which six hundred years have breathed upon its gray forests of columns, pillars, and carved work, produces upon a thoughtful mind an impression which no artistic architecture, however grand, can create without such associations.

Lichfield looks like a little city of steeples on approaching it in any direction. The tall spire of one of the

churches, nearly half a mile from the cathedral, seems to arise from one of the towers of the great edifice, making four of graceful proportions that stand up in the heavens like the spangled minarets of a county's crown. Indeed, not until you are within the city itself do you find this fourth spire detached and standing on its own church tower. Near the cathedral, on the city side, there is a long, wide pool of water, almost a little lake, which serves as a mirror in which you see the three spires and the upper part of the grand edifice photographed as large and true as life. But, unhappily for the picture and the fancy, there is a row of plain brick houses between you and the cathedral, and these too are looking at their homely faces in the water; and as their red walls reach up half-way to the eaves of the magnificent structure, the latter looks like a queen standing in full court robes at a mirror with a dumpy country milkmaid in a red woolen petticoat just before, blending her peasant form and dress in the same reflection.

This cathedral perhaps suffered more than any other in England during the Civil War; and mostly for the reason that it was more strongly fortified. One of its bishops, Langton, had surrounded it with a strong wall and a foss, giving it the attitude of an embattled castle as well as a Christian church—a strength which proved its weakness and half destruction. Being found in the armor of carnal warriors, they put it on for the battle, and church and all suffered sadly as the result. The cathedral was garrisoned like a castle for King Charles I., and was taken and retaken, battered and rebattered by the contending forces. It shows one of the horrible features of a civil war that both Royalists and Parliamentarians could have the heart to point their cannon at such an edifice. In the course of one bombardment, the great central spire,

the apex of the splendid triangle, was shorn off close to the roof. The Puritans come in for severe condemnation for their conduct towards all that was then held so sacred ; and all the defacing of sculpture, the mutilating of marble noses, and the destruction of carved images are generally laid to their charge. They, doubtless, did have a religious repugnance to all graven images, even of good men and women, and regarded them as under the ban of the second commandment of the Decalogue. It is quite possible that they have been made to bear many of the sins of the Cavaliers and Royalists in this respect. Between the two, Lichfield Cathedral was left a splendid ruin. It had verified in its experience the truth of the declaration, "They that take the sword shall perish by the sword." Its wall and foss, instead of protection, brought great desolation upon it. But these were speedily repaired after the Restoration, under Bishop Hacket ; who not only gave munificently from his private means, but induced the nobility, gentry, and clergy of the diocese to follow his example.

During the Civil War the stained glass in the windows of the cathedral was totally destroyed, either out of wantonness or for the lead mouldings in which it was encased. This was a sad calamity to the eyes and hearts of all devout mediævalists. What was to be done?—to sew new bits of cassimere into the rents of the venerable robe? to put young, brand new eyes into the eye-sockets five centuries old, to stare in the face of such solemn and august antiquities? The idea was repugnant, almost profane, to all true lovers of the Gothic order of religious worship. Happily they were not obliged to submit to this repulsive alternative. It was an ill wind of violence that had battered and broken the windows of the Lichfield cathedral ; but a wind equally violent and destructive had

blown upon convents and other religious houses on the Continent. There was a great amount and variety of stained glass to be found in the wreck of abbeys, of the best antiquity and imagery.

Sir Brooke Boothby, traveling in Germany, visited the dissolved Abbey of Herckenrode, founded in 1182, and ornamented with the choicest specimens of the glass-staining art which the great masters of the sixteenth century could produce. He succeeded in buying up a good portion of this glass, consisting of 340 pieces, each about twenty-two inches square, besides a large quantity of tracery and fragments, at the low figure of £200, and transferred the purchase to the Dean and Chapter of the cathedral. It was a good bargain for them, as the amount purchased, estimated at the standard at which continental convent glass was afterwards sold in England, was worth £10,000. The whole expense of this beautiful glass bought by Sir Brooke Boothby, including transportation, arranging, and fitting into the windows, was only £1,000. It was sufficient to fill seven of the large windows in the Lady Choir, or Chancel, the other two being supplied by modern productions. Thus the stained windows of the old Herckenrode Abbey, that for centuries looked down upon continental monks at their worship and vibrated to their Latin chants, now flood all the aisles, arches, and delicate traceries of this English cathedral with the haloed smile of their eyes.

Having visited all the cathedrals of Great Britain, and studied them with all the interest of American admiration for such structures, I am inclined to believe that this exceeds all others in the quality of beauty, both in its exterior and interior structure and embellishment. After Hawthorne's exquisite description of it in "Our Old Home," it may seem presumption in me to attempt another.

But, as this volume may be read by some who have not seen his, I will dwell a little longer upon two or three features of the edifice. It illustrates, more fully than any other that I know, the power and almost immeasurable capacity of the *voluntary* principle in England. Let any intelligent person see what that principle has produced here, and then compare the result with the production of the same principle in the Cologne Cathedral, and he will be deeply impressed by the contrast. He will see what a community educated in benevolence can accomplish by their voluntary contributions. Here they have produced and beautified a magnificent fabric, and filled it with treasures of exquisite art.

The cathedral at Cologne belongs not only to Prussia but to the whole of Germany. The very founder and first Emperor, Charlemagne, was entombed in it. No other building is the center and attraction of so many German associations. For nearly a thousand years it has been rising under the thin, trickling streams of German contributions. But the builders, with these small means, have hardly been able to outstrip the slow feet of time and to fill its deforming footsteps. While working at one end of the cathedral the other is falling to ruin. Time seems to be chasing them from one end to another, defacing their work as they creep on with the slow centuries. But look at Lichfield Cathedral. Two hundred years ago it was almost a ruin—its windows and roofage broken, its central spire battered down, and its carved work defaced and mangled. A sentiment stronger than even patriotism, an association more enduring than ever attached to a great emperor, has rebuilt the desolated edifice, and beautified it with trophies and treasures of art which Solomon's sculptors and workers in iron, brass, and wood could not produce for his Temple. The people of the

district have been made willing in the power of this sentiment. The wealth of their contributions, if they could be reduced to the low standard of a money value, would show how they prize this great heir-loom of past generations. In renovating and embellishing, the blending of the ages has been accomplished very happily. One has been softened into the other delicately, making almost a seamless whole of beauty. Even the latest additions of iron lace-work harmonize with carvings in wood and stone centuries old. Two of these are really master-pieces of artistic design and mechanical skill. The screen which divides the choir from the nave was wrought by Mr. Skidmore of Coventry. It resembles a thin hedge of tressed blackberry tendrils, leafed to the life, interspersed with seed-vessels of the wild rose and currant, and strawberry blossoms, so natural and graceful that one might fancy that they could almost breathe forth the odor of green life upon the music of the choir. The arched gateway of this hedge of metal shrubbery is an exquisite work of art. Sixteen shining angels, back to back, stand among the topmost boughs and blossoms of this floral wall, eight facing the singers in the choir and eight the congregation in the nave,—forming an angelic band of singers, surplined in gold, keeping time with harp and voice, apparently, with the human choristers in white robes below and the voices of all the worshipers of the great assembly. This idea is wrought out to all the perfection that art could give it.

The pulpit has no equal in England of the same species of work. It is a gem well set. It is entirely of metal, but is so perfectly constructed and placed that you notice no sharp contrast between it and the carver's work in stone and wood around and above. It looks like a great blossom of all the shining metals, lifting up its self-

wreathed cup on four twisted stems of polished brass. "This goblet wrought with curious art" from base to brim, is as richly embossed and ornamented as any drinking cup in the old King of Hanover's collection. Interspersed with rosettes of brilliant metal are set large colored stones and enamels. And the whole of this artistic structure presents a softened aspect, so that, at a little distance, no sense of iron, or hard incongruity of substance, affects your impression in taking the great whole of nave, transept, choir, column, and carved work into one view.

But the master-piece of all these modern embellishments is the reredos, or altar-back. I am inclined to think this is Gilbert Scott's *chef d'œuvre*, which he will never surpass, even with this work as a base of suggestion. In the first place, the body of the reredos is of the purest alabaster, taken from the Tutbury quarry in the same county. Into this delicate ground are wrought all kinds of precious stones, such as the lapis lazuli, carnelian, and malachite. The whole surface is most elaborately inlaid with variously colored marbles; one of which, called the "Duke's Red," contributed by the Duke of Devonshire from his estate, is pre-eminently brilliant. The back side of the reredos presents a more softened aspect, but one full of exquisite features. It is a great diaper, or crinkled veil of creamy or unpolished alabaster, carved and inlaid with no less than 2,000 small pieces of marble. The central portion of this beautiful structure, exclusive of the wings, cost about £1,000, which was raised by subscription among ladies specially interested in the cathedral. If the entire edifice were a six century plant, possessing within itself the faculty of germination, it could not have put forth a more natural and beautiful efflorescence than this alabaster flower so petaled and polished.

The carved woodwork of the throne, stalls, and sub-stalls, harmonizes well with all the other modern ornamentations, and presents specimens of the art which excite admiration. The pavements are equally artistic, and full of symbolic history of the cathedral, and scripture pieces happily executed. The choir was paved originally with a singular material, or with a mosaic of cannel coal and alabaster.

The statuary and monuments here have long been noted for their surpassing excellence. I believe that Chantrey's "Sleeping Children" are regarded as his master-piece of sculpture. Thousands have visited the cathedral chiefly to see this work of art, and many prose and poetical descriptions have been given of it. It still holds its reputation, though so many new masters have surpassed the old in conception and execution. They represent two infant daughters of Rev. Wm. Robinson, one of the prebendaries. Sleeping life could not be made more natural. They lie in each other's arms on a low mattress of marble, just like one which a mother might lay by the fireplace for a pair of twin toddlers tired with a Christmas frolic. The very pallet in which their young cheeks are half buried looks as if you might blow up wrinkles in it with your breath. I should not wonder if, now and then, a tender mother approaching them has softened her step unconsciously, as if loth to wake them up out of such sweet repose, for they look tired, not dead. Whoever appreciates fully the genius of the sculptor to breathe speaking life into cold marble, and give it the visible pulse of thought and feeling, should see and study this work of Chantrey, if he has not done so already. Bishop Ryder stands like a living man with lips just still, after a sermon on "God is Love." The statue is Chantrey's very last, and he had in the large-hearted and munificently-

benevolent bishop an excellent subject for his chisel. He was only fifty-nine years old when he died ; yet he had filled the episcopal chair more than twenty years. Among the monuments to persons who made for themselves more than a local reputation is Lady Mary Wortley Montague's, bearing for an inscription a testimony to the value of her introduction of the art of inoculating the small-pox from Turkey. "Convinced of its efficacy she first tried it, with success, on her own children and then recommended the practice of it to her fellow-citizens. Thus, by her example and advice, we have softened the virulence and escaped the danger of this malignant disease." Garrick has a monument here, erected by his wife, including in the inscription the sentiment of Johnson : "His death eclipsed the gaiety of nations, and impoverished the public stock of harmless pleasures." The monumental statuary of nobility, gentry, clergy, and notabilities is generally of a high order of sculpture, and of great variety of design. Some of the Latin inscriptions are worth translating entire, both for the history they contain, and for unique, piquant expression. Eliza Rhodes, eldest daughter of John Hutchinson, one of the dignitaries of the cathedral, after stating that her father died at the age of ninety-four in 1704, asks, "Do you wish to know more what good he did? Let this church say, let this chapter-house and all the choir say, 'go thou and find the like.'" Bishop Hacket, who restored the cathedral after the Civil War, lies in life-size effigy upon a lofty table monument, bearing a long inscription in which his good works are put forth very expressively. It then says : "Let us stop, therefore ; it repays delay to know who lies here by Langton's side. Hacket alone is worthy to trouble Langton's ashes, by whose pious liberality they were kept from freezing.

There lies the founder, here the restorer of Lichfield cathedral."

It is left us only to conjecture why the founders of English cathedrals and abbeys built them on such low grounds. One would naturally think that they would have chosen commanding eminences for the erection of these magnificent temples of worship; that they would have accepted some of the everlasting hills as foundations furnished by nature for structures which should rival them in strength and duration. These noble monuments of all the Christian ages of England would have made splendid crowns of glory on such a setting. But all but two or three are built on the level of meadow brooks. Lincoln and Durham stand on grand pedestals of nature, worthy the superstructure. But Salisbury, Peterborough, Winchester, Lichfield, and others arise from humble levels. The nave of grand old Salisbury is sometimes flooded at the rising of the little river near it. If the monks and other ecclesiastics lived more on fish than their successors of the present day, surely they would not have erected their great religious edifices on the low banks of the streams merely to save them ten minutes' walk with their hooks and nets. Nor could it be said that there was any necessity for hiding their abbeys and cathedrals for fear of any violence from the populations of the districts; for not only the whole civil power of the realm was in their hands, but they were regarded as half-divine beings by the peasantry and higher ranks.

But structures of wider reputation than the cathedral have been founded and erected in Lichfield. It has given physical or intellectual birth to men of a stature of mind that has overlooked the tallest of the three cathedral spires, and cast a luminous shadow over two hemispheres. Can any other town so small in England boast,

like this flat-footed little city, of giving birth, first shaping, or residence to four such men as Johnson, Addison, Garrick, and Ashmole? Samuel Johnson!—a nation that could build fifty cathedrals in ten years would need a century for building such another man as he was to the world of mind and thought. Here, as you stand by his monument in the market-place, with several of the most touching incidents of his life carved in the stone, you feel yourself standing in the disk of a living and immortal reputation—more than a reputation; more than the illuminated shadow of a great memory. It is a sensible and commanding presence; it is a great individuality that absorbs and covers the whole city. What a life was that, from the first baby battles of the little cripple with the rough goblins of misfortune that barred his pathway, to his glorious bringing up into that haven of triumph to which, after the tempests and storms of the wild sea of troubles he had braved, Lord Chesterfield sent out his cock-boat of insolent patronage to escort him! Who can estimate the worth to struggling genius of the sturdy wrestles of this bookseller's son with grim and glowering adversities? He left something more than "footprints on the sands of time." He left foot-holdings and foot-posts for the men wrestling with the surges of misfortune, and many a half-drowned struggler has reached the sunny shore of fame and fortune by taking hold of the skirts of his great example.

Some one would do a good service to all coming generations by simply giving to them the consecutive chain of his experiences, just as they were linked to his life, and by doing it in a series of pictures, or illustrations, graven in stone, after the manner of his monument in the Lichfield market-place. There was his childhood's wrestle for learning, borne to school on the back of some

generous and stronger school-mate. That is a picture in the stone touching to see. Then his Oxford struggle would make another. When, like Bunyan's pilgrim, he had waded through sloughs of difficulty and despond, and had got almost within hand's reach of the wicket gate of the great goal of his hopes, Poverty, like a Giant Despair, clutched him and hurled him back from the temple of learning into the bitter vicissitudes of indigence. In his patient and baffled attempts to climb again, we find him in busy, noisy Birmingham, translating, in the din and dim of its mechanical industries, Lobo's account of Abyssinia. He lived for a time with a printer here, and gave to the public probably the first literary production that ever went to the press from the metropolis of the Black Country. How little know the masses of the great town that it ever had such a man wrestling his way in it to a fame wider than a hemisphere! Still it must have been well known and appreciated in his day, for I have recently seen a half-penny token bearing the image of the great writer and his name, struck in 1783, the year before his death.

Here, too, lived a man who ought to have left a more definite history: for he was one whom Johnson held to the last in boyhood's affection, and often honored with his company. His name was Edmund Hector, and the house in which he lived and received frequently the great man as his guest, is still standing in the Old Square. It is now a portion of the "Stork" hotel, and bears the following inscription carved in a tablet over the door:

"HERE IN THIS HOUSE
SAMUEL JOHNSON
WAS THE GUEST,
EDMUND HECTOR
WAS THE HOST.

OF THIS HOST THIS GUEST HAS WRITTEN:

‘HECTOR IS LIKEWISE AN OLD FRIEND, THE ONLY
COMPANION OF MY CHILDHOOD THAT PASSED
THROUGH THE SCHOOL WITH ME; WE HAVE
ALWAYS LOVED ONE ANOTHER.’
THIS STONE, BY LEAVE OF THE OWNER OF THE HOUSE,
WILLIAM SCHOLEFIELD, ESQ., M. P., WAS PUT UP BY THE
MEMBERS OF ‘OUR SHAKESPERE CLUB’ OF
BIRMINGHAM. A. D. 1865.”

He married Mrs. Porter in Birmingham, whose fortune of £800 enabled him to set up a school near Lichfield. That experience would make another good subject for painter or sculptor. The picture of himself and his three scholars, including little Davy Garrick, would show well with all the other painted passages of his life. How many stately tomes would we not give in exchange for the conversations between him and his illustrious pupil which decided them to go up together and try their fortunes in London! Indeed there is hardly a life ever lived in England that would present more passages of varied interest and instruction than that of Samuel Johnson. And Lichfield, to its credit, holds the dignity of his birth as the first of its crown jewels. Many relics of his residence are preserved and treasured with a lively sense of their value; and, if you will do it reverently, you may sit for a thoughtful moment in his arm-chair and handle his cane.

Although Addison was not born in Lichfield, he must have received a good deal of shaping culture of his mind there. His father, a learned, accomplished, sharp-witted man, had already attained to high distinction before he was appointed dean of Lichfield Cathedral, which was in 1683, when he was about fifty years of age. As his illustrious son Joseph entered college at Oxford in 1687, he must have resided with his father in Lichfield several years before and many after his collegiate course. At

least, the little city claims him as one of her sons, perhaps mostly on the ground that his father's grave is with them unto this day. In the long Latin inscription of his father's monument in the cathedral, his own name and memory are blended in the closing sentence with a filial tribute to what he owed to his parent's qualities and example. It reads thus, translated as literally as possible, consistent with the full sense intended to be expressed :

"AN HONOUR OF HIS AGE,
FROM HIM HIS ELDEST SON JOSEPH
RECEIVED HIS EXTRAORDINARY NATURAL GIFTS,
HIS PURE HABITS, HIS GOODWILL TO MEN, PIETY TO GOD,
AND EVERY OTHER BRILLIANT PATRIMONY ;
WHO, WHILE HE WOULD HAVE ERECTED THIS MONUMENT
TO HIMSELF IN COMPANIONSHIP OF HIS EXCELLENT PARENT,
WAS CALLED AWAY BY SUDDEN DEATH, A.D. 1719."

Thus Addison died comparatively young, or at the age of forty-seven, when Johnson was only ten years old. He was born to fortune and fame, and the road to both was strewn with flowers. Had he passed through some of Johnson's experience, his mind perhaps would have gained in vigor if it lost somewhat in polish. Ashmole preceded Addison, and if he did not acquire a literary reputation that has endured to the present time, he founded a museum at Oxford that bears his name, and contains the collection of curiosities he made in his life-time. Many other names of mark are associated with Lichfield, and the little city has contributed a contingent to the great English army of preachers, teachers, and writers of which it may well be proud.—*Walks in the Black Country.*

PEACE JUBILEE.

THE ENGLISH DAY.

THERE has been no day in the life of the American nation marked by such peculiar interest as the "English Day,"* at the great Peace Jubilee in Boston. It was not the grand music that made it surpass, in several most happy characteristics, the other days of the long banquet of the world's best melodies. There were histories, memories, associations, and coincidences that gave to the music of those hours a power and effect which twenty thousand trained voices and instruments could not alone produce upon the vast assembly. There were profounder meanings than these alone could express, to be translated into the silent language of the heart by all who witnessed that scene with the attentive faculties of reflection. It was a scene of sublime representation, as well as the most multitudinous concert of human voices ever heard on earth. A great history was enacted as a variation in the loftiest songs that human and metal lips could raise. At this gathering of the nations, two stood, face to face, in a relationship that can never bind two others together by ties so strong and many, by memories so mutual, proud, and precious. The mother and daughter stood there, looking

* Multitudes, in Europe as well as America, will appreciate Mr. Burritt's description of the day set apart as the "English Day" at the great Peace Jubilee in Boston in 1872. The huge building—the Coliseum—was erected for the special purpose of holding a "World's Peace Jubilee and International Musical Festival." There was a chorus of 20,000 voices, embracing 165 societies, led by the Handel and Hayden of Boston. Orchestral parts were about 2,000 in number, including 27 brass bands, etc. The occasion was one of unusual interest to Mr. Burritt, and will never be forgotten by the thousands who were present.—ED.

into each other's faces, with the history of a hundred years between them,—a century, lacking but a little, between them and the last of the years when the same parental roof-tree covered them both. One could feel that the common memories that reached across the narrow space between, and dwelt on those years of childhood and motherhood in their common home, made not a "mournful," but a happy and tender "rustle" in the hearts of every thoughtful American and Englishman under that vast roofage. This sentiment gave to the thousands of voices that hailed the opening moment of this scene the inspiration of a sympathy that seemed to thrill the building itself.

It was a moment that only those present could feel and remember in its full inspiration. The first day of the pentecost of music had put the choral mountain of singers, and all the varied singing and instruments of melody, into their best tune for these English hours. The Jubilee had opened with that grandest of all tunes that ever lifted the praise of human hearts and lips into the ears of God—OLD HUNDRED. Never before on earth was it sung with such heart and power, and never, perhaps, until it is sung anew by the sacramental hosts in heaven, will it be so sung again. The effect was indescribable. No figures nor parallels of speech could give one who did not hear it any idea of the impression it made upon the thousands who sang, and the thousands who listened. All the doxologies of the two Englands, Old and New, for a hundred years, seemed to respond with their soft and solemn echoes, and mingled with the flood of molten voices that rolled up and down the choral mountain, ascending, widening, deepening, strengthening, until its waves of sympathy beat against the lofty roofage of the edifice, and made the pendant flags of all nations keep

time in fluttering sympathy with the inspiration. If Old Hundred may well be called the *Marseillaise* for the hosts of the Christian world to sing on their march "to the battles of the Lord against the mighty," "Nearer, my God, to Thee," was a song equally happy to close the first day's feast of music; and if music alone could lift a human congregation nearer to God, then none ever assembled on earth could have been raised higher than the multitude who listened to that favorite hymn, in which all, from one end of the building to the other, mingled their voices.

This first day of the feast was one virtually of rehearsal and preparation for singers and listeners, tuning their lips, ears, and hearts for the morrows that were to follow. Twenty thousand voices, that had given their sweetest music to the Sabbath devotions of hundreds of New England churches, had poured their best notes, for the first time, into one swelling flood of melody; and the flood had upborne them to an inspiration of heart and tongue which had never before thrilled the same number of human singers. Such was the preparation for the English Day. There was not a man or woman in the sides of that choral mountain who did not know and appreciate the affinities, histories, and memories that were to make the English Day differ from all that were to follow it at the festival. When, therefore, the file-leader of the British Grenadier Band emerged from under the great organ, heading "the thin red line" that slowly threaded the mountainous orchestra to its base before the great multitude, there was a scene, as well as acclamation, which it would have done the hearts of the two great nations good to have witnessed and heard with their millions. The thousands who saw and heard for them grasped the whole significance of the scene and the moment, to the

full meaning and inspiration of all the histories, memories, and associations they brought to life. England, and her queen, and her historical centuries, and all our proud inheritance in them, stood there before us in that red line of men, in tall bear-skin caps, facing the palpitating, fluttering mountain of singers. The cheering multitude behind them rolled back the flood of acclamation that rose and swelled from floor to roof, and made the vast building tremulous with the emotion of thirty thousand human hearts, all stirred to the same sentiment of welcome and delight.

Of course there were minutes of multitudinous cheering, with thirty thousand men and women on their feet, with waving of handkerchiefs, which preceded the first note from that "thin red line." There was space in these intervening minutes for the thoughts of other and many years; for the incidents, coincidents, and associations of the scene and hour. This British band of musicians had marched into Boston on the very day, almost a century gone, when their countrymen marched, in their red, brave lines, up the slopes of Bunker Hill, reddened by the first conflict that sundered the English speaking race in the twain of separate nations. This very hour, the same space between, hundreds of English soldiers, who fell on that day, were being laid in a thin, red line, in a soldier's grave. They fought and fell in the very uniform worn by their grandchildren before us. They had charged up those embattled heights in the same tall bear-skin caps. The thoughtful minutes were full of memories and associations that reached into the histories of the whole family of nations, and which the scene brought home to our reflections with the freshness of yesterday's events. This day, fifty-seven years ago, the fathers of the red-coated band before us marched away

from the field of Waterloo, at the head of the British army, filling the air of heaven with their grandest strains of victory. And here now stood their sons, in the same uniform, and stalwart, solid stature, before us, awaiting a lull in the tempest of cheers to pour forth the mellow music of human brotherhood. Here were the rival bands of France and Germany to listen, with the great multitude, to the British overture, and to respond with their best music, each in the day set apart to its nation.

It needed but a minute, for a mind awake to the inspiration of the scene, to bring all these historical incidents and associations to a vivid focus of view and reflection. Out of the midst of these, in living presence, the band-leader now gave the signal. As if all these instruments had but one breath, their voices poured out a flood of music, so pure, and sweet, and full, that even to call it silvery would suggest a metallic cadence which would not do it justice. Indeed, to common ears it would seem impossible that brass, silver, or gold could be trained to such music of tongue that the natural accents of neither could be recognized in the highest tides of their symphony. At their loftiest reach, bugles, cornets, clarionets, and every other instrument, blended in such a soft volume of utterance that it sounded almost with a plaintive cadence, and this quality was well fitted to feast a lively imagination with pleasant fancies. As the tall grenadiers stood at the base of that choral mountain, facing its towering heights of spell-bound thousands, they seemed to be rehearsing the experiences of the common mother country since the day when her eldest daughter went out to set up a home of her own. They seemed to be telling a mother's story to such a daughter, not proudly, but gently and tenderly, with a mother's voice, as soft as ever with her first affection. It sounded like a story here and

there wet with a falling tear, and tremulous with a sigh at some sad memory that mingled with the thought of intervening years. Then, as if the whole choral host had been touched to deepest sympathy with the sentiment of the story, they rose suddenly to their feet to respond to it. Their response seemed a spontaneous and instantaneous utterance of that sympathy. Its words seemed to come to their lips, as naturally as the smile to their eyes, at the first outburst of those enrapturing strains. At such a moment they could not, nor could a soul in the great multitude, have thought of any other responding words than "GOD SAVE THE QUEEN."

Never since queens began to reign on earth was the English National Anthem sung by so many human tongues and hearts under one roof. Nowhere under the British scepter, though the linked continents and islands that own its sway shall belt the great globe itself, will that anthem be so sung again. Here, in sight of Bunker Hill, and on the very anniversary of that memorable day in our common history, the granddaughter of George the Third received the grandest choral ovation that ever honored a human sovereign on earth. Twenty-five thousand American hearts, and nearly as many of their voices, mingled in the uprising flood, as the one "voice of many waters." All the vast instrumentalities that human skill could train to musical utterance seemed touched with spontaneous inspiration. The great organ, played by tiller rods as long as a steamship's keel, put in the emphasis of its mighty bass, and scores of brass cannon, whose swift keys were touched by electric nerves, like the wires of a piano, beat time with the accents of their deep and mellow thunder. Up and down the mountain orchestra and out upon the human sea rolled the ground swell of the anthem. Anon Gilmore, the Napoleon of the Jubilee,

leaned over on one foot and smote with his wand at this side and that of the vocal mountain, like another Moses at Horeb, and a deepening torrent of melody gushed out into the careering flood. How many thousands in that sublime moment wished that Queen Victoria had been present in person, to hear how American lips and hearts could sing that anthem!

But the climax of ecstasy had not yet been reached. Seemingly as spontaneous as "God save the Queen" had been the response to the overture of the Grenadier Band—we all knew that it was so put down in the programme. As natural and fitting as it was, its expectation modified the pleasing effect of accidental spontaneity. But what followed was as unexpected as a choral song from the clouds. Hardly had the ebb and flow of the National Anthem subsided into their expiring ripple, when a sudden wave of the leader's wand over that "thin, red line" brought out THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER in all the proud glory that the best musical instruments in the wide world could give to it. It was a Roland for an Oliver in the happiest sense of brotherhood. If "God save the Queen" was never sung with such a concert of heart and voice in England as here under Bunker Hill, it was equally true that "The Star-spangled Banner" was never played with such power and effect on the American continent as it was by the British Grenadier Band, as a response to their national anthem. No similies, or illustrations, could convey in words an idea of the scene and sentiment of that moment. The incident was as sudden as lightning, and thrilled the vast audience like electricity. All arose to their feet, and their delight deepened into a veritable ecstasy as the grand strains of our national hymn filled the vast building with such a glory of music. Twenty thousand handkerchiefs were waving to and fro,

like so many white doves waltzing on the wing. Deeper, richer, and grander arose the strains of those incomparable instruments, which seemed to breathe with spontaneous inspiration, and the very building itself appeared to palpitate with the human emotion that deepened at every note. Never since human hymns were sung did one follow the other with such effect upon listening thousands. It was the happiest incident of all the festal days of the Jubilee. No moment in the history of the two nations could have made the incident more felicitous, beautiful, and touching. While the astute discussions of wordy diplomacy were arraying the two governments in dispute, the two great peoples embraced each other in these two songs with a sense of brotherhood they never felt before.

EXTRACTS FROM JOURNAL.*

THE FUGITIVE.

LONDON, Nov. 27, 1846. On returning to my room this afternoon, I found a poor negro who had escaped from the "land of the free" as it were by the skin of his teeth. He had secreted himself on board of a vessel bound from Baltimore to Rotterdam, and, after having been out twenty-four days, was compelled to show himself to escape starvation. The captain was highly incensed at this surreptitious attempt in a fellow-being to gain the God-given boon of freedom. With an oath he declared he would return the fugitive to his house of bondage the first opportunity that occurred, and made the half-starved, shivering negro feel the force of his threat by putting on his arms the peculiar jewels of our boastful republic, a pair of iron manacles.

Fortunately he fell in with no ship bound to the "home of the free" until he had nearly reached Rotterdam. While sailing up the river, the poor fettered fugitive, seeing his chance for freedom in the last extremity of peril,

* For many years Mr. Burritt kept a journal in which he made a daily record of events, and many selections from this have already been used in their appropriate place. A few pages filled from the same source, and descriptive of certain occasions or events will, it is believed, possess enough of interest to warrant their use. The first of these selections not only illustrates the benevolence so prominent in Mr. Burritt's character, but also reminds the reader of an institution which exists only in the past of our country's history.

sprang overboard and escaped to a Dutch vessel, and from this he found his way to the English consul, who furnished him with a passage to England. And here I met a fellow-being and a fellow-countryman, with as good title to freedom as myself, crouching, trembling with cold, and hungry, over the fire. He could hardly speak on account of a kind of phthisic brought on by his exposure. For three days he had worn his wet clothes with no opportunity for drying them. He had on an old, ragged, thin calico coat, and with his head inclined toward his breast could scarcely speak a word. He breathed with great difficulty, and his whole body was racked with rheumatic pains. I seldom have had two overcoats at a time, but for once in my life I was in a condition to fulfill, literally, the injunction of the Saviour of mankind. I believe I went a little further than the letter of the precept, for I put the better of my two overcoats upon the shivering fugitive. His joints were so stiff that it took two of us to put him into the new fit. I had, fortunately, just bought a new hat, and I put my old one on his woolly head, crape and all, which I had worn in token of my mother's death for nearly two years. I think I shall not be likely to forget her as long as "the least of these little ones" crosses my path in such a condition.

PROROGATION OF PARLIAMENT.

July 23, 1847. This was a memorable day in my history. I had received from Mr. Brotherton, M. P., a ticket of admission into the House of Lords, to witness the ceremony of prorogation of Parliament by the Queen. I

bought a white neck stock, as an article of court dress, and taking a penny steamboat, I proceeded to Westminster, where I found the streets alive with a thronging multitude. I threaded my way to the door of the House of Lords, and, on presenting my ticket, was admitted with a kind of surprise in the looks of the door-keepers, who thought, pretty justly, that I was hardly one they could have expected to see with such credentials. However, they were respectful, and I found myself, after many turnings, in the great hall of the building, which is fancifully magnificent.

Soon the peeresses and the peerless women of England began to make their appearance, dressed splendidly, and full of grace. Lords in their scarlet robes came in gradually, and in the course of an hour the hall was filled with a galaxy of the beauty and nobility of England, and presented a spectacle quite dazzling to a plain republican. Foreign ministers occupied conspicuous places, among whom were the oriental men of state in their Turkish and East Indian costumes.

As the clock struck two, the booming cannon announced that the Queen had left the palace, and was on her way to the House. Expectation and the cloud of expectants were on tiptoe. The cannon boomed away more distinctly, and in a few minutes the whole host of beauty were on their feet. I could, for a time, see nothing, as several serried ranks of ladies intercepted the sight of the throne. The multitude soon resumed a more quiet attitude, and I effected a passage for my eye through the ranks and saw a delicate little creature, with a tiara on her head, sitting in the throne chair in the most quiet and unaffected manner possible. On one side of her stood that queen of queenly women, the Dutchess of Sutherland, and on the opposite side another beautiful woman. The Duke of

Wellington stood a little further on one side with the sword of state in his hand, and another dignitary on the opposite side. A peaceful stillness pervaded the assembly for several minutes, during which the Queen surveyed them with easy equanimity. Soon the doors opening from the House of Commons were thrown open, and that body preceded by the Speaker advanced rapidly to the bar of the House of Lords opposite the throne, and at the respectful distance of about sixty feet. The Speaker commenced the address of the commons, which he read, not very fluently, or distinctly.

When he had finished, the royal assent was announced to several bills. The Queen then read her address from the throne in the sweetest and clearest voice. Every syllable was articulated with a distinctness that developed the sound of almost every letter. Still no unpleasant effort was perceptible, although the hall is not adapted for speaking, and several men had addressed the assembly without being heard by half the persons present.

It was interesting to hear the Queen speaking of "my subjects" and "my relations" with foreign governments, and to contemplate her in such a position to millions in distant lands. After the address the order of prorogation was read, and the Queen and suite retired. Then a gradual breaking up ensued, which was protracted by salutations interchanged among the noblesse and gentry. It was a very interesting part of the occasion, as all the grace of cultivated manners was exhibited in an attractive form. Lord John Russell did not pass the rubicon of the bar, but lounged about on the outside with the commoners and common people. He looked thin and worn, and there was a kind of consumptive luster about his eyes, as if the burden of government had been heavy for him to bear.

FREE TRADE BANQUET.

MANCHESTER, ENG., January 31, 1849. The great Free Trade Banquet was to be given this evening, and many guests were arriving from the west of England. At 7 o'clock we went to the Free Trade hall. All the streets leading to it were filled with vehicles and lined with a multitude of people. Having a guest ticket I was shown into the committee room, which was filled with the old champions of Free Trade, who had stood shoulder to shoulder through the long struggle against the corn laws. I was most cordially received by the great single-minded Cobden, who with great kindness welcomed me into their midst.

In a few minutes the chairman, George Wilson, led the way to the platform. I was last of the procession, and I could hear the rounds of applause that greeted the President and Cobden, Bright, Villiers, Gibson, and other veterans, as they successively appeared before the assembly. The scene that presented itself on ascending the platform was magnificent beyond description. The vast hall was filled with ladies and gentlemen seated at furnished tables, presenting a vista of human faces that glistened with the gladness of the occasion. The hall was hung with peace-speaking banners, and its columns and chandeliers were festooned with flowers, and all was in the very beauty of joyful life. When the platform was completely occupied by the numerous guests and officers of the League, the Rev. Thomas Spencer, at the request of the Chairman, invoked the divine blessing, after which the great banquet commenced with the discussion of things material and of great abundance. This department of the entertainment was well seasoned with music from the band, and occupied nearly an hour.

After this, George Wilson opened the discussion of other topics by an excellent speech, in which he adverted to the past history of the League. He concluded by proposing a toast to the Queen, which was received with acclamations of applause, the whole assembly arising to testify their sympathy. Mr. Villiers, one of the oldest champions of Free Trade, was next called up, and made a speech of great ability, which, though delivered without animation, and with indications of physical exhaustion, was listened to with marked attention. Soon after, Richard Cobden was called up, and the whole assembly arose, and cheer after cheer was given, and waxed louder and louder, and then, after a moment's pause, broke forth again with rapturous enthusiasm. Hundreds of handkerchiefs waved over the expanse of human beings, and the liveliest demonstrations of welcome greeted the prime minister of common sense, as he stood with honest, earnest face, looking upon the multitude. He made a noble speech which the world will read with deep interest. His theme was Free Trade and Peace, and he enunciated sentiments which sunk deep into the hearts of the thousands that hung upon his lips. It was truly a great privilege and high honor to listen to such a man on such an occasion.

John Bright and M. Gibson followed with able and telling speeches, which called down the house with repeated demonstrations of applause. The hour of midnight was now near at hand, and, as the speaker ceased, the choir struck up the song,—

“There’s a good time coming boys,
Wait a little longer.”

Thousands seemed to join the chorus in these words, and the whole building seemed tremulous with the emotion of the moment at the end of the piece, and George Wil-

son arose, and said with an emphasis of striking significance, "*It has come already.*" The vast assembly were forthwith on their feet, and then arose a volume of cheers the like of which I never before heard. Louder, broader, and warmer it grew, and handkerchiefs waved, and the enthusiasm waxed more and more energetic. Again and again the tide of human voices swelled up into a sea of gladness, then ebbed into silence, and then again rolled up into a multitude of voices. Thus the new era of Free Trade was ushered in over the graves of the old belligerent system of commercial restrictions. Truly it was a demonstration worthy of the event it celebrated. It was past midnight before the great assembly had left the hall. I was very kindly greeted by several gentlemen. John Bright took me cordially by the hand and said, "Well, you see that we are all getting into your vein." Mr. Cobden also said many kind words to me, which made me feel that I was regarded as a kind of coadjutor of these great men.

INTERVIEWS WITH LAMARTINE.*

"We had previously, through Mr. Burnet, arranged to meet this great man. On the appointed evening we drove to his door, and whilst waiting in the ante-room, I could scarcely realize that I was about to be ushered into the presence of one whom I had admired and venerated as one of the noblest men of the age. In a minute or two we were asked to follow the servant, and were ushered

* While in Paris, in 1849, for the purpose of making preliminary arrangements for the Peace Congress, Mr. Burritt, in company with Mr. Visschers of Brussels, and Rev. Mr. Richards, called upon Mr. Lamartine, and this account of the same is taken from his journal.

into the presence of the poet hero of the world. The room was softly lighted, leaving the *tout ensemble* half hidden and half revealed. Mr. Lamartine came forward to meet us with the light of his great soul beaming in his face, and tendered us a hand of easy and kindly welcome. He conducted us into his library, and introduced us to Madame Lamartine, who received us with all the grace and affability which we might expect from the wife of such a man. This room was also dimly lighted, insomuch that all the persons present seemed like those groups in an Italian painting, half hidden and half revealed.

When we entered, several young men were seated in the room, but they immediately arose and remained standing during the interview. When Mr. Lamartine had resumed his seat on a sofa by the side of his wife, an easy and pleasant conversation commenced between them and Mr. Visschers, in which Mr. Richards and myself could not participate, in consequence of our inability to speak French, and of his to speak English. This was a serious deprivation to both of us, and somewhat unexpected, as we had heard that he spoke English quite well, an impression confirmed by the fact that he had an English wife. He at first addressed a few words to me inquiring how long I had been in Paris, etc., which Mrs. Lamartine translated, and I answered, in English. After a few moments of this general conversation, Mr. Lamartine alluded to the Peace Congress at Brussels, which immediately introduced the subject of our mission to Paris. Mr. Visschers commenced with an accurate, lucid, and excellent exposition of the principles, objects, and results of that demonstration. He spoke of the three great meetings which he had himself attended in England, connected with the Brussels Congress, and of the organization of Peace Congress committees in England, Belgium, and the

United States for the purpose of preparing for another Congress on a larger scale in Paris, in the coming August. He then, with an admirable tact and force, concentrated all these facts in one consideration which he addressed to the great man to induce him to accept the position which we were anxious he should assume. He stated that the three National committees had, almost from the first moment of their organization, fixed upon him as the head and leader of their demonstration in Paris ; that we had not presented ourselves before him in the unofficial and irresponsible character of individuals, but that we were an embassy sent by the three National committees expressly to him, to convey to him their unanimous request that he would accept the presidency of the committee of organization which was necessary to be formed in Paris for the purpose of preparing for the proposed Congress. These and other considerations Mr. Visschers presented with great clearness and persuasion, and as we watched the countenance of Mr. Lamartine during the exposition, we could see that he was pleasantly impressed. He replied that political considerations would induce him to decline the presidency of the Congress itself, but that he was quite willing to assist in its organization. He further remarked that he would confer with some of his friends on the subject, and see us at another time. As we arose to leave, he followed us through one or two rooms to the landing of the stairs, and then very cordially bade us farewell. . . .

A few days later we, by appointment, made a second call, and were received with an ease and kindly affability which made us feel quite at home in his presence. He conducted us to the same room in which we had our first interview, and here we were again received with graceful and unaffected politeness by Madame Lamartine. In French he expressed his pleasure in seeing us again before

we left Paris, and remarked that Madame Lamartine would act as his interpreter to convey to us the views and sentiments which we desired to interchange in reference to our mission. She then observed that her husband had interested himself much in the subject of the proposed Congress of the friends of Peace in Paris, but that he had found all his friends and colleagues so absorbed in the approaching elections as to prevent their coöperation with him in organizing the committee, and instituting the preparations necessary for our demonstration, but that we might be assured of his sympathy and hearty good wishes. We expressed our grateful acknowledgment for this assurance, and said that it would hardly be in our power to convey an adequate idea of the importance which the friends of peace in England and America attached to his adhesion to, and advocacy of, our cause, and that if a full assurance could be given that he would assume the leadership in the proposed Congress, it would tend to bring into the movement the leading minds on both sides of the Atlantic. This high estimation of her husband's position, character, and genius touched the woman and wife in her heart. It put in presence two ideas well calculated to stir to emotion the sensibilities of a wife who adored her husband, and watched over his reputation with the liveliest vigilance. She accordingly referred, with a somewhat indignant emphasis, to the calumnies which the Tory journals of London had launched against her husband, although when he was in power he had done all he could to create and preserve friendly feelings toward England, when by so doing he had, as it were, affected his reputation by turning back the tendency of the popular mind in France. If the *Times* and other leading London papers spoke the language of English sentiment towards him it must be quite unlike our representation of it. We felt

the justice of this inference, and most earnestly protested against the authority of the ignoble journals referred to as the organs and exponents of the English mind towards her husband. We alluded to the enthusiasm with which the name of Lamartine was hailed at all our peace meetings in England. He was at this moment engaged in conversation with George Sumner, on the opposite side of the room, while we were asseverating with a good deal of earnestness that his name was cherished with reverence and admiration by millions in England. Madame Lamartine communicated to him some of our statements, and he immediately came and sat down upon the sofa by her, when we continued our remarks, showing how the English journals misrepresented the sentiments of the English people. I offered my testimony as an American to the truth of Mr. Richard's observations, and said that I had attended with him nearly sixty public meetings in England and Scotland during the last three months, and the mention of the name Lamartine, and of his sympathy with the principles of peace and brotherhood, was sure to elicit bursts of applause. I then referred to the veneration and admiration which his genius and character commanded in America, and said if the fact was known there, that he had connected himself with the proposed demonstration in August, it would contribute more than anything else to bring over a large delegation from the United States.

He then replied at considerable length, assuring us that the subject of peace was one which had engaged his thoughts and sympathies for many years, as his works could testify; that under the former regime in France, he had always been the advocate of peace, but when the last Revolution burst forth he said that there was at first the same inclination among the people for war as had been displayed in the first Revolution, and that he had set him-

self absolutely to resist this feeling, and guide the national mind in another direction ; and, he believed, it was by the power then given him over the multitude that a European war was prevented. He continued in this strain for some time, testifying his sympathy with our movement, and his readiness to give us his support. We suggested a wish that it might be convenient and agreeable for him to attend a ratification meeting in London, after the Congress, that he might give the English people an opportunity for expressing their feelings towards him. He replied that if his presence on such an occasion should be deemed of importance to the cause of peace, he would willingly go to England to attend the meeting, and speak of the pacific disposition of France towards all nations.

Anxious to obtain as clear and explicit an understanding as possible in regard to the object of our mission, Mr. Richard asked Madame de Lamartine if we were at liberty to announce to our friends that her husband would render us his aid in connection with the Congress. "Certainly," she replied, "such is his meaning, and you can at once write to your American friends to this effect." We then arose to leave, when Mr. Lamartine cordially thanked us for the call, and for our kindly expressions. Mr. Sumner, who accompanied us, remarked that we should return to England greatly encouraged and assured of success by his promise of coöperation. "Ah, sir," said he, "you will have the sanction of God, which is a much greater thing than that of a poor, insignificant creature as I am." He expressed the hope that he might meet us again in Paris in the coming August, with large delegations, with deep convictions on the subject of peace.

VISITS TO EMINENT MEN.

GIESSEN, July 13, 1849.* Arrived here last evening. The town is an antique looking place, with narrow and crooked streets, with houses extending into them. The stories of most of them project one beyond another, until the uppermost of two opposite houses almost touch each other.

After breakfast we called on Prof. Carriere, of the University, who received us with great cordiality and expressed a lively sympathy with our movements. He went with us to call on other Professors of the University, and first on Prof. Bauer, who lived in same house. We found him a true, sincere man, with a warmth of heart and hand which characterizes the Germans generally, so far as I have become acquainted with them. We next called upon one of the best known and most distinguished German scholars,—the celebrated PROF. LIEBIG, whose chemical works have been read by millions. We entered his study through a passage lined with old demijohns, bottles, etc., and found him a plain, middle-aged man, with ruddy cheeks. He received us very affably, and we at once entered upon the object of our mission. After Messrs. Visschers and Richards had explained our cause, and expressed to him the hope that he would attend the approaching Congress, I addressed a few words to him in regard to the wide circulation of his works in America, and alluded to the pleasure it would give the American delegates to meet him at the Congress. He expressed

* While in Germany in 1849, Mr. Burritt called upon many of the most distinguished men of that country to enlist their interest in the cause of Peace, and especially of the Peace Congress soon to be held. We give two or three extracts from his journal.

sympathy with our cause, and observed that he had treated the subject of peace, as a commercial interest, in one of his works. He thought he might attend the Congress, and would surely try to do so.

HALLE, GERMANY, July 15, 1849. We called at the house of the celebrated Dr. Tholuck, and had the pleasure of seeing that great man. He received us with a dignified politeness, which gradually softened into kindly affability as we laid before him the object of our interview. He remarked that he regarded the cause with interest, and would favor all proper measures to promote it. He expressed the opinion that universal and permanent peace could only be secured by the universal prevalence of Christian principles and a religious life. He seemed quite interested in our efforts, and though he could not promise to attend the next Congress he would do so if not specially prevented. He had heard much of the Congress at Paris, and kindly offered to give us letters to noted men and to aid us in any way in his power in our efforts for the next meeting. I felt it a privilege to see and converse with this distinguished theologian, whose praise is in all the churches of the protestant world.

BIRTHDAY THOUGHTS.

COPENHAGEN, Dec. 8, 1850. This day was truly a way-mark in my life. It was my birthday,—one which carries me beyond middle life into the sober, declining side of my earthly existence. I am now thirty-nine years old. I am entering on my fortieth year—into the sere and yellow leaf of Autumn! And yet I feel myself a boy; with

hopes, affections, anticipations as young as I ever nourished in my youth. The last year has been filled with the first chapters of my experience, in importance and interest. I have seen and experienced great things on both sides of the ocean. God be praised for all the loving kindness and tender mercy which have crowned the past year. What is before me to do, endure, enjoy, I know not. I commit my way to His guidance. May He uphold me, and keep me in the way of truth,—“Keep my feet from falling, my eyes from tears, my soul from sin in the days that I am yet to see on the earth.”

COPENHAGEN, JAN. 1, 1851. “Peace on earth and good will to men!” be the anthem over the advent of this new year: the first of the last half of the nineteenth century. Glory to God in the highest, for all that has been done for humanity during the last fifty years. May no chapters of the crime and misery of war be written in the last half of the volume! who can tell what records it will contain? The Great Exhibition, and the Peace Congress in London are to inaugurate its first year’s progress. What will come next? The mind of the age is awake and pressing forward.

In my own experience this has been a great year,—exceeding in importance and variety of emotions, hopes, labor, faith, and realities any I have lived. My sojourn and journeyings in my native land; my welcome home to New Britain; my welcome back to England; the preparations for the Frankfort Congress, with journeyings through Germany; the Great demonstration; the mission to Denmark and the Duchies; the foreign mission of the Dove,—all these have been great chapters in my life. Truly I have great reason to thank God and take courage. His goodness has been unbounded and unceasing during the past year.

THE CRYSTAL PALACE EXHIBITION.*

May 1, 1851. This was the inauguration day of the grandest event that has transpired since the birth of our Saviour,—the opening of the Great Exhibition in the Crystal Palace. The day was delightful. A bland summer sun shone upon the scene, which was indescribably beautiful. Mr. Fry and myself arrived just before the Queen left Buckingham Palace. St. James Park was a sea of human beings, and Hyde Park another. We could see nothing of the procession except the Horse Guards and the coachmen.

When the Queen had passed through the entrance, under Wellington's statue, the rush of the multitude to get out of St. James Park into Hyde was an exciting scene. For hours the passages were crowded with struggling men and women. After several attempts we effected our escape from the crowd and into Hyde Park. The scene here was sublime. Nearly half a million people must have been congregated, surrounding Crystal Palace, which looked magnificent in the bright sunlight. Soon we heard the pealing notes of the great organs and the voices of a thousand singers inside the edifice, in the anthem,—“God save the Queen.” Cannons boomed at a distance. The opening ceremony had been performed and the royal party left the building, and the ocean of human beings flowed away in rivers,—then in rivulets.

October 11, 1851. This was another great day in the history of the world,—being the grand finale of the Great Exhibition. The day was exceedingly beautiful, as

* This and the following extract are descriptions of the opening and closing exercises of the world's grand Exhibition in the Crystal Palace, London.

if given from Heaven as a parting smile upon this mighty enterprise of human brotherhood. A vast multitude assembled within the Crystal Palace, to take a last look at its world of wonders ; not to examine them in detail, but to contemplate them as a magnificent whole. The myriads present were largely of the middle classes, embracing a great number of the season-ticket holders. The emotions that swayed the great congregation could easily be felt, as well as seen. They had come to witness and celebrate the consummation of the most illustrious event of human history. At a little before 5 o'clock the crowd seemed to thicken into the transept and at the mouth of the rivers that debouched into it, as if the moment of their expectation were close at hand. The hands of the clock moved slowly to the 5 hour mark. Then the great bells burst forth into a thundering acclamation of triumph over the victory achieved for humanity. Louder and louder they pealed until all the arches echoed with their joyful clamor. Then they ceased for a few minutes, when the vast multitude uncovered their heads, and the National anthem arose, solemn, grand, sublime. Ten thousand voices at least mingled in this uprising flood of joy and praise. The thousands in the galleries looked like so many mountains of human life and emotion, one chanting to the other in a mighty hymn of gladness. The scene at this moment and the sentiment that thrilled the vast congregation were indescribable. Like the scattered tribes of Israel, that came up to Jerusalem to worship in the temple, at Hezekiah's invitation, they seemed reluctant to leave the great temple of Peace. Compactly they stood in the transept and main avenues, longing to sing, or shout for joy. Up rose cheer after cheer ; the spontaneous expression of an English assembly when touched to a strong and common sympathy. Then singing burst forth again and ten thousand voices

struggled hard to mingle in unison, but were wafted out of the stream by the cross currents of wondering gladness. The bells tried it, and failed; the organs tried it, and failed. Broken cheers arose from one part of the palpitating sea of human beings,—and sacred psalms and spiritual songs from another. The bells rang out their cataract of clamor upon the murmuring flood of sound. The organs said "Good night," to the bells,—the bells responded to the salutation. The great bay of human beings began to thin through street-ward rivulets. I stood on the bridge that connected the two galleries in the transept just over the main entrance and watched the moving multitude with such emotions as I never before experienced at the sight of a human congregation.

Soon the rivers that debouched into the transept were cleared nearly to their mouths, and barred across by the police to prevent any reflux of the retiring masses. The bridge on which I stood was cleared several times by the moral suasion of the men in leather-topped hats, and filled again by persons eager to look for the last time upon the thousands below. At last this was bridged also and I descended to one of the main avenues, thinking to remain to the last man. But I soon found this barricaded behind me, and policemen stationed at all points to expedite the egress by suasions of irresistible politeness. Thus I found myself on the threshold with but a moment to turn back a glance through the long dim avenue, and bid farewell to a scene which never had a parallel in the history of the world.

It was a beautiful autumnal evening, and as I crossed Hyde Park I frequently turned around to look at the great Crystal Palace which arose sublime in the still golden twilight, and seemed glorious in its transfiguration, as if Heaven embosomed it with the halo of its smile as the temple of Universal Brotherhood.

BANQUET TO THE QUEEN.

LONDON, July 9, 1851. This was a remarkable day in my experience. It was a banquet day of the Queen to be given in Guild Hall, and was to be an occasion of great interest in connection with the great Exhibition. Five thousand pounds sterling had been appropriated for the demonstration. An invitation to be present was considered a high honor, and through the influence of members of the town council I was thus honored.

At 6.30 P. M., with a few friends, I went in a cab to Guild Hall. Cheapside and several other streets were shut against any other carriages except those that conveyed guests to the great festivity. But thousands of people were forming into a living wall on each side, while the windows of the houses were filled with eager spectators, several hours in advance of the arrival of the royal procession. We were among the first set down at the venerable old Hall, and we had ample time to contemplate its splendid embellishments. As a little token of the presence of Peace as an idea, the giant statues of Gog and Magog held, each, an Olive branch in his hand, with his big bronze face apparently lit up with a peculiar good humor in the brilliant illumination. The Hall was soon filled with such an assemblage of persons as I never before had seen congregated. Dukes, and all the lesser lights of the aristocracy, generals, admirals, and all grades of military and naval officers were present, with foreign ambassadors and celebrities of every rank.

At about 10 o'clock the heralds sounded the approach of the Queen. The band struck up the National anthem, a flutter of expectation ran through the dense mass, avenues were made through them at right angles, the

trumpets sounded with a more certain sound,—the royal procession entered the door, and after a succession of men in various arms and uniforms, the towering form of Prince Albert was seen bowing to the lines of ladies and gentlemen on either side. By standing on tiptoe, I could see the little Queen of the greatest empire in the world by his side, bowing smilingly to receive the homage that was shed upon her like the breath of flowers. They passed through into the council chamber, then returned and proceeded to the throne end of the room, bowing to all as they passed along. Then a dense current of the assembly commenced moving slowly before her, whom she received standing with Prince Albert by her side, bowing profusely.

Occasionally the *dais* before her was cleared for a dance, in which some of the younger celebrities of the aristocracy took part. I made my way up very near the Queen where I had an excellent opportunity of seeing her countenance in every phase of animation and expression, for full fifteen minutes. After a while she made a promenade through the assembly to the opposite end of the Hall, as if to enable all to see her with less difficulty and delay. Then she went into the supper room and, soon after her return, left the hall in the midst of the heartiest acclamations.

NEW YEAR REFLECTIONS.

LONDON, January 1, 1852. A new year! a new year is born! God of all grace, bless its cradle moments! A new year! The first to a million of human lives; the

last to a million more ! What consequences, what experiences of human joy and sorrow, cluster and crowd at the door of its first hours ! Thanks be to the God of all grace for what I have seen and enjoyed of His goodness during the last year. It was fraught with remarkable manifestations of His loving kindness. How much I have seen and tasted of this ! The year 1851 has been a remarkable year. When, with a little social circle of friends, at Hamburgh, I was kneeling before the throne of grace and awaiting its advent, how little did I conceive what its coming days would bring ! Among its precious remembrances are the new acquaintances and friendships I have made with nearly a hundred family circles in England in connection with the Olive Leaf movement. I trust that during the new year both the Olive Leaf Mission, and the Ocean Penny Postage cause, will make great progress. We commence the year with 110 Olive Leaf Societies.

THE QUAKER MEETING.*

LONDON, May 21, 1852.

This has been a day of deep interest. In the morning I went to the meeting of public worship in the Devonshire

* From no other class of people in England did Mr. Burritt receive more true, substantial, and permanent sympathy and aid than were manifested by those belonging to the Society of Quakers. Their great kindness and cheerful coöperation were highly appreciated by Mr. Burritt, who always spoke of them in terms of strong commendation and affectionate regard. And where shall we go to find a class of people whose daily lives are more blameless, whose friendship is more sincere, though it may be less pretentious, whose benevolence is more free and cordial, whose integrity is more genuine ? No one

House, which was filled to the utmost capacity by Friends from every part of the Kingdom. As a spectacle, no human congregation can surpass it in impressive physiognomy. The immaculate purity of the women's dresses, as they sat, a mountain multitude of shining ones, arising in long quiet ranks from the floor to the gallery on one side of the house, the grave mountain of sedate and thoughtful men on the other, presented an aspect more suggestive of the assemblies of the New Jerusalem than any earthly congregation I had ever seen.

In a brief time the last comers had found seats, or standing places, and then a deep devotional silence settled down upon the great assembly, like an overshadowing presence from heaven. The still, up-breathing prayer of a thousand hearts seemed to ascend like incense, and the communion of the Holy Spirit to descend like a dove, whispering its benediction, and touching, to sweeter listening serenity, those faces, so calm, with the breath of its wing. And out of the deep silence of this unspoken devotion arose one, with trembling meekness, to unburden the heart of a few brief message-words, to which it feared to withhold utterance, lest it should sin against the inspiration that made it burn with them.

From another part of the house arose the quavering voice of prayer, short, but full of the earnest emotion of supplication and humble utterance of faith and thanksgiving. The moments of deeper silence followed, as if all the faculties of the mind and all the senses of the physical being had descended into the soul's inner temple to listen

can be familiar with the beautiful simplicity of character and the loving charities, which they so heartily bestow upon the needy and afflicted, without a feeling of the highest respect and esteem. Mr. Burritt often attended their religious meetings, and greatly enjoyed them. This description of one of them is full of interest.—ED.

to, and wait for, the voice of the spirit of God. How impressive was the heart-worship of those silent moments ! There was something solemn, beyond description, in the spectacle of a thousand persons of all ages, so immovable that they seemed scarcely to breathe. The "Minister's Gallery" was occupied by a long rank of the teachers, the fathers and mothers of the society, from different parts of the country, who seemed to preside over this communion, like shepherds sitting down before their quiet flocks by the still waters of salvation.

In the center sat a man and woman, a little past the meridian of life, and apparently strangers in the great congregation. The former had an American look, which was perceptible, even to the opposite extremity of the building, and when he slowly arose out of the deep silence, his first words confirmed that impression. They were words fitly spoken and solemn, but uttered with such a nasal intonation as I never heard before, even in New England. At first, and for a few minutes, I felt it doubtful whether the unpleasant influence of this aggravated peculiarity would not prevent his words of exhortation from having salutary effect upon the minds of the listening assembly. But as his words seem to flow and warm with increasing unction, little by little they cleared up from that nasal cadence, and rounded into more oral enunciation. Little by little they strengthened with the power of truth, and the truth made them free and flowing. His whole person, so impassive and unsympathetic at first, entered into the enunciation of these truths with constantly increasing animation, and his address grew more and more impressive to the last. He spoke nearly an hour, and when he sat down and buried his fingers under his broad-brimmed hat, and the congregation settled down into the profound quiet

of serene meditation, I doubted whether it would be broken again by the voice of another exhortation.

But in the course of a few minutes, the form of the woman who sat by his side,—and it was his wife,—might be perceived in a state of half suppressed emotion, as if demurring to the inward monitor of the spirit that bade her arise and speak to such an assembly. It might well have seemed formidable to the nature of a meek and delicate woman. She seemed to struggle, involuntarily, with the conviction of duty, and to incline her person slightly towards her husband, as if the tried attributes of her heart leaned for strength on the sympathy of his, as well as on the wisdom she awaited from above. Then she arose, calm, meek, and graceful. Her first words dropped with the sweetest enunciation upon the still congregation, and were heard in every part of the house, though they were uttered in a tone seemingly but a little above a whisper. Each succeeding sentence warbled into new beauty and fullness of silvery cadence. The burden of her spirit was the life of religion in the heart, as contrasted with its mere language on the tongue, or what it was to be really and truly a disciple of Jesus Christ.

Having meekly stated the subject which had occupied her meditations, and which she had felt constrained to revive in the hearing of the congregation before her, she said,—“And now in my simple way, and in the brief words that may be given me, let me enter with you into the examination of this question.” At the first word of this sentence, she loosed the fastenings of her bonnet, and at the last, handed it down to her husband with a grace indescribable. There was something very impressive in the act, as well as the manner in which it was performed, as if she uncovered her head involuntarily in reverence to that vision of divine truth unsealed to her waiting eyes. And in her

eyes it seemed to beam with a heavenly light serene, and in her heart to burn with holy inspiration and meekness, and to touch her lips, and every gentle movement of her person with an expression eloquent, solemn, beautiful, as her words fell upon the rapt assembly from the heaven of tremulous flute-music with which her voice filled the building. Like a stream welling from Mount Hermon, and winding its way to the sea, so flowed the melodious current of her message, now meandering among the unopened flowers of rhymeless poetry—now through green pastures of salvation, where the Good Shepherd was bearing in his bosom the tender lambs of his flock; next it took the force of lofty diction and fell, as it were, in cascades of silvery eloquence, but solemn, slow, and searching, adown the rocks and ravines of Sinai; then out, like a sweet rolling river of music, into the wilderness, where the Prodigal Son, with the husks of his poverty clutched in his lean hands, sat in tearful meditation upon his father's home, and his father's love.

More than a thousand persons seemed to hold their breath as they listened to that meek, delicate woman, whose lips appeared to be touched to an utterance almost divine. I never saw an assembly not so moved but so subdued into motionless meditation. And the serene and solemn silence deepened to stillness more profound when she ceased speaking. In the midst of these still moments, she knelt in prayer. At the first word of her supplication the whole congregation arose. The men who had worn their hats while she spoke to them, reverently uncovered their heads as she kneeled to speak to God. Long and fervent was her supplication. Her clear, sweet voice trembled with the burden of the petition with which her soul seemed to ascend into the Holy of Holies, and to plead there with Jacob's father

for a blessing upon all encircled within that immediate presence. She arose from her knees, and the great congregation sat down, as it were, under the shadow of that prayer, to silence more deep and devotional. This lasted a few minutes, when two of the elders of the Society, seated in the center of the "Minister's Gallery," shook hands with each other, and were followed by other couples in each direction, as a kind of mutual benediction, as well as a signal that the meeting was terminated. At this simple sign the whole assembly arose and quietly left the house. Such was the experience of a couple of hours in a Quaker meeting.

THE RAUHE HAUS AT HAMBURGH.

J. H. WICHERN AT HORN ; HIS EFFORTS AND THEIR RESULTS ; GROWTH OF HIS INSTITUTION ; CHRISTMAS, AND HOW IMPROVED.

In no city that I have visited in Europe is human kindness more extensively and minutely organized than in this commercial capital of Northern Europe. In the first place, you find hospitals for all ages and all conditions of bodily affliction ; houses of correction, refuge, and rescue. Then the out-door benevolence is administered after the most perfect system of order and activity. This department of charity is managed chiefly by the ladies, and no nook of poverty or wretchedness escapes the vigilance and visitation of their loving kindness. It would be impossible to do more than name all these institutions and operations of philanthropy in one letter, so I will occupy this with an account of one of the number, which seems to embody the spirit of all the rest in its most interesting and striking manifestations. This is the "Rauhe Haus,"

established in 1833. The literal meaning, as nearly as it can be given in English, of this appellation is, "The Rough House," or a house of refuge for the rudest, most hopeless little vagabonds of beggary and vice that can be found in the lowest lanes and sewers of poverty and sin. In this institution, these young beings, whose every day of life has been a year of wretchedness and crime, are brought under the action of two cardinal principles—the law of kindness, and the influence of family society. As an illustration of the power of these principles in transforming what would seem to be the very mistletoes of humanity into trees bearing the best fruits of virtue, this institution is yet unequalled, although several of the kind have recently sprung up in different countries. A cursory glance at its history will suffice to delineate the principal features of its character.

On the 1st of November, 1833, J. H. Wichern, an earnest man, whose heart is a living gospel of Christian love to his kind, took possession, with his family, of a small, one story, straw-roofed house, fronting on a narrow lane leading out of the village of Horn, about three miles from Hamburgh. This little building itself was a vagabond house, having been what would be called in America a "rum hole"—a resort for the lowest and noisiest kind of drinkers and smokers. About an acre of land, covered with sprawling bushes, ditches, hillocks, etc., formed, with the smutty cottage, the foundation of the new institution, which was to solve another great problem in the mysteries of humanity. No great palace or prison-looking building had been erected by the State for this experiment of benevolence. None was contemplated or desired. From the beginning to the end, it was to be a cottage establishment; and this one by the lane side, with its rum-seethed, tobacco-smoked walls, and roof of black

mouldering straw, was all the heroic founder asked for the working out of his scheme of philanthropy.

After the lapse of a week spent in purifying this little cottage and preparing it for a home for the little unfortunate beings who were to be gathered to its hearth, three were brought in from their lairs on the frosty pavement, or door-stones of the city. In the course of a few weeks, fourteen of these young vagabonds were introduced within the fold of that family circle, varying from five to eighteen years of age, yet all old in the experience of wretchedness and vice. Each had become a hardened veteran in some iniquitous practice or malicious disposition, and, as such, had been pronounced, or regarded, as incorrigible. Nearly all of them had been left and trained to beggary, lying, stealing, and to every vicious habit. Some had the organ or disposition of destructiveness developed to such a frenzy that the first thought of their life seemed to be the mutilation of every thing they could reach ; others had acquired a ferocious force and obduracy of self-will. One of these adepts in crime had been convicted by the police of ninety-three thefts, and yet he was only in his twelfth year. They had been treated or regarded as a species of human vermin, baffling the power of the authorities to suppress. They had slept under carts, in door-ways, herding with swine and cattle by night, when the begging or thieving hours were past.

Such were the boys that found themselves looking at each other in wonder and surprise the first evening they gathered around the hearthstone of that cottage home. There was no illusion about this sudden transformation of their experience. There was that bland, benevolent man in their midst, with his kind eyes and voice, looking and speaking to them as a father to his children. And there was his mother with the law of kindness on her lips,

in her looks, in every act and word ; and he called her mother, and the first evening of their common life she became the mother of their love and veneration ; and they—ragged, forsaken, hopeless castaways, conceived in sin and shapen in iniquity—became the children of her affection. As far as the east from the west was their past life to be separated from their future,—to be cut off and forgotten. And this cottage, away from the city and its haunts, with its bright fire by night, and the little beds under the roof, with its great Bible and little psalm-books, was to be their home. And the great chestnut tree that thrust out its arms over it, and all the little trees and the ditches, hillocks, and bushes of that acre were their own. Some hymns and sweet-spirited ballads were sung after the frugal supper, and then the mother of the circle told them some nice stories with her kind voice ; and the father, with his kind eyes, asked their advice about some little plans he had in his mind for improving their farm. The feeling of home came warming into their hearts like the emotions of a new existence as he spoke to them, with his kind voice and eyes, of *our* house, of *our* trees, of *our* cabbages, turnips, potatoes, pigs, and geese and ducks, which we will grow for *our* comfort.

That night the boys went up to their beds under the roof, wondering if all this would be real in the morning, or if they should wake up on the frosty door-stones of the city, or under the carts, and find it all a dream that they had experienced in the few hours of that new life. The morning came, and, with its first ray of light, the kind eye and voice of the family father ; and they gathered around the breakfast table, and then for a little while around the fire, and a hymn was sung ; and then they all went out together to commence the work they had agreed on in the council at the fire-side the night

before. It had been unanimously voted that a sprawling wall of earth, half surrounding their garden, should come down first ; and at it they went in earnest, with such tools as they had. And no small job was this for fourteen boys from five to eighteen years of age, for it was 500 feet in length, and six in height and breadth.

That first day's work was a triumph to them, and when they grouped around the fire at night, the ambition of new ideas came into their hearts. There were tools wanted for rooting out the briars and bushes, and there were boys of the circle that would undertake to make them. They went so far as to speak of making a tool-house ; nay, even a shop where they would work in stormy weather. The oldest boys were sure they could build it alone. At the end of the first week they had made a year's progress in this new life and its hopes and expectations. The earth mound gradually disappeared, and the faith that they could do something, be something, and own something grew daily within them ; and they sung cheery songs at their work, for almost every evening they practiced on some ballad, under the instruction of the mother of the circle. "So eager did they become to accomplish this undertaking," says the first report of this institution, "that they frequently worked by lantern-light in the evening, rooting up bushes and trees, in spite of snow and rain."

The winter days and nights came, and when they could not prosecute their out-door work, their united genius contrived employment within. The family-mother taught them to knit and sew, and other arts of domestic industry ; and in the long winter evenings, after recreating for an hour in reading, writing, or ciphering, they gathered into a circle on the floor—a little band of cross-legged tailors—and plied their needles of every size on thick,

coarse stockings, frocks, trousers, etc., and some the awl on shoes, half wood and half leather, for the future inmates of their home, who might be brought in from such places as they themselves once inhabited. This was a work and a thought that brought kind feelings into their hearts, and many a one of the group wondered how such and such a boy, who used to cuddle down with him, of a frosty night, on a door-stone in the city, would feel in the frock or trousers he had under way. This was their singing time ; and just in proportion as they loved to work they loved to sing, and they did both on these occasions with the happiest zest. They were taught the most lively and joyful tunes first, and these took the precedence in their music and labor concerts of the winter evenings.

Then came the spring, with its music and beauty, and birds and bees, and all things green and gladsome ; and with it came to the boy family of the Rauhe Haus a new life of labor, hope, expectation, and plans. During the winter their number had increased, and their beds were too thick under the roof, and their ideas had taken a house-building turn during the long evenings, and some of the older boys had tried their hands at the model of a cottage, and all had come to the faith that they could build a house large enough to live in. The plan was drawn out first on the floor with chalk, then with ink on paper, and they longed for the winter to be gone, with its frost and ice, that they might break ground with their spades and picks for the cellar. As soon as the snow-banks disappeared they fell to, with an ambition which took hold of the youngest of them, to build with their own hands a house for themselves. As soon as daylight came, and as long as it lasted, they were seen and heard singing at their labors.

“On the 11th of March,” says the first report, “the

foundation of this, the first kinderhaus (children's house) was laid, with prayer and singing, in the presence of several friends of the institution, favored with the most beautiful weather. All the earth-work on this 'Swiss-house,' as it was named, had been performed by the boys. They dug the cellar, carted the bricks, prepared the mortar, and now the walls began to rise, and their joy to increase. Every boy, great or small, held on to the work, longer and later, until, on the 16th of April, the whole company, with a jubilee of song, hung a wreath of triumph on the gable of the house. A few more busy days, and the building was completed, and ready for the reception of the first colony from the old Rauhe Haus. It was hung from top to bottom with evergreens and wreaths of flowers ; "and on the 20th of July," says the report, "on a bright Sabbath morning, it was dedicated, in the presence of several hundred friends, to the good Shepherd, through whose love and help twenty-seven boys had already taken up their residence therein."

This event opened a new chapter in the social economy and moral character of the institution. The affections, hopes, sympathies, and enjoyments of these boys all clustered around this family life. They had lived, labored, slept, eaten, and sung together for many months ; they had built them a home together, and now they took possession of it with joy and exultation. An earnest young disciple of the law of love, who had come from a distance to discipline his heart and life to a régime of kindness, and who had lived in their midst as an elder brother, accompanied them to their new dwelling, to live with them still as a fatherly brother and companion in labor, study, play, and in all their enjoyments. Another young man, of the same spirit, entered the old hive or Rauhe Haus, where a new family of little vagabonds from differ-

ent parts of the country began to form. In the course of time, this also colonized in the same way as the first, and took up their abode in a cottage-home, built mostly by their own hands, taught and assisted by the elder family of the "Swiss-house."

Thus has this most interesting institution expanded gradually into a little cottage village of boy-families, each having their own separate house and home, and their fatherly brother, a young man of twenty or twenty-five years of age. Feeling at a loss how to spend "Thanksgiving Day" properly, in a foreign land, I determined to spend it in visiting this establishment. So I walked out to it from Hamburgh, a distance of about three miles, and was most kindly received by one of the young men of the institution. He took me through all the work-shops and dwelling-houses, their little chapel, the wash and drying house, their printing office, bake-house, etc. It was truly a beautiful spectacle to see these young beings, once so hopeless, wretched, and vicious, now sitting clothed in a better mind, so full of hope and gladness and gratitude. There they were, divided into little groups, with one of "the *brethren*" in the center of each, busy at every species of utilitarian handicraft. They are all shoemakers, tailors, blacksmiths, carpenters, etc., by turns. For a certain length of time, a troop of them, with a "brother" at their head, may be found mounted on shaving-horses, and showing themselves a brave little band of coopers; then they may be seen sitting cross-legged in a ring on a large platform, plying their needles to the same tunes on garments for the whole community, and for future comers. For it is the motive of this economy, not only to teach them all kinds of handicraft, but also to discipline their minds to the habit of working for each other.

There are now about seventy boys and twenty-five girls

in this establishment, who constitute four boy-families and two girl-families, both sexes varying in age from eight to sixteen years. There are from thirty-six to forty "brothers," and eight "candidates," or theological students, preparing for the ministry by taking lessons in the law of love, as here put in force. Thus, not only these young creatures are rescued from ruin, and transformed to a new life, but scores of earnest young men are trained for superintendents and founders of similar institutions in other countries.

The moral and religious development of these children would form a history by itself, which would be deeply interesting to every benevolent mind. First among the influences that opened their hearts to a Christian culture was that of music. "Especially at first," says the report, "it happened almost daily that some of the larger, as well as the smallest boys, broke forth in sobs, and wept aloud during the singing in our morning devotions ; and on one occasion the whole were so deeply affected as to be obliged to give it up. 'We cannot hold out singing,' they were accustomed to say, 'without thinking of what we have been.' On one occasion, when they were by no means learning and practicing church melodies,—to which a special hour on the Sabbath was allotted,—one of the boys stood as if out of his mind. On my speaking to him, he said, 'During singing I forget everything here, and think only of my former life.' On another occasion, two brothers fell into each other's arms, and were so affected that I was obliged to send them into the garden ; for they had thought of their unfortunate mother while engaged in singing. Especially with the spring increased their joy in this exercise. In the evening, after their work was done, they gathered of their own accord around a tree, or laid down on the grass, or walked arm-in-arm, a whole hour

long, in the garden, and sung their beautiful songs ; or they climbed at vesper time, with their bread, to the highest branches of the beautiful chestnut and lime trees, that overshadowed the *Rauhe Haus*, and mingled their songs with those of the feathered songsters." * * * * *

Knowing what a day of gladness, and greetings, and gifts of loving remembrance Christmas was, in all home-circles, in hospitals, in the richest houses of the rich, and in the poorest houses of the poor, I resolved to see its working and enjoyment at this interesting institution. So, at about twelve o'clock, I wended my way thither. It is situated in the village of Horn, about three miles from Hamburg ; and, on turning off from the main road into the narrow lane which led to it, I found that scores of people from the city were proceeding thither—some on foot, others in carriages, to witness the celebration of the anniversary by the inmates of the establishment. The great garden, full of cottages, seemed to smile with the gladness which throbbed in the hearts and shone from the faces of the hundred happy children which it embosomed. The trees which they had planted, thicket thick, around their little houses, seemed to lean to each other lovingly, and to wish each other a "a merry Christmas ;" and the ducks and geese in the lakelet, and the merry chickens that nestled or sported in the sunny places in the garden, appeared to know and share the day's experience.

The visitors or spectators of the scene began to accumulate into a crowd about the door of the little chapel ; and many a richly-appointed carriage drove up and set down parties of distinguished rank from Hamburg, who came to see the happiness of children recently rescued from its lowest scenes of vice and poverty, and renovated to a new existence. In a few minutes the family church

of this family of cottages was completely filled, with the exception of a small space at the desk-end of it, which was reserved for the boy and girl families, and their "Father" and elder "Brethren." At the foot of the desk was planted a Christmas-tree, which reached to the ceiling overhead, with every branch holding in its hand a taper light.

A little way in front of this, a semi-circular table was arranged, covered with white linen, and extending, in its diameter, nearly from wall to wall. On the outer or convex side was placed a row of chairs for about thirty persons, which seemed to be reserved, as I imagined, for special guests or dignitaries from the city—perhaps the principal patrons of the institution; for all the other seats were mere hard benches without backs, and these were already occupied and crowded by persons of all ages and conditions. In a few moments, however, I felt reproved for appropriating, in my imagination, these thirty reserved chairs of honor after the common standard of estimation. There was a movement at the door of unusual interest. Those standing close by it made way, deferentially, for a party, the special guests of the occasion, who were to go up higher than they,—to the highest places at the feast. They came—the poorest of the poor, the lamest of the lame, the blindest of the blind, the oldest of the aged. From the lowest habitations of poverty in the neighboring villages, they came at the invitation of these reformed little vagabonds, whose hearts were softened to the kindest issues by souvenirs of "the hole of the pit," of that wretchedness and perdition from which they had been rescued by the hand of Christian love. And of this love and charity having freely received, grace for grace, their young hearts and hands were going to give back freely to these poor and decrepit people,

gifts of their gratitude to God and man for their own salvation.

An old woman of ninety-six years led the way, and was seated in the chair of honor at the center of the table, and those on each side of her were filled by pauper guests from the hovels, hedges, and highways of the neighborhood. The next minute, the quick, short tread of a multitude of young feet, and mingling with the murmur of young voices, was heard without, and the father of the institution entered at the head of its children-families, numbering about one hundred boys and girls, from five to eighteen years of age, and accompanied by the band of "Brothers" who live with them, as the heads and companions of their home and labor circles. For a few minutes the house was filled with the lively clatter of their wooden-soled brogans, as they crowded into the small space between the guest table and the wall, and rounded up into a hill of happy faces, scores of which peered out floridly, with eyes of large expectation, from the branches of the Christmas-tree.

The father-superintendent, a man about forty-five years of age, with long apostolic locks of silver grey, and eyes and voice full of heaven, and the sympathies and affections of the heart into which it descends and dwells with its music, and love, and river of life, and all its New Jerusalem of joy, and who had brought all these to bear upon the rescue and renovation of these children of poverty and sin—stood before us. The special guests of this feast were the first objects of his observation; and he stepped forward, and with his face beaming with the light of loving-kindness, and voice modulated to its sweetest accents, he gave his hand to each of the circle in succession; not merely with a passing inquiry or greeting of good-will, but with a short, tender address of sym-

pathy, cheer, and exhortation. The windows were now darkened, and the tapers, with which the Christmas-tree blossomed, were lighted, and looked a very star-tree, bringing out, in bold relief, the light-haired heads and sunny faces that nestled under its green branches, all the greener for the light-blossoms they bore. The religious exercises were opened by a Christmas anthem by the children, who made such heart-music of it as I never heard before. What a choir that ! It seemed a melody almost divine. Every voice and eye of them all sang with a melting power of sentiment which it was a privilege to see as well as hear ; for as their voices swelled up into the sublimest unison of the anthem, their ruddy faces softened and shone with the ecstasy of the music in their hearts. This was followed by a prayer addressed to the Throne of Grace by the father of the children-families, with his eyes open, fixed, and wide, and seeming to look clear into heaven and see the blessing he asked upon us all. Another anthem followed this, and then a glowing, eloquent address from the superintendent, which lasted about an hour. To those who have read the gospel sermon of his life it would be unnecessary to say how such a man must preach, so I will not undertake to describe it.

At the conclusion of this address another hymn was sung, and then came the consummation of this interesting scene. The superintendent, with the liveliest emotions of pleasure, in which the whole congregation participated, described graphically the Christmas gifts which the children had presented him and his wife, and children by blood, on the previous evening ; the embellishments of the room, the devices of their genius, the fairy chapel, and castles of moss and evergreen, cottages of bread, and pyramids of cake and confectionery, etc., all of their

own handiwork. And now they had called in these poor guests before them, from the abodes of poverty in the surrounding villages, to present them gifts of their goodwill and sympathy. He then called upon the representatives of the different boy-families to bring forward the presents they had prepared for the occasion.

The family of the "*Swiss-house*," the eldest daughter of the mother-house, was first invited to bring their Christmas offerings. Each of these families, it will be recollected, consists of sixteen or eighteen boys, every one of whom had a gift for one of the pauper guests on the outside of the table. But as they could not all come forward to it, four of their number were delegated to present their offerings. And they ranged themselves beside the father, with their arms filled to their utmost embrace with everything good and comfortable to the poor, in all weathers—with coarse stockings, wooden-soled shoes, thick and warm articles of clothing, and with huge loaves of brown bread, etc., all of their own hand's making.

The representatives of the "*Bee-hive*" family were next called, and they came forward with their arms full of similar gifts; and were followed by those of the other houses. In like manner the two girl-families brought theirs, and stood with them in their arms, over against the poor old women who were to receive them. Then they all broke forth spontaneously in a hymn, which breathed in music the spirit with which they were about to lay these humble offerings of their hearts before the subjects of their benevolence. In the midst of the hymn they paused, as if a new thought had struck them all. The father stepped forward to the little desk, and took up the Bible, as if it had been the ark of the covenant, and read those verses in the twenty-fifth chapter of Matthew which describe the scene when the Son of Man

shall come in His glory, and all nations be gathered before Him, and "The king shall say unto them on his right hand, Come ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world ; for I was an hungered, and ye gave me meat ; I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink ; I was a stranger, and ye took me in ; naked, and ye clothed me ; I was sick, and ye visited me ; I was in prison, and ye came unto me ;" and when, in answer to the question of surprise—when and how they had ever administered unto Him after this manner—He shall answer, " Verily, I say unto you, Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me." He closed the book and said that, on the eve which they were commemorating, our heavenly Father had presented a Christmas gift to mankind, which exhausted the wealth of the universe. In Jesus Christ He had given us all things, both the riches, and fullness, and glory of the Godhead. We could not give back anything to him, personally, for all that we had and were was His, and came from Him. But still, He had surrounded us with the objects of His loving-kindness, through whom He would accept the smallest gifts, deeds, and thoughts of sympathy and good-will, as done unto Himself. " Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these my brethren," said he, turning the palms of his hands outward toward the poor creatures before him, who were weeping at his words, " ye have done it unto me." Through these, the least of His little ones, these children may each present a Christmas gift to the Saviour of the world, who, in his manger-cradle, brought life and immortality in His baby hand, and gave the greatest gift to all mankind that God could give and man receive.

It was infinitely striking, and the whole company seemed

as if listening to a new gospel. I never before heard or saw those passages applied by such illustration. Then the hymn was resumed, and the voices of the happy little multitude careered, from unison to unison, in a rhapsody of harmony, until those who had joined with them from the congregation gradually fell off, as if to listen to the melting melody of those young and happy hearts. No pen that I can wield could describe that spectacle. It would have required the pencil of a master-hand to portray its leading features. Perhaps the imagination of our young friends may draw a picture of the scene. Can you not, then, see, in the foreground, the father of the children-families, a tall man, with his kind eyes and long hair of silver grey, and a voice modulated to the sweetest accents of benevolence, with his heart full to overflowing with gladness and gratitude to God, for the working of His grace to such a surprising regeneration of the natures of the young beings that clustered around him? Then see those sixteen boys and eight girls standing in the first rank, on each side of him, with their arms full of Christmas gifts to the poor old men and women before them, with their heads inclined a little to one side, and with their eyes turned upward in fixed ecstasy, as if listening to music made in heaven, instead of their own. See that little boy of a dozen summers, with white hair and florid cheeks, with a loaf of bread in his arms, half as large as himself, and a dozen pairs of clog shoes, of his own make, singing with all the rapture of his heart's gladness. Can you not make a visible picture of it?

While the hymn was pealing upward on the swelling tide of all these voices, a movement of the eye from the father toward the four representatives of the Swiss-house family gave them the sign, and they stepped forward, without dropping a note, and laid the gifts of "their

house" on the table, before three or four of the decrepit old men, and then fell back into the line, singing all the while with increased enthusiasm. Then the representatives of the Bee-hive family stepped forward and laid its Christmas offering on the table, and were succeeded by the delegates of the other families in their turn. The table was piled two feet high with these gifts, and the hillock of them built up before the old woman of ninety-six almost hid her from the sight of the givers. I will not add another word to the description. I believe our young friends can see, in imagination, the spectacle presented at this moment of consummation; and I would leave uppermost in their mind this aspect of a "Christmas at the *Rauhe Haus*."

THE VALUATION OF HUMAN LIFE IN WAR.

If there is one sentiment that more than another marks the civilization of the present day, it is the interest felt in human life. Sympathy with human suffering is the most distinctive characteristic of our age. Never before in the world's history were there such associated efforts to diminish or prevent suffering. The societies organized for this purpose are almost innumerable. Great calamities by fire, pestilence, or famine are almost drowned by the flood of benevolence thus brought to bear upon them. The great heart of the community has thus become very sensitive to every kind of suffering, want, or wrong. How the whole nation is distressed at the news of the explosion of fire-damp in a coal mine, by which a score,—perhaps a hundred,—working-men lose their lives! The Queen on her throne telegraphs to the scene of the dis-

aster to make inquiry or express her sympathy. In thousands of family circles the fate of the poor colliers is deplored with deep commiseration. Money pours in from all directions to support and comfort the mourning widows and orphans.

A shipwreck, a railway accident, or any other catastrophe which destroys human life, produces the same feeling in the community. Sometimes a single life put in peril will fill a nation's heart with anxiety and grief. For instance, take the case of Dr. Livingstone, the African explorer. What intense and painful interest was felt, not only in England, but in other countries, in his fate ! What costly expeditions were fitted out to seek for him in the hot wilds of that distant continent ! Then think of Sir John Franklin, and of the feeling which his fate inspired throughout the civilized world.

Now compare the feeling with which the community hears of the loss or peril of a few human lives by these accidents with the feelings with which the news of the death or mutilation of thousands of men, equally precious, on the field of battle is received. How different is the valuation ! how different in universal sympathy ! War seems to reverse our best and boasted civilization, to carry back human society to the dark ages of barbarism, to cheapen the public appreciation of human life almost to the standard of brute beasts. This has always seemed to me one of war's worst works, because it destroys also the sense of the ruin and misery which the sword makes in the world.

And this demoralization of sentiment is not confined to the two or three nations engaged in war ; it extends to the most distant and neutral nations, and they read of thousands slain or mangled in a single battle with but a little more human sensibility than they would read the

loss of so many pawns by a move on a chess-board. With what deep sympathy the American nation, even to the very slaves, heard of the suffering in Ireland by the potato-famine ! What ship-loads of corn and provisions they sent over to relieve that suffering ! But how little of that benevolent sympathy and of that generous aid would they have given to the same amount of suffering inflicted by war upon the people of a foreign country ! This, I repeat, is one of the very worst works of war. It is not only the demoralization, but almost the transformation, of human nature. We can generally ascertain how many lives have been lost in war. The tax-gatherer lets us know how much money it costs. But no registry kept on earth can tell us how much is lost to the world by this insensibility to human suffering which a war produces in the whole family circle of nations.

FAITH.

“Faith,” says the apostle, “is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen.” It is not in the power of language to convey a more beautiful, philosophical, and comprehensive idea of that element and action of the mind. The *substance* of things hoped for ; not the fugitive, deceptive shadow of a dream, or transient *ignis fatui*, dancing along the horizon of our vision ; not exactly the things themselves, but the *substance* of them, which the long arms of faith can reach, even across the ocean of time. And that substance, too, so much better adapted to our present state of being than “the things hoped for,”—it is angels’ food, incarnated, materialized

for man, an aliment for his triune nature. For the soul,—at least during its co-partnership with flesh and blood,—never forgets the necessities of its humble, mortal colleague. When it reaches out its arms of faith into eternity, and feels in the palm of its God for a child's portion, it always brings it home in a substance to which all the senses and yearnings of human nature may sit down and feast. It never makes a journey to heaven without bringing back some choice things for each of the physical senses. To the sight, it *daguerreotypes* on the retina of the eye, the great city of God, the New Jerusalem, with all its golden streets, its foundation-stones of celestial water, its gates of pearl, the great white throne, the robes and ranks of the heavenly hosts, the river of life, and visions of indescribable magnificence. To another sense it spreads out the marriage-supper of the Lamb, and fruits and flowers of immortal taste and bloom. To the ear it brings the melody of the golden harps, the strains of angel anthems. In short, it creates a heaven for every sense, and sets the whole family of them a longing for it, and then feeds them with "the substance of the things hoped for."

What a mysterious connection between the mortal and immortal natures of man! What deep and deathless sympathies unite them! What love, stronger than death, would bind them to a common destiny! How the soul longs to have the body share in its immortality! How fondly it clings to it from the cradle to the grave, as if it could not survive its humanity! It would fain forget its own prerogative of ceaseless existence; it would almost forego its own inevitable immortality while seeking to cheer its sorrowful, sickly, sinking companion with the hopes of a new life beyond the grave. It matters not what ghastly ills, what mutilating accidents, what loath-

some, life-eating diseases prey upon the flesh and blood ; the soul, with all its aspirations, is never ashamed of its mortal partner, but clings to it with new and stronger yearnings of affection.

See the aged Christian, tottering on life's tremendous verge ! What tender communings are going on between his two dissolving natures ! " Immortal spirit, must we part for ever here ? " cries his poor, dying flesh, with all its lisping tongues. " Look into this cold, dark grave ; wilt thou leave me to moulder here in dust, to coalesce and sleep forgotten with the common ground, whilst thou, an angel blest, shalt sing and soar in a bright and glorious life ? " " And me," asks the dim, closing eye, " wilt thou forget me when my light is quenched ? Wilt thou forget, in yonder bright world, the visions of heaven's magnificence which thou didst promise me in return for these sublunary scenes, this ever-changing vista of terrestrial beauty, which I opened to thy view ? " " Give us thy last, parting kiss," sigh the cold, marble lips, " and then say, wilt not thou remember, when thou joinest ' the quiring cherubim ' above, that we lisped forth thy first infant song of love ; that we uttered that prayer of penitence that brought thee down the pardon of thy God ; that we gave voice to thy thoughts of love, and sang thy hymns of praise, and set the melody in thy heart to strains of music almost divine ? " " Look on us," moan the fleshless, palsied hands ; " when thy Lord shall greet thee in his kingdom of rest with, ' Well done, good and faithful servant,' wilt not thou remember, then, that all thy mercy-deeds on earth, and sweet-breathing acts, cost us some toil ? When we have melted into dust, and thou, with other hands, art striking the harps of that spirit world, wilt not thou remember then that we prepared and bore thy secret alms to the widow's cot, and smoothed

the sick stranger's pillow, and soothed his throbbing brow, and wet his parched lips?" "Look on us," groan the motionless, ice-bound feet; "when thou walkest the golden streets of the city of thy God, with the spirits blest and pure, wilt not thou remember that we bore thee in these humbler walks, and on all thy missions of mercy, to the house of God, the house of mourning, to the prisoner's cell, to secret places of private grief, to heavenly places in Christ Jesus?"

"No, no! Forget thee?" cries the fond spirit in the accents of its immortal love; "forget thee, bride of my life, because thou art cold and dead? forget thee, partner of my joys and sorrows, because thou art gone to the grave, where none can tell thy dust from the common ground? forget thee, companion in my journey through time, because no record of thy existence shall be left on earth? No, never! I will not leave thee, nor forget thee. I will watch over thy quiet home during the centuries of thy slumber. Though the angels should woo me to take their form, I would tell them that I was wedded, and waiting for my bride whom the Resurrection and the Life shall bring from thy grave to my arms. Forget thee? No! I will forego the full fruition of heaven's beatitudes, until thou shalt share with me in my bliss. I will sip lightly at the unsealed fountains of salvation, till thou art restored to me, a glorious form, to make my heaven complete."

TRIBUTE TO JOSEPH STURGE.*

"Good Joseph Sturge is dead! We often wondered, in the years of precious companionship with him, if we should live to write the words, 'Joseph Sturge is dead!' and if, after having written them, this earthly life would have much sunlight of comfort in it to its end; whether indeed this natural sun of June, so brightly shining upon the green, glad world, would wear the same countenance, and shed the same beams upon those nearest and dearest to him. We had written the same sad words, save the name, of English friends and co-workers, who were inexpressibly dear to us—first, of Joseph Crosfield of Manchester, the pure, meek, and great in a heart that beat true, even and ever, to the finest pulses of Christian sympathy and benevolent effort; then of George Bradshaw. Every intelligent man, woman, and child in the three kingdoms knew George Bradshaw by name, and thousands by character. These two friends, another still surviving in Manchester, and good Joseph Sturge were the men in England who were prime movers and workers in getting up the first Peace Congress on the continent of Europe, in 1848. We were associated with them as intimately as oneness of sentiment, sympathy, and effort in a great cause, could unite man to man.

*Of all the friends who were in full sympathy with Mr. Burritt in his peace efforts no one was more cordial and helpful than the late Joseph Sturge. A man of noble impulses, ample means, and a heart full of love for others, he was ever ready, by word and deed, to do what he could for the cause of humanity. He was a prominent member of that most excellent and worthy sect, the Quakers. In Mr. Burritt's journal he is always spoken of as "good Joseph Sturge," and it seems highly fitting that this brief tribute to the memory of the good man should have a place in this volume.—ED.

And now Joseph Sturge is gone! No nation on earth has two such men at once for one generation, and none probably ever will. All nations lose by his death. He was unlike Howard, unlike Clarkson, unlike Wilberforce. His philanthropy was as pure and as large as theirs in *every* direction. His benevolence was spherical, and always shone in full moon, like his ruddy and beaming face, upon the dark and crooked pathways of wrong, oppression, and sorrow in which humanity grieved and bled. The sun of God's love and light was, to his great heart, what the summer sun of heaven is to the full moon. The reflection of that higher illumination came off from his daily life with as slight a parallax, or 'shadow of turning,' as we ever saw in man. It was this that gave to his benevolence its broad and perfect circumference, embracing with equal heartiness every good word and work for man. Taking that aspect of his life, which years of the most indefatigable and self-sacrificing labors for emancipation of the slaves, wherever bound, presented, and one would conclude that the great forte and direction of his philanthropy was the anti-slavery sentiment and enterprise; that in this characteristic he even surpassed Clarkson and Wilberforce in personal exertion and exposure to danger and hardship. Follow him in his long and arduous travels and investigations through the West India Islands, collecting testimony for the bar of the British Parliament against that slightly modified condition of chattel-hood called the apprenticeship system; take a fair estimate of his labors in England, to effect the abolition of that system, and the complete emancipation of the slaves, and you would have good reason to say what was his life's aim and work for humanity. You would hardly expect to find his active benevolence running out on an equal radius in another direction.

What Joseph Sturge was in the anti-slavery cause, he was, with equal heart interest, and effort, in the cause of Peace, Temperance, Civil Freedom, Free Trade, Free Speech, Free Education, Universal Suffrage, Universal Liberty. He was the first and foremost in organizing a movement for abolishing the great barbarism and folly of war from Christendom; and what he did and endured for this object would make a volume, and a volume which, we trust, some who knew it best will write ere long. Deeper and deeper, warmer and stronger, grew his love and labor for this blessed cause up to the last of his life on earth. Who that was present on those interesting and important occasions will forget him, and the beaming light of his countenance, at the Peace Congress at Brussels, at Paris, Frankfort, London, and Edinburgh?

The cause of Temperance never had a truer friend than Joseph Sturge. From the beginning of the movement he was always ready to give to it his active coöperation and a generous pecuniary aid. Nor were his efforts to advance it confined chiefly to large demonstrations, or periodical public meetings. The little "Bands of Hope," and the small, quiet, village operations to reclaim and save the inebriate, and to rescue the young from the road to ruin, found in him an untiring advocate and helper. The temperance picnics and excursions of the children were his delight, and his benevolent face never shone more radiantly than when accompanying them on these occasions. We recollect going with him to the railway station, one summer morning, to see one of these excursion trains, loaded with two or three thousand children, depart for a day's enjoyment in the country. He had provided every boy and girl with buns for a dinner in the fields, and as he passed and re-passed the long train of carriages, thronged with them as with bees, they would

pour out their rollicking *hurrahs* upon the morning air with such an outgush of joy, gladness, and gratitude as touched his good, kind heart with a pleasure that shed a new light over his countenance.

We never became acquainted with a man who lived, moved, and had his being, so much outside of *self*. Apparently, or so far as one might judge from the daily aspects of his character, he gave ten thoughts to the good of others where he gave one to his own personal interests and enjoyments. Although the rigid discipline to benevolent labor which he practiced involved much self-sacrifice or self-abnegation, it seemed less the dictate of duty than the spontaneous impulse of pleasure to him. His pleasant home was to us like the house of Obed-edom, bright and peaceful with the light of the blessing that fell upon that resting-place of the ark of the covenant. It was ever open to us for a day's rest from those labors which the good man shared and approved. But we sometimes felt almost reproved for a sense of fatigue by his unmoved zeal and activity in doing good. On a cold, drizzly, foggy Sunday morning, while it was yet dark, he would arise and walk a mile to meet the teachers in a ragged school at half-past seven, to speak kind words to them, and encourage them with his up-cheering sympathy, as well as to shed the beaming of his fatherly face upon the poor children, gathered in from parentless coverts of poverty, from courts and alleys hidden, unsunned, in the wretchedness of ignorance and vice.

He loved children and children's ways, and delighted to see them at their innocent and exhilarating sports. At the time we visited him most frequently there was no play-ground for the boys of the neighborhood, where they could disport themselves at cricket and other healthy games. It was just like him to procure a field for them,

and we never saw his broad, bland face glow with more of the glorious beauty of a large and happy heart than when a half dozen of bright, mirthful boys came around him in their shirt sleeves, hat in hand, and, with their foreheads beaded with the moisture of the play, thanked him in their boys' way for the field he had opened for them. It was a beautiful conception of one of the artists who painted his portrait, when he represented him with his fatherly hand laid upon a little slave child, as indicating those unparalleled efforts he made for the emancipation of the African race. He loved children wherever he met them, and nothing would melt him sooner than stories about their privations and sorrows. When we were traveling together on our peace mission through Schleswig-Holstein, he would stop to look at the flaxen-haired children playing by the roadside, and to give them the smile which they would interpret better than his English words.

It was given the good Joseph Sturge to labor for the benefit of mankind, and for God's kingdom on earth, up to the last day of his life. No dark valley of the shadow of death lay between him and the blessed land of his everlasting rest and reward. In a moment he received and obeyed the summons. In the balmy, blooming month of May, 1859, a voice, still and low, came down to him out of heaven. It said, 'Friend, come up higher!' And he went up higher."

THOUGHTS ON MY MOTHER'S GRAVE.

LETTER TO A FRIEND IN 1844.

DEAR FRIEND :

There is a spot of earth, a little mound, as yet unfringed by a single blade of grass, to which my spirit would beckon yours. *It is my mother's grave.* You have wept over the sodded resting place of a beloved parent ; come then, come see where they laid *my* mother, and such a mother as scarcely ever was laid in the grave, since graves were made.

The hour has come, has past ; the hour of separation : yet I cannot believe her gone. Even now, while the world sleeps in the stillest watches of the night, her bland, heavenly spirit seems near me while I write. Once I thought the sun would be darkened when she died, and every star go out in the firmament of my soul, and the birds would strike their languid wings in mournful silence, and my heart be sad and songless. But not so. I have hardly shed a tear, and yet once I felt that I should fill her grave with them. But she lives ! I know she lives, and loves me still : and this sustains and comforts me. Yes, she lives nearer the Throne of Grace, where angels pray, and there, I am sure, she prays for me.

No, she is not dead. He who said, "I am the resurrection and the life," says that she is not dead. He who said to the dying malefactor, "*This* day thou shalt be with me in paradise," He says she is not dead, but sleepeth. Sleepeth ! what sleeps ? her disembodied spirit ? No ! that has just awoke from *sleep*, to a new life in the presence of God ; to a *newness* of life in Him who *lives*, and who is her life ; to the life of angels ; endowed, in kind, with all the

faculties they possess ; clothed upon with their glorious immortality ; individualized among the just made perfect ; put into communion and communication with the Father of spirits, by the same qualities of being, by the same faculties, by which it shall know and be known, see and be seen, love and be loved, through all the cycles of unending duration. Sleepeth ! What sleeps ? the bandage torn from her spirit's eyes, that shut out the overwhelming vision of God's presence, and glory, and brightness, and bliss, insupportable to flesh and blood. *That* sleeps and will sleep for ever, unless she be banished from heaven.

My mother's grave, said I ? Come, see where they laid her ? No ! she is not *here* ! She has risen, she has risen ! When the last pulsation of this earthly life quivered in the frozen fountain of her heart, it was then that the angels rolled away the stone of her sepulcher, and she arose in Him who has risen, and "is the resurrection and the life." She is this day with Him in paradise ; not *waiting* there for lips to join in the songs of the redeemed ; not waiting for another resurrection to give her hands to strike their golden harps, or ears to ~~hear~~ their celestial music, or eyes to look upon Him who sitteth upon the Throne, and upon the Lamb for ever, or feet to walk the streets of the New Jerusalem.

Blest spirit ! at this still hour of midnight, come whisper to mine, unrestful and pensive. Come, and in the spirit utterance with which thou communest with the angels, tell me,—in that city of thy God, whose glory is its sun, lackest thou anything of, or alike, thy old tabernacle of clay, to make thy bliss complete ? Is there anything lying here in my mother's grave that thou wouldst have in heaven ? Hast thou left behind thee aught of thy being that thou wouldst now recover in that spirit-world, to make up the complement of thy glorious existence ? Say, is there

a fountain of bliss at which angels drink, sealed against thy spirit-lips? Is there a scene which they see opening upon endless years and space, and the infinity of God's attributes and glory shut out of thy new vision? Are the things which the human eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, nor heart conceived, withheld thy fruition, till time shall be no more with mortals here below; or till some other distant resurrection shall supply thee with new organs of sense, all unlike the angels'? Thou hast finished thy course. In years of service thou wert elder than the Apostle; has thy Redeemer and His said to thee,—*well done, good and faithful servant*,—and left thee, standing in the threshold of the joy of thy Lord; waiting until this grave of common ground shall give thee back a hand to reach the crown that hangs by His throne for thee?

Methinks I hear,—yes, 'tis thy spirit's whisper: "*He that believeth in Him who is the resurrection and the life, never dies.*"

APPENDIX.*

A.

On page 19, reference is made to a letter which Mr. Burritt wrote to Mr. William Lincoln, of Worcester, Mass., whose kindly aid and encouragement he had often experienced. After expressing the wish that he might be employed to translate some German book, whereby he might gain both mental discipline and pecuniary profit, he makes a frank statement of what he had already achieved in the "pursuit of knowledge under difficulties." This he did without the remotest idea that what he wrote would ever be seen by any individual other than the person to whom it was addressed. But Mr. Lincoln was so much pleased with the letter that he forwarded it to the late Hon. Edward Everett, who, in turn, was so much gratified with its contents that he read it while addressing an educational convention in Taunton, Massachusetts, October 10, 1838. This letter was published in the Boston papers and its writer was alluded to as "The Learned Blacksmith." Being naturally of a very diffident disposi-

* The few pages that follow will contain some items and incidents which were not at hand at the proper time, together with some additional notes on the last days of Mr. Burritt, with a somewhat full account of his funeral obsequies. Though the latter were chiefly of local interest it is thought they may appropriately appear in this place as a matter of record.—ED.

tion* he was, to use his own words, "astonished and dumbfounded," by the publicity thus given to his name and efforts. With the exception of a few introductory lines the letter was as follows :

"I was the youngest of many brethren, and my parents were poor. My means of education were limited to the advantages of a district school ; and those, again, were circumscribed by my father's death, which deprived me, at the age of fifteen, of those scanty opportunities which I had previously enjoyed. A few months after his decease, I apprenticed myself to a blacksmith in my native village. Thither I carried an indomitable taste for reading, which I had previously acquired through the medium of the social library, all the historical works in which I had at that time perused. At the expiration of a little more than half of my apprenticeship, I suddenly conceived the idea of studying Latin. Through the assistance of an elder brother, who had himself obtained a collegiate education by his own exertions, I completed my Virgil during the evenings of one winter. After some time devoted to Cicero, and a few other Latin authors, I

* As evidence of this the following anecdote is told of him. When about twelve years of age one of his sisters was married, and, as usual in such cases, the occasion brought together many of the family friends,—but as the important hour drew near, young Elihu was missing. Diligent search was made and he was at length found in the cellar, where he had concealed himself to avoid meeting the assembled party. This diffidence was a part of his very nature,—but when duty called, or the advocacy of some important cause or principle devolved upon him, he was firm, bold, and decided, though otherwise he was like a bashful school-boy, glad to get in a "back seat." Always pleasant and genial, and ever charming as a conversationalist, he never thrust himself or his opinions upon others, and unless impelled by conscientious convictions of duty, or drawn out in familiar conversation, he was, in feeling and manner, retiring and unassuming.

commenced the Greek. At this time it was necessary that I should devote every hour of daylight, and a part of the evening, to the duties of my apprenticeship. Still I carried my Greek grammar in my hat, and often found a moment, when I was heating some large iron, when I could place my book open before me, against the chimney of my forge, and go through with *tupto, tupteis, tuptei*, unperceived by my fellow-apprentices, and, to my confusion of face, sometimes with a detrimental effect to the charge in my fire. At evening I sat down, unassisted and alone, to the Iliad* of Homer, twenty books of which measured my progress in that language during the evenings of another winter.

"I next turned to the modern languages, and was much gratified to learn that my knowledge of Latin furnished me with a key to the literature of most of the languages of Europe. This circumstance gave a new impulse to the desire of acquainting myself with the philosophy, derivation, and affinity of the different European tongues. I could not be reconciled to limit myself, in these investigations, to a few hours, after the arduous labors of the day. I therefore laid down my hammer and went to New Haven, where I recited to native teachers, in French, Spanish, German, and Italian. At the expiration of two years I returned to the forge, bringing with me such books in those languages as I could procure. When I had read these books through, I commenced the Hebrew, with an awakened desire for examining another field; and, by assiduous application, I was enabled, in a few weeks, to read this language with such facility, that I allotted it to myself, as a task, to read two chapters in the Hebrew Bible, before breakfast, each morning; this,

* He had previously made a beginning in this book, at New Haven.

and an hour at noon being all the time that I could devote to myself during the day.

"After becoming somewhat familiar with the Hebrew, I looked around me for the means of initiating myself into the fields of Oriental literature, and to my deep regret and concern, I found my progress in this direction hedged up by the want of requisite books. I immediately began to devise means of obviating this obstacle; and, after many plans, I concluded to seek a place as a sailor, on board some ship bound to Europe, thinking in this way to have opportunities for collecting, at different ports, such works in the modern and Oriental languages as I found necessary for my object. I left the forge and my native place, to carry this plan into execution. I traveled on foot to Boston, a distance of more than a hundred miles, to find some vessel bound to Europe. In this I was disappointed; and while revolving in my mind what step next to take, I accidentally heard of the 'American Antiquarian Society,' in Worcester. I immediately bent my steps towards this place. I visited the hall of the Antiquarian Society, and found there, to my infinite gratification, such a collection of ancient, modern, and Oriental languages, as I never before conceived to be collected in one place; and, sir, you may imagine with what sentiments of gratitude I was affected, when, upon evincing a desire to examine some of these rich and rare works, I was kindly invited to an unlimited participation in all the benefits of this noble institution. Availing myself of the kindness of the directors, I spent about three hours, daily, at the hall, which, with an hour at noon, and about three in the evening, make up the portion of the day which I appropriate to my studies, the rest being occupied in arduous manual labor. Through the facilities afforded by this institution, I have been able to add so much to

my previous acquaintance with the ancient, modern, and Oriental languages, as to be able to read upwards of *fifty* of them with more or less facility."

Mr. Everett added,—“I trust I shall be pardoned by the author of this letter, and the gentleman to whom it was addressed, for the liberty which I have taken, unexpected, I am sure, by both of them, in thus making it public. It discloses a resolute purpose of improvement, under obstacles and difficulties of no ordinary kind, which excites my admiration, I may say, my veneration. It is enough to make one who has good opportunities for education hang his head in shame.”

B.

OCEAN PENNY POSTAGE.

The adoption of Ocean Penny Postage was a source of great joy to Mr. Burritt. He had labored for it with all the zeal, energy, and wisdom he could bring to bear upon the subject. He felt that the prosecution of every good work, requiring correspondence, would be greatly promoted and facilitated if postage could be reduced. He knew full well what a help and blessing it would prove to the thousands of poor emigrants who came to America; and now that the desired result has been secured,—and largely through his agency,—millions will have occasion to hold his name in most grateful remembrance. In his efforts for this object he had the hearty sympathy of some of the greatest and best men of the times. While meditating a plan of operation for securing cheap ocean postage, he wrote to Hon. Edward Everett,

stating his intentions and asking the opinion of the learned gentleman, which was given in the following letter :

"CAMBRIDGE, MASS., 31st May, 1847.

MR. ELIHU BURRITT, LONDON :

My Dear Sir : It gives me sincere pleasure to receive a line from you by the last steamer, and to learn from it that you are laboring with so much life and heart and with such success in the cause of Peace. Your project of a foreign penny postage is admirable. All the reasons in favor of such a postage at home apply with equal force to international postage. There is, I suppose, a vague idea, that to give up the one shilling sterling on American letters would be favoring us, at the expense of the English revenue. It is very doubtful whether it would eventually prove a losing arrangement. But if it were, the saving to the individual payers of postage is, at any rate, as much for the benefit of England as of America. In favor of a foreign penny postage, there is one circumstance that does not apply to domestic mails. The great multiplication of cheap letters has increased the expense of transportation. The service is more costly. But Mr. Cunard's shoulders are broad and strong ; and you may increase the number of mail-bags twenty-fold without tiring him.

I hope you will meet with entire success in this excellent move of yours. I have spoken of it only as a matter of expense and accommodation to the business world ; but I can scarce think of anything which would give so much new life to all international communication,—and contribute so much to the formation of a *Public Opinion of the Civilized World*.

I remain, with the most friendly wishes,

Yours faithfully,

EDWARD EVERETT."

The subject was brought before the Senate by Mr. Sumner, March, 1852, in the following resolution, which he asked might be laid on the table and printed for the use of the members :

“ *Whereas*, the inland postage on a letter for any distance within 3000 miles is three cents when paid, and five cents if unpaid, while the ocean postage on a similar letter is twenty-four cents, being a burdensome tax amounting, often, to a prohibition of foreign correspondence,—and yet letters can be carried at less cost on sea than on land ;

“ *And whereas*, by increasing correspondence, and also by bringing into the mails mailable matter now often clandestinely* conveyed, cheap ocean postage would become self-supporting ;

“ *And whereas*, cheap ocean postage would tend to quicken commerce ; to promote the intercourse of families and friends separated by the ocean ; to multiply the bonds of peace and good-will among men and nations,—and thus, while important to every citizen, it would become

* This was done in various ways ; one of which was resorting to certain devices or marks on newspapers,—which were well understood by the parties most interested. These papers, though much heavier than letters, could be forwarded at less than a tenth of letter charge. But the sending of letters by private conveyance was the source of the greatest loss to the post-office department. This was done extensively and safely in the following manner : A certain person was about to leave Ireland for America. This fact became known to scores of people who had friends in the latter country, to whom they would like to communicate by letter. It was against the law to send sealed packages or letters by private conveyance, and to evade this every person leaving for America was entrusted with hundreds of open letters, to be folded and mailed on the arrival of the steamer at its destined port,—thus entirely avoiding the heavy ocean postage ; though the correspondents were in this way subjected to the unpleasant necessity of having all they wrote open to the perusal of others.

the active ally especially of the merchant, the emigrant, and the philanthropist,—therefore,

“Be it resolved, That the President of the United States be requested to open negotiations with the European Powers, particularly with the Governments of Great Britain and France, for the establishment of Cheap Ocean Postage.”

This step by Mr. Sumner, and the proposed presentation of the subject in Parliament, gave Mr. Burritt great joy, and in his journal he wrote, “I now intend to keep the subject before the people until the work is accomplished.” And it may be said that he did this by lecturing, by conversing, by newspaper correspondence, by the circulation of Olive Leaflets, and in other ways, until the popular feeling was so strong that cheap ocean postage was established, partially in 1869, and more fully in 1874, and has already not only proved a great blessing to the world, but also resulted in the great increase of revenue to the mail departments of the various countries concerned.

In September of the same year Mr. Burritt first fully developed the proposition for universal Ocean Penny Postage, and soon commenced his efforts for its attainment. He lectured, scattered Olive Leaves, and consulted with prominent citizens on this important subject. Various devices were adopted for the purpose of keeping it before the people. Letter paper was prepared, and freely used, at the head of which was the picture of a ship, on the topsail of which were the words, “Ocean Penny Postage,” and directly beneath the same was this couplet :

Fair speed the ship whose signal is unfurled,—
An “OCEAN PENNY POSTAGE” for the world.

Envelopes were used on which a mail steamer was represented, with foresails spread, bearing the motto “The

world's want and should be Britain's boon,—‘An Ocean Penny Postage.’” On another envelope was the representation of a sailor, standing upon the deck of a departing steamer, holding a banner with the inscription :

“Britain ! bestow this boon and be in blessing blest ;

OCEAN PENNY POSTAGE

Will link all lands with thee in trade and peace.”

With unabated industry and perseverance Mr. Burritt labored for the furtherance of an object so dear to him, and so important to the world. “Little by little” he gained ground, both in this country and in Europe. In 1852 the late Charles Sumner wrote as follows :

“SENATE CHAMBER, WASHINGTON.

March 10, 1852.

My Dear Burritt: I enclose a memorandum of the first movement in the Senate for Ocean Postage. It will be followed up, I trust, with success. Indeed, the intrinsic equity and humanity of the idea commend it more than speech or petition. I look with interest to your English movement. I hope you will persevere without cessation. Such a reform will be a true step on the road to universal international peace. God bless you.

Ever yours,

CHAS. SUMNER.”

In May, 1852, Mr. Burritt, in company with Sir John Boileau, Sir John Burgoyne, Wm. Brown, M. P., and two or three other prominent gentlemen, called upon the late Abbott Lawrence, who was then our Minister at the Court of St. James. Of this call Mr. Burritt thus writes : “Mr. Lawrence received us with great urbanity and entered into the subject with great interest. It was arranged that Sirs J. Boileau and J. Burgoyne should first present the subject, which they did with ability and earnestness. In

his remarks Mr. Lawrence several times alluded to me and my efforts, so that I felt called upon to speak at some length. Mr. Lawrence followed in a most cordial manner. He was anxious to do all in his power to promote the postal reform between the two countries. He thought a penny ocean postage would pay in five years. But he should not hesitate about its adoption, even if it did not pay for awhile. 'What,' said he, 'is \$100,000 from the National Treasury against the great blessings which would flow from such a system?' He further stated that he had written home for authority to notify the British Government that the existing postal treaty would not be renewed after the current year."

At about this time Mr. Burritt set about securing petitions to Parliament on the subject. He sent blank forms to all quarters and received numerous returns, of which the two following are specimens :

"SHERBROOK, CANADA, March 31, 1852.

Dear Sir : I herewith forward you our mite* towards furthering the philanthropic object you have so long, so earnestly, and so ably advocated. An exile from my home for nearly a quarter of a century, what would my life have been without constant intercourse by letter with the dear and distant ones! How many are, and have been, debarred a like solace from want of means. God speed you in your good work, is the earnest prayer of your obedient servant,

THOS. WILEY."

"BYTOWN, CANADA WEST, April, 1852.

Dear Sir : I have the honor to enclose herewith a memorial from the Town Council of Bytown, to Her Majesty the Queen, praying for the reduction of the

* A well signed petition.

Ocean Postage. The obtaining of so desirable a boon can be but a question of time, and from the fact that the pioneers of the age have undertaken this reform, there can be but little doubt of its success at an early day. It will be the proudest monument of their philanthropy that has ever been erected, and entitle them to the gratitude of the millions in the old world and the new.

You, sir, have the deserved honor of first giving birth to the scheme, and that you may soon see it realized is the ardent wish of

Your obedient servant,

R. W. SCOTT, *Mayor.*"

As a proof of the interest awakened so largely through the operations of Mr. Burritt and his co-workers, on the 25th of June John Bright, M. P., called attention to the subject in the House of Parliament in the following words, as reported in the London *Times* of June 26th, 1852 :

"OCEAN PENNY POSTAGE.

"Mr. Bright said the Right Honorable, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, would be aware that a number of petitions had been presented in favor of the establishment of reduced postage rates between this and foreign countries. The scheme was generally known as an Ocean Penny Postage, and the object of the promoters was that the ocean postage should be reduced to one penny, leaving the rates of internal postage to be fixed at whatever the various countries might think best. The emigrations, now going forward from our shores, made the question one of very much more importance than it had been at any former period, and it was of essential importance that the utmost facilities of communication should be allowed, in order that all which tended to harmony and peace should be maintained as much as possible. The

question would be brought before the House in the next Parliament, either by a direct motion, or by a motion for a committee of inquiry, and if the Right Honorable gentleman should have time, during the recess, it would be very desirable that he should turn his attention to this question. There is reason to suppose that the loss of revenue would not be considerable, and, in all probability, in a very short time, the receipts from Ocean Postage would be increased by the enormous increase that would take place in the number of letters transmitted."

The Chancellor of the Exchequer expressed the fear that the recess would be very much occupied, but said he would endeavor to bear in mind the important subject to which his attention had been called.

At about this time Mr. Burritt wrote these words: "Everything tends to the speedy realization of a universal Ocean Penny Postage. Nothing has been lost by the delay which has attended its introduction into Parliament in the shape of a formal motion. Nearly every day some incident transpires, well calculated to impress upon the public mind the importance and feasibility of this great postal reform. Every day at least one ship freighted with emigrants unmoors from some British port, and spreads its broad wings for Australia, and another for America. And every ship-load of men, women, and children thus dislocated from the homes of Great Britain, is a new and pathetic argument in behalf of Ocean Penny Postage. For several months it has been almost the last act of the emigrants to Australia, just before weighing anchor, to sign a petition to Parliament for reduction of Postage."

Persons who had no sympathy with Mr. Burritt, and particularly with his Peace efforts, have sometimes asked, "What good has been achieved, and what have all his labors amounted to? Wars have not yet ceased, nor has

Christian brotherhood become universal ; what has been accomplished ? ”

Nearly 1900 years ago the Prince of Peace came and promulgated the same doctrines, but we still have wars and rumors of wars,—but on this account does any Christian raise a question as to the benefit of Christ’s mission on earth ? Is not every faithful worker a promoter of the blessed principles of the gospel ? All that is claimed for Mr. Burritt is that he gave the best years of his life, and the devotion of his talents and acquirements, with the sympathies of his large heart, and noble impulses, to the advancement of Christ’s cause,—and especially for the promotion of “Peace and good-will on earth.” And it may be said that he gave his efforts more unreservedly, unselfishly, and continuously for the cause of humanity than any other man of the present century. It is too early for man to say how much has been accomplished, but when the last great account is made up, who can doubt that it will appear that the mission and labors of our departed friend were largely instrumental in advancing the blessed principles of “Him who spake as never man spake” ? If his labors were in the line of the Saviour’s teaching they will be blessed, and the good seed sown by him will continue to spring up and bear fruit, to the glory of the Prince of Peace and the good of mankind, long after the voice of the doubter is hushed in death.

Of his efforts for cheap postage the world is already reaping the benefits,—and these will largely contribute to the furtherance of the greater and nobler principles of peace and good fellowship in the world. It will doubtless yet appear that the attainment of this object was essential to more rapid and complete success in the promulgation of whatever might tend to the true elevation of man-

kind. Mr. Burritt's labors for this cause alone were sufficient to entitle him to rank among the greatest benefactors and philanthropists of the age.

C.

OLIVE LEAVES.

In the prosecution of his labors in the cause of humanity, Mr. Burritt used the Olive Leaf Mission to great advantage. Brief arguments and appeals were sent forth on scraps of paper, headed by the picture of a Dove bearing an Olive Leaf. The following sent to this country in behalf of Ireland in 1847 will serve as a specimen.

AN OLIVE LEAF FOR THE AMERICAN PEOPLE.

Friends of Humanity!

Hundreds of your fellow-beings are dying, almost daily dying, of starvation in poor Ireland. Will you not send them bread from your plenteous boards? It has been stated that more have perished by famine, in that afflicted land, than those who fell by the cholera in that dreadful year of death. A penny a day will save a human life. Will you let thousands die when they can be rescued so cheaply from the grave? The God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ forbid! Farmers, mechanics, merchants, men of the United States, children, wives, and mothers, will you let thousands of your kind be thrown uncoffined into the grave, when two cents' worth of Indian meal a day will save a human life? Mothers, sisters, daughters, wives of America! there are thousands of your sex dying naked upon the damp, cold ground in Ireland,

without even straw to lie upon. Will you not look into your wardrobes and give what you can spare to the poor creatures, perishing with famine and the famine-fever? May the God of all grace and mercy and compassion touch the heart of America in view of such a spectacle of wretchedness. Anything—anything to eat or wear,—will come to thousands like a ministration of heaven's mercy. The English Government, I am glad to say, has promised to pay the freight of all contributions of food and clothing which may be forwarded from the United States. Will not the railroad companies in the United States, and steamboat companies, transport from the interior to the seaboard all such contributions *free of charge*? All these contributions may be consigned to the Society of Friends in England, who have made arrangements for extensive distribution to the starving, or to any other parties that may be preferred. I cannot add another word.

D.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Mr. Burritt had a very extensive correspondence, but nearly all his letters appertained to matters of special interest, or importance, at the time. Only two or three of these will find space here, though doubtless many exist which are worthy of a publication.

NEW BRITAIN, CONN., July 8, 1872.

Dear Friend: All the Friends of Peace on both sides of the Atlantic must rejoice to see the dark and drizzly

rogs and vapors, that have so long hung over the Geneva tribunal, clear away, and the judgment of that august court come forth as the noonday. To my mind this verdict of reason and justice is the greatest and most significant victory either ever won. I am even more than reconciled to the very difficulties that have delayed this result. They have been a good discipline to the two nations to train their tempers and reflections to forbearance and mutual consideration. It was worth a good deal of the trouble and anxiety we have experienced, to elicit this proof of enlightened progress of the popular mind in both countries. Certainly never before in the history of the world has there been so much popular mind in all civilized countries concentrated upon one question as this before the Geneva tribunal. Never did the popular mind so fully declare itself or exert such power on an International question of equity and justice.

While the few chosen arbitrators were sitting upon that question another quiet tribunal, numbering a hundred millions of spontaneous jurymen, was passing judgment upon it. In that court of public opinion sat nine-tenths of all the reading and thinking population of the United States, who, honoring their best patriotism in loyalty to justice, declared against the "consequential claims" in the American case.

Here then we realize what well pays for all this delay, doubt, and anxiety. We have the two grandest courts ever erected on earth sitting simultaneously on the same question.

Here we have an arbitration on a scale of judgment we never anticipated, and all nations may well rejoice at the issue.

We hope that you will go on with your motion in Parliament for organizing arbitration as a permanent and

universal system for the solution of international difficulties. Surely you could not do it under more hopeful auspices. If arbitration has succeeded in this very complicated case, no other can arise that it cannot satisfactorily solve.

You have doubtless seen the report of our anniversary meeting in Boston, on the evening before the opening of the Peace Jubilee. It was the greatest meeting ever held on this continent in connection with the cause of Peace. The Music Hall was filled to its utmost capacity, and thousands could not find entrance.

Ever yours,

ELIHU BURRITT.

TO HENRY RICHARD, ESQ., M. P.*

In a letter dated Oxford, N. H., Aug. 24, 1874, Mr. Burritt wrote to his dear friend, the late Hon. Amasa Walker,† as follows: "You may be surprised to receive a letter from me at this place. Instead of being in Geneva, as I intended to be, I am in this pleasant and quiet village. I started for England,—meaning to take the steamer at Quebec for Liverpool; but on my way my old complaint came upon me and I feared to venture alone upon such a voyage, and therefore I came to this place,

* Frequent mention is made of Rev. Henry Richard in this volume. He was, for several years, an earnest and beloved co-laborer with Mr. Burritt in the Peace cause, and was always held in the highest esteem by him. This letter was written to Mr. Richard when a member of Parliament, as he is at present. Rev. Henry Richard and Henry Richard, M. P., are one and the same.

† Among Mr. Burritt's long cherished friends Amasa Walker and his brother Freeman, of Brookfield, Mass.,—the latter now living,—were prominent. He always alluded to the former as "dear Amasa Walker," and when death removed his life-long friend, Mr. Burritt was a sincere mourner, and felt that this world had lost one of its strongest attachments for him.

where my sister and nieces have joined me, and here we shall spend a few days, and perhaps weeks. I feel sad that I must give up the European trip, as I was anxious once more to speak, or appear for our great cause. But I now feel that my day is over for such journeys and labors in foreign lands, and that what I do hereafter must be at home with my pen. I have reason to be grateful that my life has been prolonged so many years when I have, several times, been so near the grave."

A few months before his death Mr. Burritt was greatly pleased in receiving a visit from some of his dear Worcester friends. Of this he thus writes to one of them after their return home :

"Your visit here made me a real red letter day in my rather monotonous existence. It was indeed a great joy to me to welcome such dear Worcester friends, and to live over with them the happy memories of so many past years,—for I was virtually born in Worcester, so far as my character and reputation in the public mind are concerned. So all that appertains to Worcester is interesting to me, and I even feel an interest in strangers who date, or come from that city. It was a great treat to me to have so much of its recent history from you at your recent visit. I have just heard of the death of Gen. Heard, at the age of 85 years. I lived three years in his family while conducting the *Christian Citizen*, and his house was always a pleasant home for me. It saddens me to think that the men and women who were in the prime of life at that time have gone, or are now bending under the weight of years. But the memory of them survives as fresh and vivid in my mind as ever. I remember with interest all whom I knew in Worcester.

"Every night I lie, as it were, under the wing of Worcester, or under the album coverlet which you and other ladies of Worcester made and presented to the Olive

Leaf Mission. It was sold at a fair in England, held to raise funds for the work of the mission, and presented to me by those who bought it. So for twenty-five years it has covered my bed and proved both a *comfort* and *comfortable* to me. The Worcester names and mottoes on it are quite fresh in my memory, though several of the names have been written on gravestones since they were written on the coverlet."

NEW BRITAIN, Dec. 21, 1878.

*My dear old Friend Pierce.**

Many thanks for your kind and welcome letter; such tokens of remembrance of "the goodly fellowship" of years long gone by are very precious to me. Indeed, the family circle of the old *Christian Citizen* is thinned down to a few survivors. Their names are all dear to me, both living and dead. When I meet an old reader of the *Citizen*, it seems as if we were connected by blood relationship. A few days before I received your letter, I had one from an old gentleman of Auburn, N. Y., 83 years of age, who took the *Citizen*, and speaks of it with almost affectionate interest.

Yes, we have lived to see wonderful changes, which it is difficult to realize as accomplished facts. I look back over the last thirty years of my life, and all I witnessed and experienced in that period, with wonder, as if it were all a dream.

I am almost astonished at my own reformatory and literary labors. The other day I received a note from Dr. Allibone, Philadelphia, asking me to give a list of the books I have written, and periodicals I have edited. I did so as well as my memory would allow, and found they

* This letter, one of the last, of any length, written by him, was to his life-long friend, Moses Pierce, Esq., of Norwich, Conn.

numbered *thirty-two*. Some of the reforms I have labored for so long have realized a large success. Ocean penny postage is now a fixed fact, for you may send a postal card to any town in Great Britain for one penny, or two cents.

The movement that my friend Mr. Miles and I originated, one tempestuous day, while shut up in a New Bedford hotel, has come to an astonishing development. We there drew up a call for a convention of American lawyers and jurists to form an international code association. Six annual Congresses have already been held at different European capitals, branch societies have been formed in nearly all the civilized nations, and the international code association has become the most powerful organization in Christendom, enlisting the most distinguished jurists and publicists of the world. The next Congress is to be held in London with the Lord Chief Justice of England as President. You may easily conceive that the wonderful growth of this great movement from so small a beginning is a source of great satisfaction to me. My greatest regret in connection with it is that Mr. Miles did not live to see such results of his indefatigable labors as a pioneer in the cause.

For myself, as you well know, I have been an invalid for a long time. I am able to read most of the day and to write an occasional letter. I have even got off two elaborate articles for the press in the last few weeks, though each cost me several days' labor; but this will end my literary work and I must henceforth "rest on my oars."

I hope you may be coming this way before long, and that I shall have the pleasure of seeing you once more in the flesh.

Ever faithfully yours,

ELIHU BURRITT.

E.

CONCLUDING REMARKS,

WITH AN ACCOUNT OF HIS DEATH, FUNERAL CEREMONIES, ETC.

Having devoted about twenty years of his active life to the several objects spoken of,—all bearing more or less directly upon the progress of humanity,—and subsequently a few years in the Birmingham consulate, Mr. Burritt, as previously stated, returned to his native town to pass life's autumn among kindred and friends, by whom he was greatly beloved. Literally almost penniless he had gone forth as the advocate of peace, Christian brotherhood, and kindred causes, and when his special mission for these ceased his pecuniary resources were about as limited as when it commenced. With a heart overflowing with love and sympathy for mankind,* he had labored unceas-

* Mary Howitt, the well-known and honored English authoress, thus wrote: "Among the many remarkable men in this remarkable age, no one seems to us more worthy of notice than Elihu Burritt. He is not merely remarkable for his knowledge of languages,—a knowledge which is perfectly stupendous, and which, having been acquired under circumstances which, at first sight, would seem to present insuperable barriers to anything beyond the most ordinary acquirements, may naturally excite our surprise and admiration,—but he is remarkable in a high moral degree, and this it is, combined with his great learning, which entitles him to our love and reverence. His many-linguaged head is wedded to a large and benevolent heart, every throb of which is a sentiment of brotherhood to all mankind. . . . He has not read Homer, and Virgil, and the Sagas of the North, and the Vedas of the East, to admire only, and to teach others to admire, the strong-handed warrior, cutting his way to glory through prostrate and bleeding thousands: he has read only to learn more emphatically that God made all men to be brethren, and that Christ gave as the sum total of his doctrines that they should love one another. This is the end of all his reading and learning; and

ingly for the suppression of evils, the removal or lessening of burdens, and the promotion of international kindness and good-will. The same kind Providence which called him to his work, attended him and supplied all his real wants. Though at times the way seemed dark, and his scanty means were well-nigh exhausted, light and help would come from some unexpected source, so that he was often made to feel and exclaim, "Thus far the Lord has provided; I shall not want; I will not doubt, nor will I despond."

With him money had no value only so far as he might use it to advance the great interests so near to his heart, and when he retired from his special mission he was rich only in the kind words he had spoken and the good deeds he had performed. He had gone up and down Christendom, scattering broadcast those seeds of peace, good will, and brotherly kindness which will continue to spring up and bear rich fruit, in all the years to come, to the good of mankind, and to the glory of God.

Previous to Mr. Burritt's last visit to England he had negotiated for a small farm on the western margin of New Britain, to the improvement of which he hoped to devote the declining years of his life. These acres were not selected for their fertility so much as for the delightful and picturesque views they afforded. He was wont to speak of the three hills, which half girt the town, as the "three jewels around the neck of New Britain,"—and it was one of these gems that he had "marked for his own." But, until after he had assumed the duties of the consulship at Birmingham, he had not been able to make

better by far to have learned thus, with hard hands and swarthy brow, over the labors of his forge and hammer, than to have studied in easy universities, to have worn lawn and ermine, yet have garnered no expansive benevolence while he became a prodigy of learning."

the necessary payments, and at times he felt quite despondent at the thought that he might lose the "jewel" before he could fairly call it his own. But the good Father opened up the way for the attainment of the object so near to his heart, and when called from earth he held in fee-simple* the acres for many years known, and, it is hoped, for ever hereafter to be known, as "Burritt Hill,"—from which the prospect is one of rare beauty and great extent.

Of Mr. Burritt's good works and labors of love, during the last years of his life, mention has been previously made, and it may be said of him that when he died, all who knew him felt that a great and good man had been taken from earth.

His New Britain home, with a beloved sister and her two daughters, was to him delightfully pleasant. These dear ones were ever seeking to contribute to his comfort and happiness, and he was alike watchful that he might, by word or deed, make some return for the kindness which did so much to make his last years so pleasant. Though declining health had caused his friends to feel that his hold on life was precarious, and daily becoming more so, yet when death came and took away the friend and counsellor from that home, the surviving members

* In a letter from Birmingham to his friend Levi S. Wells, Esq., of New Britain, who had kindly acted as his agent in making the last payment due for the land, he wrote, "I have made a long struggle to own this property, free from incumbrance, and to feel that a few acres in my own dear native town were really and truly and wholly my own. I am greatly delighted that the long negotiation is now brought to a close, and that my hopes of many years are realized. . . . I dream, two or three nights in the week, of my little farm on the hill, and of the old yoke of oxen I used to work on the stony slopes, and fancy I am again holding the plow and enjoying the rich landscape."

felt that a dark shadow had fallen across their pathway, which henceforth they must walk without his cheering words and affectionate deeds.

While the likeness at the opening of this volume is, in most respects, remarkably correct, almost faultless, it does not represent Mr. Burritt in his happiest mood. Though always cheerful and hopeful, he at times wore the expression of "a man of sorrows,"—but his sorrows were for the evils that he saw in the world, and his countenance was at times made to assume a sad look by his study to remove, or alleviate, those evils. As a conversationalist he possessed rare powers, and when the subject was one of special interest to him it was a rich treat to be a participant, or listener. When any one communicated to him the intelligence of some evil suppressed, or of some good act performed, his countenance would "light up" and beam with delight as he would say, "Come, now, that is capital; do tell me all about it." If at such a time his likeness could have been taken it would have had an expression of unusual brightness and benignity,—fairly beaming with good will and kind wishes.

During the last few months of his life he seldom left the house, though he was able to sit up and walk his room until the day of his death,—to which he had looked forward with a true spirit of patient resignation. He felt that He who had been his guardian and guide through life, would not forsake him as he passed through the dark valley. About a week before his death he invited a literary club, of which he had been an active and interested member, to call on him at his room. He was very feeble and could say but a few words, and those were expressive of his deep interest in the objects of the club and a strong desire for its continued existence. The interview was very brief and affecting, and, as the mem-

bers rose to leave the room, he took each by the hand saying, "I hardly know whether to say 'good evening' or 'good bye,'—but may God bless you!" and as they left the room all felt sorrowful at the thought that they should never again behold his face in life nor hear the voice which had so often charmed them.

MR. BURRITT'S DEATH,

AND FUNERAL OBSEQUIES.

Mr. Burritt died on the night of March 6, 1879, and his funeral obsequies took place on the 10th, at the Center Church, in which for many years he had been a devout worshiper. Though a Congregationalist by profession, he was a man of large Christian charity, and could readily fellowship with any body of devout and sincere followers of Christ, whose aim it was to elevate and save man. In compliance with his expressed wishes, made known to a friend a few days before his death, all unusual display was avoided, and there were no church decorations for the occasion. He had, the year before his decease, instructed a class of young ladies in Sanskrit, and the members of this class placed upon the casket a beautiful floral pillow with an inscription in Sanskrit.* His Sabbath-school class brought for the same purpose a floral anchor of great beauty, while family friends placed upon the casket a plain shaft surmounted by a beautiful white dove, with wings spread and an olive leaf in its mouth, as though about to fly with an important message. This was surrounded by full ears of ripened wheat.

Long before the time for the exercises to commence,

* Gone before.

the house, with the exception of reserved seats, was filled with those who wished to pay the last tribute of respect to one whom they had so highly esteemed while living. The sidewalks near the church were also crowded by those who could not gain entrance to the church, but who wished to see the sad procession as it moved to and from the same. Promptly at the time designated the casket containing all that was mortal of Elihu Burritt was borne* up the aisle and deposited in front of the pulpit. It was preceded by all the Protestant clergymen of the city. Rev. Dr. Richardson of the Center Church and Rev. Mr. Snowden of the Episcopal church led the way,—the latter, clad in his sacerdotal robes, repeating the solemn words of the Episcopal service used on such occasions. The Rev. Messrs. Cooper of the South Church, Miner of the Baptist, and Main of the Methodist, followed,—each of whom took some part in the opening services, after which Dr. Richardson, Mr. Burritt's pastor, said he would so far deviate from the usual custom on such occasions as to call upon two or three laymen, intimate friends of the deceased, to make brief addresses,—and from the well known interest manifested by the deceased in lay-work, he felt that no apology was needed for this course. It was, he thought, the right thing to be done, and in full harmony with the views of the family friends and those of the good man whose memory will be so precious to all who knew him. The following persons responded in the order given :

CHARLES NORTHEND, *Superintendent of Schools.*

My friends, we have assembled on the present occasion to pay funeral honors to no ordinary man. The name of

*The pall-bearers were T. W. Stanley, J. N. Bartlett, L. O. Smith, L. S. Wells, I. N. Carleton, V. B. Chamberlain, Chas. Peck, and Chas. Northend.

Elihu Burritt has been to us a sort of household name. He dwelt among us ; he was our friend and neighbor ; our co-worker in every worthy cause. We all thought of him with just pride as a citizen of our town. But, in a larger sense, Mr. Burritt was a citizen of the world, and his thoughts and interests, his deeds and sympathies were circumscribed by no town or State boundaries. He was the friend of every human being, with a heart "brimfull" of kindness and benevolence for all mankind. In the truest sense our friend was a large hearted philanthropist, a sincere lover of his fellow-men. With talents, acquirements, and application that would have given him prominence and success in any department, he early resolved to consecrate his powers to the development and diffusion of principles and ideas whose influence would be for the highest and most permanent good and happiness of the human race.

At the early age of thirty-six years he sailed for Europe, where he labored for successive years as the champion of peace and good will. He became a power for good wherever he went, and men of the highest note and of royal influence were ready to bid him God-speed, and to co-operate with him in his noble and earnest efforts to arouse the public mind and reach the public heart, in behalf of the great moral and humanitarian views which he so zealously advanced and so eloquently advocated. Of these great "labors of love" it is not my purpose to speak in detail at this time, but rather to limit the few remarks I have to make to the closing years of his eventful and laborious life.

It was in 1870, after an absence of seven years, that Mr. Burritt left Europe for the last time and came to spend the sunset days of life among kindred and friends.

He had come, as it were, almost a victor from the great battlefield on which he had fought for the cause of peace and human progress. He had come to reside with us and to give the devotion of his great heart, with all his influence, for the advancement of every good cause. But I shall, at the present time, limit my remarks to a single particular. On reaching his home Mr. Burritt was greatly pleased to find his name clearly cut on the front of our largest and most comely school edifice, and it soon became a pleasant privilege with him to spend much of his time in visiting the schools of our town, listening to the various exercises, and uttering words of cheer, encouragement, and counsel, to both teachers and pupils. He was ever a welcome visitor, and his benignant countenance and kind words will long be remembered, and, we doubt not, produce precious influences in years to come. More than once did he visit each of our two-score schools, some of them many times, always with increasing interest and satisfaction, and in no subject did he feel a deeper interest than in efforts made for the moral and intellectual culture of our youth. He continued these visits until increasing illness confined him to the house and compelled him to abandon all work and effort.

And now, my friends, let us see him as the world recedes from his view, and, giving up all expectation of regaining health, he sits down to await the approaching steps of the "King of Terrors," already, as it were, heard in the near distance. Though to him life was sweet and he had much to live for, he knew in whom he trusted, and spoke calmly and hopefully concerning the great change awaiting him. To a friend he said, "I have had a busy and a happy life, but I have finished my day's work, and I am now only waiting for that sleep that comes, sooner or later to all." He had, a year previously, in riding with

the same friend through our cemetery, designated a certain location in which he wished to be buried. A few days before his death he called this friend to a seat at his side, that he might say a few words. Said he, "Do you remember the spot in the cemetery to which I once called your attention?" On receiving an affirmative answer he added, "I wish you and Mr. S. to take early measures to secure that spot for the last resting place of my poor body. And," he added, "you know my views in relation to funerals, and the extravagance and display too often exhibited, and I charge you, so far as possible, to see that my funeral services are free from unnecessary expense and all ostentation. Let my coffin be as plain and inexpensive as is consistent with propriety. Have everything done for the accommodation of the friends who may attend my funeral, but avoid all appearance of costly show." And, my friends, it is in obedience to this last request of our departed friend and his well-known views, that loving hearts and willing hands have not done much to add to outward manifestations on this occasion.

A few days after the conversation alluded to he sat, in his chair, as had been his custom, seemingly more comfortable than usual, until the shades of evening had gathered around. Leaning on his faithful attendant he walked to his bed in an adjoining room and retired, and soon slept that sleep from which none ever wake. To his beloved niece, who was sitting by his bedside, he seemed to breathe with unwonted freedom, and while previously, more than once, his difficult respiration had awakened the fear that he might be dying while he slept, his life at last went out so peacefully that his friends "thought him sleeping when he died." Like the flickering flame of a consumed candle, which sometimes brightens just before it darkens, so the life lamp of our friend

seemed to give a brighter and softer light just before it went out in darkness to us, but, as we humbly hope and trust, in a halo of unending brightness and glory for him, the Sun of Righteousness by its exceeding brightness rendering the lesser lamp of life invisible. In early life Mr. Burritt went forth bearing the precious seeds of peace and good will to all mankind, and the harvest has been ripening ever since, and in all coming time will the world reap the precious fruits of his sowing.

And now, my dear friends, in imitation of the noble example of our now sainted friend, let us, as life's descending sun nears its western horizon, seek to scatter broadcast the seeds of peace and of kindness, of brotherly love and Christian sympathy, of good will and good deeds, that so we may impress on hearts we leave behind, and on the community in which we dwell, those hallowed influences that will prove a rich blessing to the world, and redound to the glory of our Heavenly Father.

V. B. CHAMBERLAIN, *Judge of the City Court.*

Being asked, I could not refuse to say something at this time, although in this place and in this presence my voice sounds strangely in my own ears.

It is true, my friends, that we are here to-day to bury Elihu Burritt, but it is fitting that we should also praise him. He was himself a man so full of kindly feeling that he must indeed praise others when he saw in them that worthy of praise.

Here he was born, and here he started in life as a mechanic, in physical harmony with the specific character of the little hamlet of that day. But he worked not long at the forge before there was a new and different purpose within him, and like a spark from his own anvil he went forth gleaming with the light of his new-born desire. He

became by the force of industry and perseverance a scholar and publicist, and by reason of the kindly nature which God gave him he became a philanthropist of world-wide celebrity. He worked faithfully and earnestly, hoping for fruit from his labors while living, but never seriously cast down if his hopes failed, for he had faith in the future. He had a profound belief in the brotherhood of man, but believed also that this brotherhood could be perfected only in the union of all the brethren through the Elder Brother, Christ. The last years of his life were spent here at home. He found, on returning from abroad, that many of the companions of his youth had gone on before him ; that the town, however, still had its primitive manufacturing character, although the business had much increased.

Mr. Burritt saw that there was no danger of the manufacturing interests failing for want of attention, industry, and skill ; and he therefore devoted himself, with all the enthusiasm of his hopeful and helpful nature, to deeds of Christian love, to stimulating a desire for better schools and improved methods of agriculture, so that the foundations of our republican institutions should be firm and lasting as the granite of our hills.

Well, let us be thankful, friends, that there is no occasion for sorrow when a good man, advanced in years, dies. With him it is well, and the good deeds of such men live after them and are *not* buried with their bones. And so it happens that to-day we have to bury a friend and neighbor beloved, whom the world has honored for his talents and great-heartedness. We shall lay his body under the evergreens in that cherished spot where this, and generations yet to come, shall often take their way, and shall as often, let us hope, thank God that Elihu Burritt still lives

in the hearts and in the increasing moral, intellectual, and material prosperity of all the people.

MR. J. N. BARTLETT, *Chairman of Board of Education.*

While our brother's benevolence embraced the world, and clung to the far-reaching principles of liberty and the Universal Brotherhood of man, his tenderest thoughts were given to his native town. The place that gave to his childhood a home, and to the years of his failing strength shelter and repose, was ever dear to him. He loved the early history of New Britain, and was proud of its prosperity and growth. He was constantly devising plans for its welfare. As a member of the Board of Education he was efficient, full of sympathy for teachers, and if there were scholars friendless on account of poverty or misfortune, they were sure to find a place in his warm, generous heart.

He highly prized the approbation of his native town. I heard him allude to a reception given him on one of his returns from Europe, with emotions of undisguised gratitude. Sweeter to him, coming home from one of his mighty efforts for the peace of nations, were the greetings of his townsmen, than were the acclamations of France to Napoleon after his victories in war. I cannot, in the brief moment allotted me, enumerate the evidences of his love for the place he called his home, but will allude to one, which in my estimation presents the choicest work of his life. When the precious revival of religion, which a few years since brought salvation to so many here, first burst upon us, it was evident not only that the harvest time had come, but that seed time had been improved, and those who were in the habit of attending the "mission prayer meetings" which Mr. Burritt had established at various points in the outskirts of the town, encircling

it with revival influences, knew that he had been the most efficient in sowing the seed. These prayer meetings were at "Burritt Chapel," which he built for this purpose at his own expense, at the "Ledge school house," at "Shipman school house," at "District No. 4," at "Burritt Hill," where he furnished the building, and at "Osgood Hill." The work of establishing and sustaining these prayer meetings was one of the last works of Mr. Burritt's eminently useful life. To it he gave his deepest thought, his means, and much of his time. His heart clung to it lovingly till the last. It is not many weeks since he, though very feeble, and well aware that there was but a step between him and the grave, attended a meeting at his chapel on Cherry street. In my last interview with him, only a short time ago, we conversed upon some of the great labors of his life, which have won for him enduring honors and an immortal name, and he was unmoved; but when I spoke of the mission prayer meetings, his pale face lighted up as if a beam from heaven fell upon him, and among the precious things he said were these, to me, memorable words: "That school house on Osgood Hill has been to me a half-way house to heaven."

Rest, gentle brother, rest. On the bosom of mother earth, near the spot where you were born, we lay you down to sleep, rejoicing in the blessed hope that we shall meet you by and by in the land of peace.

REV. DR. RICHARDSON, *Mr. Burritt's Pastor.*

The honors which we unite in bestowing upon our distinguished fellow citizen and friend to-day it seems to me are eminently fitting. First, they have the fitness of justice. These honors are deserved. They are such as it behooves us to offer; for Mr. Burritt has honored us, being, as he was, our townsman, and he has also been, and

in many ways, as the words of his old friends and our fellow citizens plainly indicate, our constant benefactor. It is but in justice to him, therefore, and in justice to ourselves, and I will add, it is but justice to the children and youth of our city that we meet in this assemblage to call to mind the noble deeds which distinguished his life, and to speak our praises of him. It is written, "honor to whom honor is due." This is not a prohibition simply, but a commandment, and it is a commandment in the keeping of which there is reward. When honors are bestowed upon the ill-deserving it is to the effect of recommending vicious practices; when they are withheld from the deserving the effect is not otherwise.

There is, second, in the honors which we are bestowing upon our friend, the fitness of truth. We all believe what we are saying of him. Our praises are sincere. The tender interest with which people of all classes and conditions have been wont, for so long a time, to make their many inquiries for Mr. Burritt, and the deep and tearful solemnity which characterizes this vast assemblage, as it deserves to be, is real.

Third, there is eminent fitness in the unanimity with which the people of New Britain are finding expression for their great sorrow. Here upon the platform are all the pastors of our city, and they are here, as regards the service of the occasion, on equal terms; no one of us is foremost; we are united in thought and sentiment; as in place and employment, and are yet sensible of no constraint. In witnessing to the distinguished worth of Mr. Burritt, his distinguished catholicity of spirit, his capability for discovering the truth and loving it, wherever found, and by whomsoever advocated, or in whatever form set forth, is it not more than fitting that the ministrations of the many, which go to constitute the great one church, as here to-day, should testify together?

There is still another fitness which characterizes this occasion which I cannot forbear mentioning—it is that of place. This is the historic church of our city, and our being here to-day serves to connect us in thought with what our fathers accomplished. We claim for Mr. Burritt that, as to many of the more prominent and comely features which distinguish the Christianity of our age, he was a representative man of the catholicity of its spirit, of its tendency to practical and useful results, of the reach as well as broadness of its benevolence. Never, as now for instance, has the church been competent unto a sympathy with Christ for saying “*Our* Father which art in heaven, hallowed be thy name, thy kingdom come, thy will be done, in *earth* as it is in heaven.” Mr. Burritt was, in other words, not only a philanthropist but a Christian philanthropist.

First in the order of his thinking and living came faith in Jesus, the Christ, the crucified, but the arisen and now living Saviour, and after that, or rather, out of that, his lifelong labors for the promotion of peace and good will, for the prevention of war and cruelty, for the most perfect system of education, for the diffusion of a pure and genial Christianity, not as a creed or doctrine simply, but as a benefaction and an example. But here the thought is suggested, whence the possibility of such a form or development of the Christian system as the life of Mr. Burritt presents to us? The place where we are assembled suggests, and to dwell upon the fact may prove instructive. The catholicity, the practical spirit, the diversified and far-reaching charities which are the honor of an age, which gave distinguishment to Elihu Burritt, and in view of which it is that we and his generation so love and honor him, these are but the legitimate and irrepressible outcome of the Christianity that preceded ours. It has

pleased God that all things which have life should have also the principle of growth. Growth proceeds not by successive displacements but by continuous self enlargement and unfolding. Such has been the law of growth which has characterized the religion of Jesus. First the blade, then, and out of that, the ear, and after that the full corn in the ear. First, we might say, faith in Christ, deep convictions of divine truth and doctrine, sense of personal accountability to God, the realization of the unseen, then kindness of manner, loveliness, business, honor, catholicity, charity, "visiting of the widows in their affliction." Now, then, as the last could not have come about except it had been for the first, so such a type of Christianity as that which Mr. Burritt's career so beautifully illustrates could never have been but for the earlier type which is illustrated in the career of our fathers. They expended much and deep thought on abstract doctrine. They were given not to the observing of those beliefs which were *common* to all Christians, but of those in respect to which Christians *differed*, and they with great accuracy sought to define their differences. And they made much of them—yes, too much. Nevertheless, by reason of ardent and holy affection for all truth it was that they thought so deeply and so discriminately, and by reason of thinking so discriminately they brought it about that we, their children, are enabled the more understandingly to combine and proportion our beliefs, and are enabled unto this, to wit: The doctrines, many of them, which, but for the habits which controlled the thinking of our fathers, had still, as to them, seemed self contradictory, we perceive to be each but complementary of the other, each but a half of a one greater whole, and each but for the other, in combination, a distortion and a monstrosity. So we are grateful to the

fathers. So meeting here in this, the ancient mother church of our city, and in the remembrance of the philanthropic deeds which filled the life of our illustrious townsman, as beautiful, as fragrant as these flowers, but more abiding, we feel that we do but honor him when we honor the fathers, and that we the more honor the fathers by how much the more we honor him.

And now, fellow citizens, townsmen, neighbors, let us proceed to the doing unto him of a still greater honor. Let us cherish him in our remembrance. Let us imitate his example. Let us love one another. Let us love our town. Let us love the people who are in it, its children and youth, and with a practical and intelligent love. Let us do all that we can to sustain and perfect all of the institutions of our town, those of education, those of religion. Let us be generous and magnanimous in all our devotion to this, esteeming that all our interests are one.

Let us rise superior to all class feeling. Let us, of all things, cultivate a Christianity which is in sympathy with our free institutions. Let us be Christians who can recognize the manhood that there is in man, even as Christ the Lord did, even unto the earning of the reputation which the Master earned, "who came not to be ministered unto but to minister," and of whom it was said "this man receiveth sinners and eateth with them." The circles of our charities widening ever outward, yet not diminished aught in volume, let our love be world embracing. Such is the lesson from Elihu Burritt's life. And such the comfort that as a Christian pastor I would bring his friends to-day. Indeed, how dependent the impression which we gain from any thing or thought upon the surroundings from amid which we view it. Those words of Paul are indeed solemn, yes, at times awful, but here

to-day, remembered by the form of Elihu Burritt, the patriot, the philanthropist, the Christian, they are an unmingled consolation: "God is not mocked. Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap. He that soweth to the flesh shall of the flesh reap corruption, but he that soweth to the spirit shall of the spirit reap life everlasting."

At the close of the exercises the large congregation passed in front of the pulpit and took a last, sad look at the face of him they had loved so well. A large number joined the procession which followed the honored dead to the cemetery where, in a spot selected by himself,—a spot peculiarly dear to him as overlooking the scene of his childhood years,—all that was mortal of ELIHU BURRITT was left to rest till time shall be no more.

TESTIMONIALS.

At the annual meeting of the General Conference of Congregational churches of Connecticut, held in the city of Waterbury, in Nov., 1879, F. L. Hungerford, Esq., of New Britain, was invited to give an address on the example of Elihu Burritt as illustrating the service of our Saviour. From this we make the following extract:

"Mr. Burritt took a lively interest in the welfare of his native town, and did much to foster literary tastes in the circles of his acquaintance, especially among the young, and by his genial presence in those circles won the love and admiration of all hearts. Modest and unassuming himself, he was especially considerate towards others, and encouraged every good effort and good work.

"Whatever may be said of him as a lecturer or writer, all will agree that his familiar talks were deeply interesting and instructive. I count it a precious privilege of my life to have frequently sat at his feet in the social circle as he unfolded the subject of his thoughts or laid before his friends some plan for the improvement of his fellow-men.

"Mr. Burritt was a believer in the truths of our religion, and responded in early life to the invitations of the gospel. While at his home in New Britain he attended public worship at the Center church, of which he was for many years a member. He was interested not only in the churches in New Britain, but also in those in the surrounding towns, and did much to bring these churches into closer relation and fellowship. To this end he encouraged visitation at their special meetings, and frequently at his request, and often at his personal expense, the New Britain brethren visited other churches, sometimes at considerable distance, and carried to them their greetings. These visits were planned by Mr. Burritt, but he was not always known as the originator of them.

"The same man in which, during the anti-slavery crisis, he wrote many of his editorials, he now fitted up with his

own hands for a convenient place for holding a mission school, and services have been held there upon the Sabbath for many years. In another part of the town he built a chapel where union services are now held, and long after he was unable to attend public worship in the church of his choice, he would be carried to this chapel to attend the afternoon meeting conducted by the brethren.

"In such occupations were spent the declining years of a life which, though beset with many difficulties, was constant in its purpose and full of activity and of good things. Meantime a slow but fatal disease was assailing the mortal citadel, and with great patience, and sustained by a lively hope, the Christian philanthropist awaited the coming of his Redeemer. . . .

"Who shall tell what such a life is worth or measure its usefulness? Amid all the self-seeking and struggle for place in this nineteenth century, what shall we say of him who, ignoring all these things, recognized in every man a brother, and put himself, not first, but last? I do not now speak of Mr. Burritt as a *great* man in the sense in which that term is frequently used, but to a degree greater than any man I have ever known he lived a sweet, pure, and unselfish life, and furnishes us with an example as beautiful as it is rare.

"His life was like a quiet silver stream flowing through the meadows, giving life and joy, and the memory of it will be cherished tenderly by those who knew him best, while those who know him only through his writings will be inspired by that life to nobler living and greater love for all mankind."

Of numerous newspaper and individual testimonials we shall present but a few, though we might give hundreds equally favorable and decided.

"It would be a shame to the American people if they were to allow such a man to pass from amongst them with no specially honorable mention, or without some sort of memorial which should preserve his memory to other times. It ought to be true that a man can live for other aims than that of personal promotion, and still hope for remembrance after he is dead.

"The lesson of Mr. Burritt's life is, that there are elements of genius and character worthy of the highest valuation, other than those which lift men into senatorial or presidential chairs, or that class them with the millionaires of a nation. A man of gentle, genial nature; an enthusiast in all that became to him his mission; delighting in the intellectual, the true, the philanthropic; willing to be last and least if only he can in some way make his influence tell along the line of great workers; carrying his burden with a cheerful courage, and shedding into all human relations gracious influences, dropping there as the dew from heaven, unseen, almost unfelt, yet refreshing and life-giving; such a man is not the least of the world's benefactors, and his example appeals to us all, that we seek to accomplish our mission in the world, in faithfully doing each his own work, and not in jostling, crowding, maligning, and hurting one another."—*Chicago Standard*.

"Mr. Burritt was a man of unblemished character, of great simplicity of manner, of the purest motives, of unbounded and unfailing charity, of true benevolence, of the kindest feelings. He was everywhere a power for good. For many years he was in advance of the times in his interest and views in every philanthropic movement. But he felt that he was on the side of God, and so labored with an unflinching belief in the righteousness of his efforts."—*Hartford Courant*.

"Mr. Burritt was universally recognized, not only as a man of remarkable mental power, but as a sincere and earnest worker for the good of his fellows. What some regarded as his radical ideas of reform were so tempered by a natural kindliness of disposition that prevented his exciting animosity in those with whom he differed."—*Philadelphia Inquirer*.

"Mr. Burritt's is another added to the names of those men of nature, energy, and irrepressible aspirations, who have pursued knowledge and attained it under early difficulties. There is something in his story similar to that of Hugh Miller; both were bred to mechanical employments, both gained literary reputation, and both became writers upon topics of controversy. The story of such men, as told by themselves, is always interesting.

"Mr. Burritt was accustomed to say that, while the machinery of the cotton factory and that of the locomotive had no power to make him think less of his anvil and of his daily labor by the forge, the sight of the press, 'printing thoughts,' sent him home thoughtful and determined upon the career which he subsequently and creditably followed. He has worked well and wisely."—*N. Y. Tribune*.

"It was very fitting that Mr. Burritt should return to the rural town,—from which in the full vigor of manhood he had gone forth to make his influence felt in many nations,—fitting that he should go back, like the tired child to its mother, to lay down his life where, more than sixty-eight years ago, he took it up. . . . Though more widely known as the 'Learned Blacksmith' than by any other appellation, the title of universal philanthropist would better describe the whole man. The popular mind dwells upon him as poring over grammars and lexicons, and deciphering strange words in hieroglyphical characters. But few, comparatively, think of him as leading the best minds and largest-hearted people of the civilized countries into a congress of nations, to devise means to settle national disputes, and so for ever end the barbarous practice of international wars. Elihu Burritt's goodness won him to the hearts of many people in many nations. It is probably true of him, as has been said, that he had access to more English homes than any other American."—*The Inter-Ocean*.

"Mr. Burritt, as the great apostle of peace and universal brotherhood, went from continent to continent, city to city, and village to hamlet, advocating every good cause with the most signal zeal, indomitable perseverance, and convincing eloquence. He was a man of many schemes, one of which was that of 'International Arbitration,' which, Utopian as it was deemed at the time, he lived long enough to see partially adopted in the Alabama case. 'Ocean Penny Postage' was another of his pet ideas. This also he saw carried into execution, for, in the case of the post card, the ocean tax is only a penny."—*Western Times, Exeter, England*.

"As editor, author, and advocate of every notable reform and philanthropy, Mr. Burritt gained, and kept to his dying day, the esteem of the distinguished, both in this country and Europe. The doors of men of letters, art, and science were everywhere open to him. His astonishing fund of knowledge commanded their admiration, and the purity of his heart, and the generosity of his sentiments their veneration. He filled the world's eye, as in all respects, an extraordinary man. BURRITT was not received among the great simply because he read so many tongues of ancient and modern time, but because he had learned to do so by manly toil through every hour he could call his own, and had proved his claim to honor by earning it."—*Pittsburgh Telegraph*.

"Mr. Burritt was one who labored hard in the field of letters, and garnered a rich harvest for his toil; he also worked for the good of mankind with an earnest singleness of purpose. He was a man whose abnegation of self was the most conspicuous feature of his work. To be a common soldier in the army of progress is no small honor, but Elihu Burritt was a mighty man, strong in purpose and indefatigable in work. Surely it is a noble mission to strive to bring about 'Peace on Earth!' Such work Mr. Burritt delighted in and his labor has not been in vain."—*Harborne (England) Paper*.

"Probably no other man of his generation has done so much for the cause of Peace as the late Elihu Burritt. By his speeches, and by his writings, he reached millions of people, and influenced them for peace. His labors for this cause, both in Europe and this country, were truly wonderful. He was an extraordinary help to the Peace Society."—*Advocate of Peace (London)*.

Mr. Burritt was a scholar,—an intense, earnest, devoted student. He was a man of profound attainments, and his marvelous knowledge was the result of labor as exhaustive as it was prodigious. He was as modest as he was learned, but those who knew him intimately were aware that what he claimed to know he knew with a thoroughness that was complete and absolute. Nor did he learn with special facility. He worked, toiled, sacrificed

health, ease, and comfort to his insatiable desire for knowledge. And his knowledge was astonishing and profound, and if he was not a scholar we have not had one in America worthy the name. He was a really noble and great philosopher and student, a man who made his mark upon his age and country, and whose rare attainments were worthy of the highest respect and admiration.—*Cleveland (Ohio) Herald*.

With a heart full of sympathy with all who were laboring in any way for the elevation of the community in every good cause, he will be greatly mourned and missed by all classes. Though he had not quite reached his "three-score and ten," he has performed a mission for noble objects which will cause his name to be enrolled among those of the world's benefactors. His example is a most admirable instructor with reference to the capabilities of the intellect, unaided by fortune or its accessories.—*New England Journal of Education*.

No scholar can fail to think of the similarity between Mr. Burritt and the late Hugh Miller,—the Connecticut blacksmith taking to philology as naturally as the Cromarty stone-mason took to the wisdom that is stratified in the rocks. . . . His greatest work has been in the kindling example which has stimulated many an indolent scholar to do better justice to his possibilities.—*Boston Congregationalist*.

Mr. Burritt was one of the early advocates of cheap ocean postage, and to the end of his life was indefatigable in promoting various missionary and philanthropic schemes. He will be remembered as a man of unwearied industry and philanthropy, expended on useful objects, and as a highly characteristic product of American institutions.—*N. Y. Herald*.

E. W. Robbins, Esq, in *Hartford Times*, writes: "Mr. Burritt, sprung from the ranks and, self-taught, knowing how to combine profound study with severe manual labor, popularly esteemed as the 'Learned Blacksmith,' his strong will, like the material in which he wrought, was exhibited in the blacksmith energy, forged even to white heat, with which he dominated every subject which came

under his examination. What he knew he knew thoroughly, which is more than can be said of some professional scholars."

Z. Eastman, Esq., now of Chicago, formerly U. S. Consul in Birmingham, England, thus writes of Mr. Burritt: "To an uncommonly marked degree he was a man of Providence. His passion for the acquisition of languages might have made a book-worm of him; but his enthusiasm of humanity, deeply touched with the emotions of evangelical piety, caused his life to be captivated with the spirit of the sincerest and wisest Christian philanthropy. It was peculiarly to his credit that he early and clearly discerned the times, and so, in advance of most others, threw his sympathies and energies into the living issues of the day. As he learned language after language, living and dead, near and far, his burning sympathies kept more than equal pace with his prodigious strides of knowledge, and gave him a marvelously widened and quickened sense of man's universal brotherhood."

Moses Pierce, Esq., of Norwich, Conn., thus testifies of Mr. Burritt: "A personal friendship of forty years' standing, in which I have every reason to believe I enjoyed Mr. Burritt's fullest confidence, has given me a knowledge of the man which has won my highest admiration. A nobler hearted man, in the best sense of the word, I have never known. He seemed never to think of his own interest in anything he did, but to be always devising for the good of others. Few men, within my acquaintance, have left the record of a good life more worthy to be made known to the world."

The Rev. Elnathan Davis, of Auburn, Mass., for many years an intimate friend of Mr. Burritt, writes: "His interest in peace and every good cause was not evanescent. To my knowledge it was as great near the close of his life as it was a quarter of a century earlier. In the cause of humanity he labored as one never 'weary in well doing.' His whole correspondence with me was the outgrowth of a most hearty love for man,—of a burning desire for his uplifting,—and of a willingness to sacrifice himself to this end! Having crossed the ocean several times to

weave the nations together in the bonds of brotherhood, how grateful to find, to the very last, his blue eye undimmed as it swept the horizon of the future,—searching out the signs of progress for truth, for righteousness, for peace on earth and good will to men.”

Another friend of Mr. Burritt, Freeman Walker, Esq., of North Brookfield, Mass., thus testifies: “No selfish motive influenced him. His thoughts were upon whatsoever things were true, honest, just, pure, lovely, and of good report. How he could best serve his day and generation and increase the sum of human happiness absorbed the thought and energy of the man through life.

Henry Richard, M. P., who was intimately associated with Mr. Burritt in his peace operations in Europe, thus writes, under date of Dec. 3, 1879: “In England Mr. Burritt was everywhere received very kindly and cordially. Just before his arrival, in 1846, an article had appeared in a periodical edited by William and Mary Howett, giving a sketch of his life, and especially recording the marvelous progress he had made in the acquisition of languages in the face of manifold difficulties and disadvantages. People were, therefore, very anxious to make acquaintance with the ‘Learned Blacksmith,’ as he was called. Naturally, perhaps, he was not an orator. His style was too elaborate and literary. He wanted the spontaneity and freedom of a ready speaker, and his voice lacked flexibility and compass. But there was such philanthropic fervor in his spirit, and so much simplicity and earnestness in his manner, that he always carried his audiences with him. . . . Mr. Burritt had led us to hope that we might again see and hear him in Europe, and I cannot describe to you with what delight I looked forward to the prospect of once more seeing the face of my dear old friend, and hearing his voice in advocacy of those great principles of peace and good will which lay so near his great heart, and in the promotion of which he had rendered such valuable service. But alas! it was not to be; yet we will rejoice that the inspiration of his teaching and example is not lost. ‘He being dead yet speaketh.’

“In a letter received him home dated Nov. 10, 1876, he writes,—‘I had hoped to be with you at Geneva, but I

had to give up the thought of meeting you after having traveled two hundred miles towards Quebec to take the steamer for England. After six weeks' rest and relaxation I returned home in better health and spirits than usual. I set to work on my Hebrew Hand-book and had nearly completed it when, three weeks ago, I met with a fearful experience. After writing until dinner I have been in the habit of stripping off my coat and plying the ax, pick, or spade, the rest of the day like any day laborer. At the time of my attack I was cutting down a large tree on my hill farm, for one of my mission chapels. I was just on the point of quitting work when I was attacked with a severe hemorrhage of the lungs. I was nearly a mile from home, and alone, and it continued for all my walk, and within the next twenty-four hours I had two other attacks, still more severe. I have just rallied enough to sit up all day and to read and write a little. I feel that if I ever regain my strength, my voice will have no more power for public speaking. But I hope, yet a little longer, to do something with my pen for our glorious cause.' Though I shall never again meet the dear friend and the noble-hearted man on earth it is pleasant to know that his last thoughts and strength were given to the 'glorious cause' to which his energies and talents had been given in earlier years."

LANGUAGES.

Among the various languages which Mr. Burritt studied with more or less care are the following : Amharic, Arabic, Basque, Bohemian, Breton-Celto, Chaldaic, Cornish, Danish, Dutch, Ethiopic, Flemish, French, Gælic, German, Greek, Hebrew, Hindustani, Hungarian, Icelandic, Irish, Latin, Manx, Persian, Polish, Portuguese, Russian, Samaritan, Sanskrit, Spanish, Swedish, Syriac, Turkish, Welsh.

In 1872 the honorary degree of A. M. was conferred upon Mr. Burritt by Yale College. He was similarly honored by one or two other colleges.

BOOKS AND PERIODICALS PUBLISHED BY ELIHU BURRITT.

The following, it is believed, is a correct list of the books written by Mr. Burritt, with the date of their publication. Most of these were published in England during his residence there. "Ten Minute Talks" was published in this country, and, being the property of the compiler, it has been freely used in the preparation of this volume, and its publication will no longer be continued. In addition to these Mr. Burritt published several pamphlets, mostly of local or temporary interest, and his newspaper articles were numerous and able.

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| ✓ SPARKS FROM THE ANVIL, England. | 12mo. | 1847 and 1864 |
| ✓ MISCELLANEOUS WORKS, " | | 16mo. 1848 |
| ✓ YEAR BOOK OF NATIONS, " | | 1851 |
| ✓ THOUGHTS AND THINGS AT HOME AND ABROAD, | | |
| | Boston. | 12mo. 1854 |
| WALK FROM LONDON TO JOHN O'GROAT'S, England. | 8vo. | 1864 |
| WALK FROM LONDON TO LAND'S END AND BACK, | | |
| | England. | 12mo. 1865 |
| WALKS IN THE BLACK COUNTRY, ETC., | " | 12mo. 1866 |
| ✓ OLD BURCHELL'S POCKET (for children), | " | 16mo. 1866 |
| LECTURES AND SPEECHES, | | 12mo. 1866 |
| THE MISSION OF GREAT SUFFERINGS, | England. | 12mo. 1867 |
| ✓ JACOB AND JOSEPH, | " | 16mo. 1867 |
| ✓ PRAYERS AND MEDITATIONS FROM THE PSALMS, | | |
| | New York. | 16mo. 1869 |
| ✓ CHILDREN OF THE BIBLE, | | 1873 |
| ✓ TEN MINUTE TALKS, | Boston. | 12mo. 1873 |
| ✓ SANSKRIT HAND-BOOK,* | London. | 4to. 1874 |
| ✓ CHIPS FROM MANY BLOCKS, | Toronto. | 12mo. 1878 |

* This is the first book in Sanskrit ever published in this country.

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Mr. Burritt has also left MSS., in readiness for publication, of simplified grammars and reading exercises in Hindustani, Persian, Turkish, Arabic, and Hebrew languages. These "are put in such plain and easy forms of exposition as will assist the beginner over the threshold of these languages with less effort and delay than he would otherwise be subjected to." He has also left a volume entitled "Subject-Readings from the Bible," bringing together what is said on different subjects selected, such as Faith, Patience, Temperance, Peace, Industry, etc., etc. This book will contain some 350 pages, and will probably be published in course of a few months. A history of the Farmington family of towns, in MS., was also left by Mr. Burritt. It is hoped this may be published.

PERIODICALS.

LITERARY GEMINÆ (Monthly), English and French,

Worcester, Mass.,

1841

THE CHRISTIAN CITIZEN (Weekly), Worcester, Mass.,

1844-1851

BONDS OF BROTHERHOOD (Monthly), England,

1846-1868

NORTH AND SOUTH (Weekly), New Britain, Ct

1855

FIRESIDE WORDS (Monthly), England,

1868

PEACE ADVOCATE, England,

The "Christian Citizen" was commenced in 1844, and was devoted to Peace, Freedom, Temperance, and every good cause. It was conducted with much ability and accomplished a good work. Though its subscribers were not very numerous, they were to be found in every State in the Union. In the management and editorship of this paper he was assisted by Thomas Drew, now of Boston, and the late Mr. J. B. Syme, formerly of Edinburgh. Though its publication was a favorite project of Mr. Burritt's, it proved in the end a pecuniary loss. It was a sad day to Mr. Burritt when he felt compelled to abandon the publication of the "Citizen." He said it seemed to him like the death of a much loved friend.

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